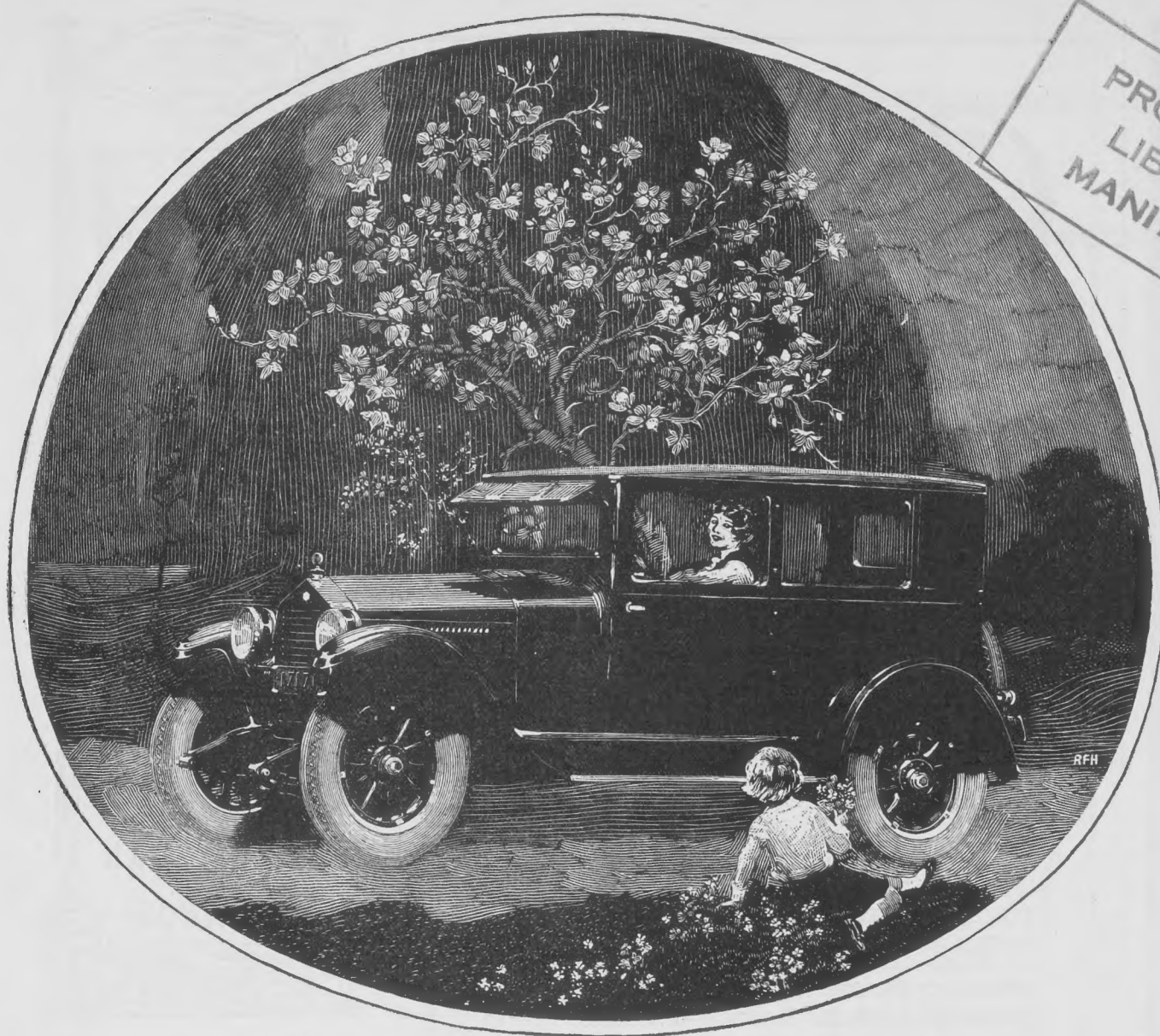




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Table of Contents



Editorial

EDITORIAL.....	3
THE PHILOSOPHER.....	58

Fiction

THE FIRE-WARDEN—Robert W. Chambers.....	4
DAPHNE'S DESPERADO—Edith G. Bayne.....	6
BROTHERS—H. Mortimer Batten.....	8
THE AGE OF ADVENTURE—L. F. Ramsey.....	9
THE HEIGHT OF A MAN'S HEART.....	10
MARIE—Edith M. Smith.....	12
OUT OF THE NORTH—Mervyn Thompson.....	14
MARYA—Berenice Bouck.....	18
MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT—Gladys Argue.....	20

Regular Departments

COME, LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian...	30
YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton.....	33
THE HOME DOCTOR.....	47
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell.....	48
DOLLARS AND CENTS—J. A. Aikin.....	52
RADIO NOTES.....	54
THE HOME GARDEN—Allan Campbell.....	56
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke.....	78

Women and the Home

SELECTING NEW WALL COVERINGS—Sylvia Sims...	23
MOTHER'S PAGE.....	28
WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NOTES.....	32
FASHIONS PAGE.....	34
DRESSMAKING LESSONS—Margaret Smith.....	36
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore.....	37
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton.....	43

Special Articles

SOME ANCIENT CUSTOMS OF GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER—Evelyn Lewes.....	24
CATCHING THE MIGHTY TUNA—Bonnycastle Dale..	26
THE "GOOD MORNING" SPIRIT—Ian Dunelm.....	27
MARJORIE'S LITTLE SHACK—Eugenie M. Perry.....	31
THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF AROS—A. S. Averill.....	38

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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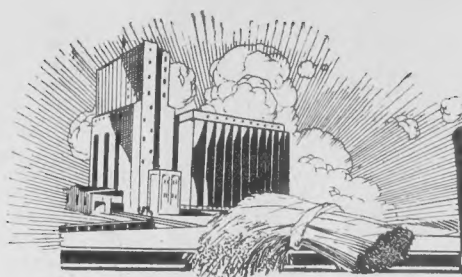


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EDITORIAL



The Educated Man

IN an address delivered recently, Ramsay MacDonald talking on education gave expression to an opinion that will be held by not a few. Here are his words:

"What is the educated man? Certainly not a learned man; certainly not the university man. The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of life."

"The most educated man I know is a man who finds it very difficult to sign his own name. You will meet him on the hillside if you wander where I sometimes wander in a country of rich historical memories, singing not the most recent songs that London audiences of certain places hear, but singing the old folk-songs that were sung by men who had to sing because if they had not sung their very hearts would have burst, songs of love, of natural beauty, of romance."

"I have sat by him on the hillside, and he has talked to me about his sheep and his dogs, and he has quoted Burns, as thousands of men have quoted him, but the difference is this, that he felt every word, and every line he quoted. They were not driven into his memory from the pages of a book, but the things he found in those pages revealed to him his own mind."

It is interesting to compare this conception of education with that of an ancient college Dean who gave as the purpose of an education: "That he may be able to read the Scripture in the original text; second, that he may be entitled to a proper contempt for all who cannot; and third, that he may be able to earn a larger enrolment than his neighbor."

The world is losing its respect for tradition and for the institutions it has created. It doubts the church, the school, the government, the courts—and this because these institutions have not respected the spirit of the age. Ramsay MacDonald has done well to get back to fundamentals. A scholar is not of necessity an educated man, and many an educated man is not a scholar. Perhaps the schools are not always aiming at education.

The Neglected Volume

IT is interesting to note that at the inauguration of President Coolidge, the old Family Bible, an heirloom dating back for some generations, was used in administering the oath of office. It was common in the olden days for almost every family to have such a Bible. In the centre were a few blank pages on which were recorded the names of the parents and children with the dates of all births, marriages and deaths. It was out of this Bible that the father read at family devotions, and it was out of this Book the minister read at all religious ceremonies—baptisms, weddings and funerals.

The custom of keeping a book of this kind in the home has disappeared. There may be half a dozen Bibles in a home and yet no Family Bible. But those who remember the old days will be unanimous in saying that the single volume which was kept on the parlour table and which was revered by every member of the family, was a more powerful influence in shaping life than the Bibles that are now so plentiful but which are rarely read.

It is a great thing for any family to come under the dominating influence of a great book. As a people we should regret that the greatest civilizing and moralizing agency in the land is losing its power. For no matter how the Book is interpreted it has uplifting power.

To the man who accepts its teachings as literally true, the Bible may become somewhat of a fetish. Many of us understand this from experience. We would rather die than burn or destroy a single page of scripture. Even if we do not understand the meaning of the words we still hold the Book in reverence.

There are others who can not accept the Book literally. Six days in Genesis do not mean six times twenty-four hours. Noah was not a real man but a type, and Babel was more than a tower. The confusion of tongues did not come about literally as stated in the record. Elijah's sacrifice was not burned as stated and the moon did not stand still in the valley of Ajalon. Those who regard the Book in this way are often looked upon by others as heretics, but nevertheless they still get much from the reading of the treasured volume. The order of creation is illuminating and explanatory of the creation of the universe with its varying phenomena; Elijah stands as the picture of a strong righteous soul who was not afraid to meet single

handed the forces of evil. It is not the Elijah of the printed page that is so important. It is the spirit of Elijah in men today that is to be sought.

There are others who look upon the Book as pure myth, but even these revere it, because in figure it proclaims everlasting truth.

So while we may call ourselves fundamentalists because we accept the Book as verbally inspired, we can rejoice that others who interpret it differently still get help and comfort from its pages. It may be that sometimes we appreciate the teachings in a fuller way.

It is a great Book, this Bible, great as a Revelation, great as a Lawgiver, great as a Moral Guide and Comfort and great as a work of Literature. It will be a sad day for a nation when it gives up the study of the Book of Books, and a great loss to families and to individuals when they cease to familiarize themselves with its teachings.

Winter Sports

WHEN it comes to fall and winter it is good to live in Western Canada. One can feel this if he associates with young people in their sports. It is doubtful if in any other land there are the same opportunities for wholesome enjoyment. Among the sports that attract old and young alike, and which appeal to both sexes are curling, skating, ski-ing and snowshoeing, and one must be lacking in discrimination who does not find a value in these. Recently the old art of fancy skating has been revived. The recent carnival in Winnipeg was undoubtedly one of the finest ice-exhibitions ever given, and those taking part were, with one exception, amateurs. Color, harmony, beauty of form, poetry of motion, it is difficult to say which was most attractive. Nobody looking on would wish to live in any other country, for enjoyment was written on every face, and it was the enjoyment that comes from free exercise in the open air.

It is because so many participate in these winter sports that they should be encouraged. Naturally the best skaters among men develop a fondness for hockey, but it will be unfortunate if young people become content with playing the part of spectators at hockey games. A skating club is a greater acquisition to any town than a hockey team, just in the same way as a few good amateur baseball teams are to be preferred to a professional organization. It is sport for amateurs that we should chiefly encourage. One of the finest evidences of western sanity is the participation in games by so many of our young people.



"Decorative portrait of Mlle. Jeanine H."
by Edward Fer—Salon, Paris

As to Ocean Rates

THE true inwardness of the North Atlantic Combine is being exposed. The facts appear to be something like this: Those in the Conference desired to monopolize the carrying trade of the world. They overloaded themselves with vessels. Since the war there has been a diminished trade. As a result many of the vessels have had to go with half cargo. This meant an increase in rates if good dividends were to be paid. As a matter of fact, rates were doubled, quadrupled, or increased seven fold and even twelve fold. And the increases were greatest where monopoly was surest. It cost more to carry some classes of goods from England to Canada than from England to Argentina.

It is no wonder then that Mr. Petersen after getting all available information, should have made the report he did. And it is to the credit of the government that it immediately set to work to combat the extortion that was being practised. It may be that the best way to combat a combination, such as exists, is not to subsidize a rival line, but no one seems to have as yet suggested a better plan. No doubt but that there will be lobbyists at Ottawa who will fight the government on its policy. The shipping companies have great wealth and they have friends in financial circles both here and abroad, so they are not going to be idle. Nevertheless there are some things that common justice demands, and a reduction in ocean-going rates is one of these. The present tariff is outrageous. If it is true that the companies are not making money then it only proves that those in control have lacked business acumen. There is something inherently wrong with ocean transportation when the rates are as high as they are on transcontinental railways. The present rates are totally unjustifiable. Some say they are nothing less than robbery.

It is said that we should wait till we hear the other side. We have waited for fifteen years and all we have had is increases. It will be a good thing if this report of Mr. Petersen's compels them to reveal conditions. In the meantime it is Canada's move. If she is blocked by forces here or abroad that will only postpone the day of settlement. In these days grant combines cannot continue to monopolize the trade of the world.

What a Man Is Worth

DOCTOR CHARLES H. MAYO, the famous Rochester, Minnesota, surgeon, states that the average man's body would furnish fat enough to make seven bars of soap; iron enough for a medium sized nail; sugar enough to fill a salt shaker; lime enough to whitewash a chicken coop; phosphorus enough to make the tips of 2,200 matches; magnesium enough for a dose of magnesia; potassium enough to explode a toy cannon; and sulphur enough to rid a dog of fleas. Value said to be about ninety-nine cents.

A greater man than Mayo has said of a man. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

So we can take our choice. As matter we are worth ninety-nine cents. As spirit we are worth more than a world. Does this not suggest that we should preserve a wholesome respect for all institutions that make this aim the development of spiritual power. It is not men who have and hold but men who are and can that the world requires, for it is character and power that persist. All else is secondary.

Wealth

IT is reckoned that the national wealth of the United States is \$320,803,862,000. In 1900 it was only \$88,517,307,000. By comparison, the United Kingdom is worth just what the United States boasted in 1900. The wealth of Canada is given as \$22,095,000,000.

To understand the wealth of a nation one has to consider such things as, real property, livestock, implements, manufacturing machinery, railroads, motor vehicles, street railways, shipping, agricultural products, manufactured products, merchandise, mining products, clothing, coin.

The great growth in recent years has been in manufacture, transportation, agricultural production personal property and bullion.

These figures do not indicate real wealth, for the wealth of a nation is in the character of its people. Are the United States, Canada and the United Kingdom wealthier than in 1900?



By this stream a man stood, loading a rusty fowling-piece

The Fire-Warden

A Novelette in Three Parts

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Harold Woods

PART I

"AND of course what I buy is my own," continued Burleson, patiently. "No man here will question that, I suppose?"

For a moment there was silence in the cross-roads store; then a lank, mud-splashed native arose from behind the stove, shoving his scarred hands deep into the ragged pockets of his trousers.

"Young man," he said, harshly, "there's a few things you can't buy; you may think you can buy 'em—you may think you can buy 'em—you may pay for 'em, too—but they can't be bought an' sold. You thought you bought Grier's tract; you thought you bought a lot o' deer an' birds an' fish, several thousand acres in timber, and a dozen lakes. An' you paid for 'em, but you didn't buy 'em, because Grier couldn't sell God's free critters. He fooled ye that time."

"Is that the way you regard it, Santry?" asked Burleson. "Is that the way these people regard private property?"

"I guess it is," replied the ragged man, resuming his seat on the flour-barrel. "I callate the Lord A'mighty fashioned His wild critters f'r to peramble round about, offerin' a fair mark an' no favor to them that's smart enough to git 'em with buck, bird-shot, or bullet. Live wild critters ain't for sale; they never was made to buy and sell. The spryest gits 'em—an' that's all about it, I guess Mister Burleson."

A hard-faced young man leaning against the counter, added significantly: "We talked some to Grier, an' he sold out. He come here, too, just like you."

The covert menace set two spots of color deepening in young Burleson's lean cheeks; but he answered calmly:

"What a man believes to be his own he seldom abandons from fear of threats."

"That's kinder like our case," observed old man Santry, chewing vigorously.

Another man leaned over and whispered to a neighbor, who turned a grim eye on Burleson without replying.

As for Burleson and his argument, a vicious circle had been completed, and there was little chance of an understanding; he saw that plainly, but, loath to admit it, turned towards old Santry once more.

"If what has been common rumor is true," he said, "Mr. Grier, from whom I bought the Spirit Lake tract, was rough in defending what he believed to be his own. I want to be decent; I desire to preserve the game and the timber, but not at the expense of human suffering. You know better than I do what has been the history of Fox Cross-Roads. Twenty-five years ago your village was a large one; you had tanneries, lumber-mills, paper-mills—even a newspaper. Today the timber is gone, and so has the town except for your homes—twenty houses, perhaps. Your soil is sand and slate, fit only for a new forest; the entire country is useless for farming, and it is the natural home of pine and oak, of the deer and partridge."

He took one step nearer the silent circle around the stove. "I have offered to buy your rights; Grier hemmed you in on every side to force you out. I do no want to force you; I offer to buy your land at a fair appraisal. And your answer is to put a prohibitive price on the land."

"Because," observed old man Santry, "we've got you ketched. That's business, I guess."

Burleson flushed up. "Not business; blackmail, Santry."

Another silence, then a man laughed: "Is that what they call it down to York, Mr. Burleson?"

"I think so."

"When a man wants to put up a skyscraper an' gits all but the key-lot, an' if the owner of the key-lot holds out for his price, do they call it blackmail?"

"No," said Burleson, "I think I spoke hastily."

NOT a sound broke the stillness in the store. After a moment old man Santry opened his clasp-knife, leaned forward, and shaved off a thin slice from the cheese on the counter. This he ate, faded eyes fixed on space. Men all around him relaxed in their chairs, spat, recrossed their muddy boots, stretching and yawning. Plainly the conference had ended.

"I am sorry," said young Burleson, "I had hoped for a fair understanding."

Nobody answered.

He tucked his riding-crop under one arm and stood watching them, buttoning his tan gloves. Then with the butt of his crop he rubbed a dry spot of mud from his leather puttees, freed the incrustated spurs, and turned towards the door, pausing there to look back.

"I hate to leave in this way," he said, impulsively. "I want to live in peace with my neighbors. I mean to make no threats—but neither can I be moved by threats. Perhaps the time will aid us to come to a fair understanding, perhaps a better knowledge of one another. Although the shooting and fishing are restricted, my house is always open to my neighbors. You will be welcome when you come—"

The silence was profound as he hesitated, standing there before them in the sunshine of the doorway—a lean, well-built, faultless figure, an unconscious challenge to poverty, a terrible offence to their every instinct—the living embodiment of all that they hated most in all the world.

And so he went away with a brief "good morning," swung himself astride his horse, and cantered off, gathering bridle as he rode, sweeping at a gallop across the wooden bridge into the forest world beyond.

THE September woods were dry—dry enough to catch fire. His troubled eyes swept the second growth as he drew bridle at a gate set in a fence eight feet high and entirely constructed of wire net interwoven with barbed wire, and heavily hedged with locust and buckthorn.

He dismounted, unlocked the iron gate, led his horse through, refastened the gate, and walked on, his horse following as a trained dog follows at heel.

Through the still September sunshine ripened leaves drifted down through interlaced branches, and the whispering rustle of their fall filled the forest silence. The wood road, carpeted with brilliant leaves, wound through second growth, following the edge of a dark, swift stream, then swept westward among the pines, where the cushion of brown needles deadened every step, and where there was no sound save the rustle of a flock of rose-tinted birds half buried in the feathery fronds of a white pine. Again the road curved eastward, skirting a cleft of slate rocks, through which the stream rushed with the

sound of a wind-stirred woodland, and by this stream a man stood, loading a rusty fowling-piece.

Young Burleson had retained Grier's keepers, for obvious reasons, and already he knew them all by name. But this man was no keeper of his; and he walked straight up to him, bidding him a rather sharp good-morning, which was sullenly returned.

Then Burleson told him as pleasantly as he could that the land was preserved, that he could not tolerate armed trespassing, and that the keepers were charged to enforce the laws.

"It is better," he said, "to have a clear understanding at once. I think the law governing private property is clearly set forth on the signs along my boundary. This preserve is posted and patrolled; I have done all I could to guarantee public rights. I have not made any application to have the public road closed, and I am perfectly willing to keep it open for public convenience. But it is not right for anybody to carry a gun in these preserves; and if it continues I shall surely apply for permission to close the road."

"I guess you think you'll do a lot o' things," observed the man, stolidly.

"I think I will," returned Burleson, refusing to take offence at the insolence.

The man tossed his gun to his shoulder and slouched towards the boundary. Burleson watched him in silence until the fellow reached the netted wire fence, then he called out.

"There is a turnstile to the left."

But the native deliberately drew a hatchet from his belt, opened the wire netting with one heavy slash, and crawled through. Then wheeling in his tracks outside, he cursed Burleson and shook his gun at him, and finally slouched off towards Fox Cross-Roads, leaving the master of the forest a trifle white and quivering under the cutting curb of self-control.

Presently his spasmodic grip on the riding-crop relaxed; he looked about him with a long, quiet breath, flicked a burr from his riding-breeches, and walked on, head lowered and jaw set. His horse followed at his heels.

A MILE beyond he met a keeper demolishing a deadfall along the creek, and he summoned him with a good-humored greeting.

"Rolfe, we're headed for trouble, but it must not come—do you hear? I won't have it if it can be avoided—and it must be avoided. These poor devils that Grier hemmed in and warned off with his shot-gun patrol are looking for that same sort of thing from me. Petty annoyance shall not drive me into violence. I've made it plain to every keeper, every forester, every man who takes wages from me. If I can stand insolence from people I am sorry for, my employees can and must. Who was that man I met below here?"

"Abe Storm, sir."

"What was he doing—building deadfalls?"

"Seven, sir. He had three muskrats, a mink, and a string of steel traps when I caught him—"

"Rolfe, you go to Abe Storm and tell him I give him leave to take muskrat and mink along Spirit Creek, and that I'll allow him a quarter bounty on every unmarked pelt, and he may keep the pelts, too."

The keeper looked blankly at the master: "Why—why, Mr. Burleson, he's the dirtiest, meanest market hunter in the lot!"

"You do as I say, Rolfe," said the master, amiably.

"Yes, sir—but—"

"Did you deliver my note to the fire-warden?"

"Yes, sir. The old man's abed with miseries. He said he'd send his deputy at noon."

Burleson laid his gloved hand on his horse's saddle, looking sharply at the keeper.

"They tell me that Mr. Elliott has seen better fortune, Rolfe."

"Yes, sir. When the Cross-Roads went to pot, he went too. He owned a piece o' land that was no good only for the timber. He's like the rest o' them, I guess—only he had more to lose—an' he lost it same as all o' them."

Burleson drew out his watch, glanced at it, and then mounted.

"Try to make a friend of Abe Storm," he said; "that is my policy, and you all know it. Help me to keep the peace, Rolfe. If I keep it, I don't see how they're going to break it."

"Very well, sir. But it riles me to—"

"Nonsense! Now tell me where I'm to meet the fire-warden's deputy—Oh! then I'll jump him somewhere before long. And remember, Rolfe, that it's no more pleasure for me to keep my temper than it is for anybody. But I've got to do it, and so have you. And, after all, it's more fun to keep it than to let it loose."

"Yes, sir," said Rolfe, grinning like a dusty fox in July.

So Burleson rode on at a canter, presently slackening to a walk, arguing with himself in a low, calm voice:

"Poor devils—poor, half-starved devils! If I could afford to pay their prices I'd do it. I'll wink at anything short of destruction. I can't let them cut the pine, I can't let them clean out the grouse and deer and fish. As for law-suits, I simply won't! There must be some decent way short of a shot-gun."

He stretched out a hand and broke a flaming maple leaf from a branch in passing, drawing it through his buttonhole, thoughtful eyes searching the road ahead, which now ran out through long strips of swale bordered by saplings.

PRESENTLY a little breeze stirred the foliage of the white birches to a seat of tremulous gold; and at the same moment a rider appeared in the marsh beyond, galloping through the blanched swale-grass, which rose high as the horse's girth.

Young Burleson drew bridle; the slim youth who sat his saddle so easily must be the deputy of the sick fire-warden; this was the time and the place.

As the young rider galloped up, Burleson leaned forward, offering his hand with an easy, pleasant greeting. The hand was unnoticed, the greeting breathlessly returned: two grave grey eyes met his, and Burleson found himself looking into the flushed face of a young girl.

When he realized this, he took off his cap, and she inclined her head, barely acknowledging his salute.

"I am Mr. Elliott's daughter," she said, "you are Mr. Burleson?"

Burleson had the honor of presenting himself, cap in hand.

"I am my father's deputy," said the girl, quietly, gathering her bride and wheeling her horse. "I read your note. Have you reason to believe that an attempt has been made to fire the Owl Vlaie?"

until the deputy fire-warden drew bridle with a side-flung caution: "Muskrats! Look out for a cropper!"

Now at a walk, the horses moved forward side by side through the pale, glistening sea of grass stretching out on every side.

Over a hidden pond a huge heron stood guard, stiff and shapeless as a weather-beaten stake. Black-birds with crimson-slashed shoulders rose in clouds from the reeds, only to settle again as they passed amid a ceaseless chorus of harsh protest. Once a pair of summer ducks came speeding overhead, and Burleson, looking up, exclaimed:

"There's a bird I never shoot at. It's too beautiful."

The girl turned her head, serious grey eyes questioning his.

"Have you ever seen a wood-duck—a drake—in full plumage?" he asked.

"Often—before Mr. Grier came."

Burleson fell silent, restless in his saddle, then said:

"I hope you will see many wood-duck now. My boats on Spirit Water are always at Mr. Elliott's disposal—and at yours."

SHE made the slightest sign of acknowledgment, but said nothing. Once or twice she rose upright, standing straight in her stirrups to scan the distance under a small, inverted hand. East and north the pine forest girdled the vlaie; west and south hard wood timber laced the sky-line with branches partly naked, and the pine's outposts of white birch and willow glimmered like mounds of crumpled gold along the edges of the sea of grass.

"There is the stream!" said Burleson, suddenly.

She saw it at the same moment, touched her mare with spurred heels, and lifted her clean over with a grace that set Burleson's nerves thrilling.

He followed, taking the water-jump without effort; and after a second's hesitation ventured to praise her horse.

"Yes," she said, indifferently, "The Witch is a good mare." And after a silence. "My father desires to sell her."

"I know a dozen men who would jump at the chance," said the young fellow. "But"—he hesitated—"it is a shame to sell such a mare—"

The girl colored. "My father will never ride again," she said, quietly. "We should be very glad to sell her."

"But—the mare suits you so perfectly—"

She turned her head and looked at him gravely. "You must be aware, Mr. Burleson, that it is not choice with us," she said. There was nothing of bitterness in her voice: she leaned forward, patting the mare's chestnut neck; for a moment, then swung back, sitting straight as a cavalryman in her saddle. "Of course," she said, smiling for the first time, "it will break my heart to sell The Witch, but"—she patted the mare again—"the mare won't grieve; it takes a dog to do that; but horses—well, I know horses enough to know that even The Witch won't grieve."

"That is a radical theory, Miss Elliott," said

Burleson, amused. "What about the Arab and his loving steed?"

"That is not a legend for people who know horses," she replied, still smiling. "The love is all on our side. You know horses, Mr. Burleson. Is it not the truth—the naked truth, stripped of poetry and freed from tradition?"

"Why strip poetry from anything?" he asked, laughing.

She rode on in silence for a while, the bright smile fading from lips and eyes.

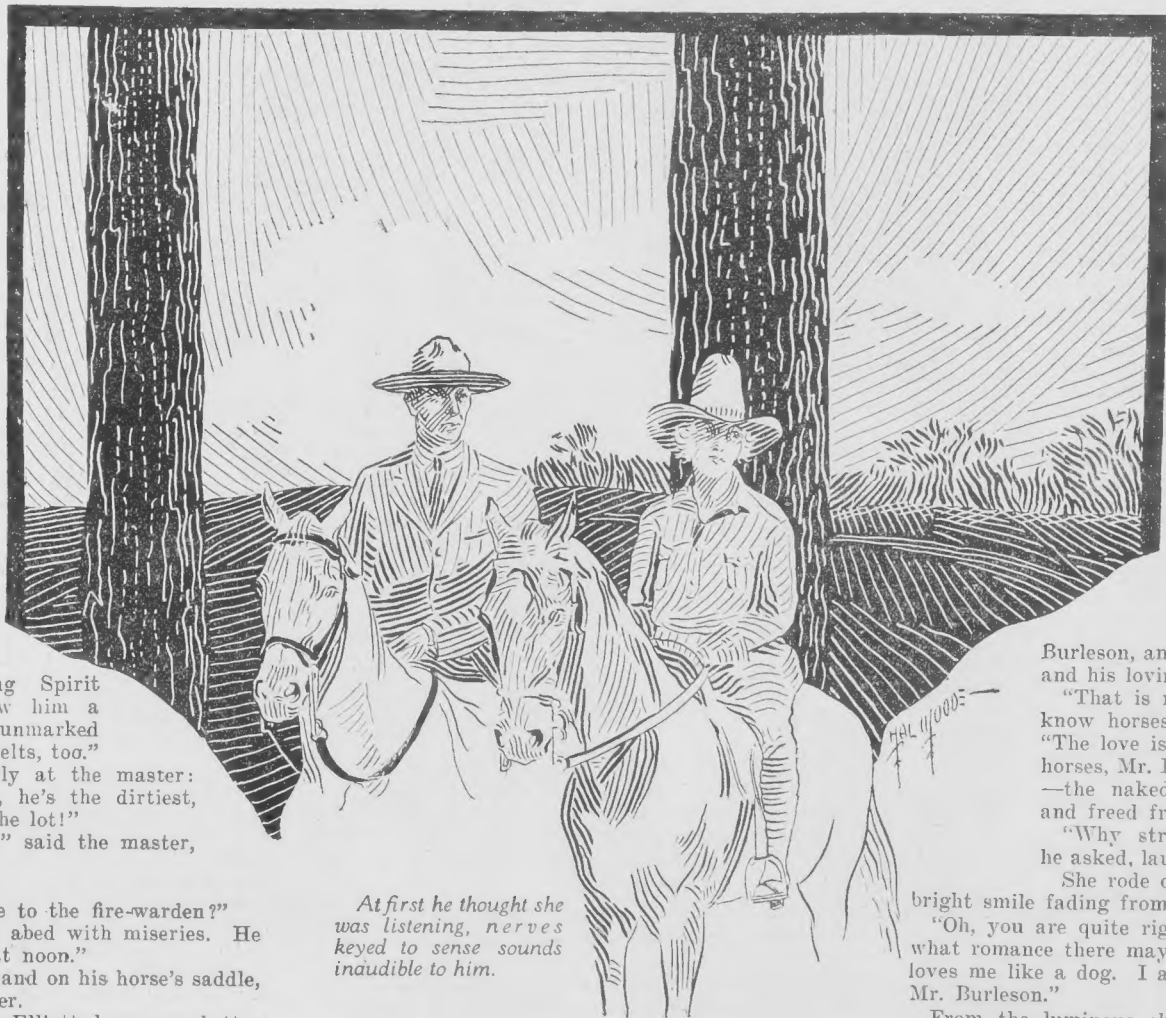
"Oh, you are quite right," she said; "let us leave what romance there may be in the world. My horse loves me like a dog. I am very happy to believe it, Mr. Burleson."

From the luminous shadow of her sombrero she looked out across the stretch of marsh, where from unseen pools the wild-duck were rising, disturbed by the sound of their approach. And now the snipe began to dart skyward from under their horse's feet, filling the noon silence with their harsh "squak! squak!"

"It's along here somewhere," said Burleson, leaning forward in his saddle to scan the swale-grass. A moment later he said, "Look there, Miss Elliott!"

In the tall, blanched grasses a velvety black space marked the ashes of a fire, which had burned in a semicircle, then westward to the water's edge.

Continued on page 70



At first he thought she was listening, nerves keyed to sense sounds inaudible to him.

Daphne's Desperado

By Edith G. Bayne

Drawings by Charles Fraser

PERHAPS the best way to introduce Daphne is to tell you that her name wasn't Daphne at all but Mary Jane—Mary Jane McGuffy, if you want the whole of it. Immediately you will perceive that she possessed imagination. Daphne was the name she intended to be known by when she had escaped from the drab monotony of life on an Alberta ranch—where nothing, *ab-so-lutely* nothing, ever happened but sunup and sundown—and had become a movie star or a grand opera prima donna or something.

On the wall of Daphne's little bedroom up under the eaves on the cyclone side of the house, over a dresser-top daintily cluttered with tortoise-shell toilet articles, perfumes, powders, creams and other feminine miscellany, hung two pictures that struck an emphatically masculine note.

One was a likeness of Rudolph Valentino, the other, Sergeant Fairway of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

This tells you quite a bit more about her so that it's almost unnecessary to add that she was seventeen, pretty and wore her hair bobbed.

It would have been hard for her to say which of these heroes she loved with the deepest, wildest, most absorbing passion, so very wisely she didn't try. The insignificant fact that she had never seen either of them had no bearing on the case whatever. The personality of each was so pronounced, so compelling, and the history of their respective exploits had cast such a spell over her imagination that she had grown to feel that she knew them both, much as one knows intimately the adored figures in many a well-loved romance. The actor might have seemed to boast of just the least edge on the mountie for his portrait was a sepia, rich and clear and highly artistic and had "*Cordially Yours*" written across the lower right-hand corner, while the sergeant had been scissored from a newspaper and was a trifle blurry and indistinct, but we can assure you that this made not the least difference in the eyes of their worshipper. To each she kissed her hand with the same degree of ardor and with strict impartiality and they gazed back at her with the same unchanging expression. Rudolph with his warm, enigmatic smile, the mountie, stern, handsome, alert, the incarnation of efficiency, the Holmes of the Force—"You Can't Faze Fairway" being to the country of the foothills the same sort of proud slogan, save only in lesser degree, that the immortal words, "*They Shall Not Pass*" were to France—his straight-brimmed hat slightly shading the upper part of his face and one gloved hand holding the reins of his beautiful mount. To atone for the lack of an autograph, under the policeman's picture were the ringing words in boldface type: "*Sergeant Again Gets His Man.*"

"Mary Jane!" called a voice from below-stairs, breaking rudely in on Daphne's meditations before her mirror.

"Yes, Mom," answered Mary Jane with a sigh.

"You goin' t' git down pretty soon an' finish this here churning?"

"Coming," returned Mary Jane, wearily.

She seized a powder-puff and passed it lightly over her face and neck. She next applied a touch of carmine to lips already red and vigorously rubbed a chamois buffer over her pink nails. Then, having clasped a string of pearls around her neck and fluffed out her thick dark bob with a practiced hand she was ready to tackle the weekly churning. In these times country mice are as up-to-date sartorially as their city cousins, thanks to those twin agencies the motor and the movies, and Daphne was never guilty of gingham when she could avoid it, or of the crime of dowdiness. At any hour of the day she might have furnished a criterion for what the well-dressed, and sometimes under-dressed, flapper will wear.

Her mother stood in the kitchen dressed for going to town. She stopped short in the act of pulling on her gloves to stare at the vision of her daughter frocked in lipstick red silk-crepe.

"Land sakes!" she ejaculated. "You expectin' comp'ny?"

"No such luck," said Mary Jane with a yawn.

"Then why've you got on that there best dress?"

"Oh Mom!" It was the cry of a hurt child. "I'm not in a brown mood!"

"Huh!" remarked her mother. "Yestiddy you were in a heliotrope mood an' you tore that delicate laylock dress on a nail in the shed. Seems t' me them moods o' yours are kinda expensive—"

"Oh, Mom let me keep this dress on—please!"

Truly, I'll be careful.

See, I'll even put on this

horrible old apron over

it. Please."

Mary Jane

kissed her

mother coax-

ingly. "I—I'm

in a triste mood

today."

Her parent

gave in, as she

usually did.



It would have been hard for her to say which of these heroes she loved with the deepest, wildest, most absorbing passion.

"Mood—mood!" she scoffed. "Just you get a spot on that frock, my lady, an' I'll show you what kind o' mood I'll be in!"

Saying which the good woman hurried out to where Daddy McGuffy was honking the flivver with a great show of impatience.

IT was a warm, still summer afternoon, with even the restless poplars silent for once, with everything wrapped in the sleepy calm that spreads over the foothill country as soon as the sun has reached the zenith and has begun to travel toward the Rockies—the kind of day when it is found to be much more agreeable to loaf in the hammock with not even a book to distract the mind from its indolent fancies than to make any effort either of a physical or a mental nature. Mount Rundle dominating the scene, his conical head sharply outlined against the intense blue of the sky, looked down over his far-flung valleys and across his undulating plains, seeming to communicate in wordless but eloquent form a royal mandate, thus: "I, the monarch, supreme, unapproachable in my majesty, require of you my subject-lands that your soil which has been tickled with a plow should laugh back with a bountiful harvest, that your gardens on which the sun has smiled so warmly

should respond with rich treasures, that your desert places shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

And as if in answer to that intangible behest the lovely land of Alberta glowed verdantly as far as the eye could see and the cattle on a thousand hills were sleek and fat. The silvery Bow, tumbling noisily in its shallows as it wound in and out among the hills and canyons, made the only sound in all the landscape—everything else breathed peace and plenty and somnolent silence.

At the Bar Q, around an end of which the river shouldered its way, Mary Jane was the only being who was up and doing and even she scarcely could have been described as tremendously active. The maiden manipulated the churn-pedal but intermittently and with no great display of enthusiasm. How could she have been expected to interest herself in the unexciting task of making butter when the three-days' old Calgary paper she had found contained such a thrilling tale as the one she was now reading? It wasn't any story of frothy fiction that absorbed her. Neither was it an account of the gowns worn at the Banff Springs Hotel ball. Nor yet was it the day's instalment of the true life history of Miss Sheeza Pipp, the most beautiful woman on the screen. None of these things. It was merely the newspaper rendition of the escape of a prisoner from the provincial "pen." But it held her enthralled to an extent that boded ill for the debut of the butter.

"The escaped prisoner is probably making for the hills to the south with the intention of getting across the border without delay." So ran the report. "The people of the southern district are warned to be on the lookout for him. In spite of his record, which is a formidable one, he is very well educated, of pleasing address, and he is capable of assuming any disguise. Charles Weimer, alias 'Slim' Weimer, alias Carl Howett, is about five-foot-eleven in height, well-built, has light brown hair and blue eyes and carries a scar of some kind, probably an old bayonet wound, just above his left temple and partly concealed by his hair. It will be remembered that on the occasion of his former sensational escape a year ago he had almost reached the American border when he was tracked down by Sergeant Fairway of the Mounted and brought back. Fairway at present is on a visit to his mother in Ontario."

There was more but this constituted the gist of the matter.

Daphne—she was always Daphne when alone—raised a speculative eye and gazed across the shimmering fields of young wheat that stretched away illimitably on every hand. From her seat at the open door she could see as far as the grain-elevators at the nearest town and her glance followed the winding brown ribbon of the road to the point where it was lost to view beyond a coulee but there was no hint of dread or fear in it. On the contrary she smiled at the half-formed thought that had flitted across her mind—the

bare idea that the dull routine of her day might be disturbed by the arrival of an escaped hold-up man. Cowardice was no part of her nature.

She was alone but she didn't give that a thought. Okoko, the Jap cook, had succumbed to the overpowering inertia that always attacked him about two o'clock and had pattered away in his list slippers to the hammock under the poplars at the farthest end of the garden. Down beyond the corral, so far away that she couldn't see them, the two stable hands lay sleeping in the shade.

Daphne sighed and proceeded to read all about the latest Hollywood scandal, then turned to her long-delayed task. A few desultory motions of her foot and she decided to look in the churn and ascertain if the butter had come. Her mother could tell by the "feel" of the thing but Daphne maintained toward the affairs of life, particularly its sciences and kindred mysteries, a more or less persistent show-me attitude. So she lifted the lid and peeped in at the cool, curdly mass that bye-and-bye would be golden-yellow butter.

SOMETHING made her look up suddenly. It must have been a subconscious agency for no sound had broken the profound stillness of the afternoon.

She looked up to see a man coming across the yard by the corral. He was a stranger—that was quite patent—and he walked with a suggestion of stealth, looking backward over his shoulder once or twice and regarding the Bar Q ranch-house as though somewhat doubtful of a welcome. She watched, fascinated, as this figure skirted the barns and shed, and finally jumped the hitchingrail and made straight for her open door.

Daphne had dealt with tramps before but as he drew nearer she saw that this man was one of the toughest specimens of the fraternity that had ever yet called at the Bar Q for a handout, a shambling, unshaven, down-at-heels deadbeat wearing illfitting, mismatched clothing and an ingratiating grin.

Well, feed 'em and get rid of 'em—that was her dad's rule. It was a tradition of the Bar Q that no stranger was ever turned empty away from the house of John J. McGuffy.

"You're hungry, of course," Daphne said, as the tramp arrived at the foot of the steps. It was statement rather than query.

The tramp stared. You couldn't have blamed him, for Daphne made a striking picture standing there straight and challenging over her churn.

"Hungry?" echoed the tramp in a husky voice, "I could eat hardtack and scrambled screw-nails!"

"Sit down on the steps and I'll get you something right away," said Daphne.

While she busied herself at the pantry she maintained a close watch upon her visitor, and the more she saw of him the less she liked him. Once the thought did occur to her that he might very likely be the escaped desperado she had been reading about but she didn't dally with the idea. In any case a well-fed desperado couldn't in the nature of things be as desperate as a hungry one so she hastened to ply him with the best that the larder offered. He took from her hands with pitifully eager gratitude two pork pies, a slice of fresh bread generously smeared with butter, a cup of tea and three sugared doughnuts.

"If the sun's too hot there you could move over to that bench near the vines," his benefactress suggested graciously, and returned to her butter-making.

He mumbled his thanks and fell to. Some minutes passed and then drawing the back of his hand across his mouth he rose. He removed his battered hat, and cleared his throat to attract her attention.

"Couldn't I finish that job for you?" he asked politely. He wasn't at all forward as he said this, she recalled afterwards.

"No thanks," replied Daphne very definitely.

"But I'd like to do something in return for the eats. Got any wood to saw?"

"We get all our wood sawed by machine," Daphne returned primly. "As you leave don't forget to close the gate of the corral."

"I refuse to leave," said the tramp, coolly, and then as she regarded him with slightly widened eyes, added: "Until I pay for my lunch."

He covered the distance between them in two strides and seized the handle of the churn. Daphne stepped aside and stood off, uncertain just what to do. A tramp on the porch was one thing but a tramp in the house quite another.

"The—the butter's almost here," she said. "No, not *that* way—this is the way. You put your foot on this thing—" (might as well accept his offer—no sense in antagonizing him)—"and you just push steadily."

SHE was now a little bit frightened and her heart was beating with uncomfortable speed but as the tramp showed no sign of getting fresh she gradually lost her qualms though she didn't relax her vigilance.

"I'm gonna have some buttermilk," he announced after a time, during which nothing was to be heard but the regular swish-swish of the churn. He smacked his lips in anticipation.

"You can have all you want," she assured him. "We only feed it to the pigs anyway."

"I was brought up on a farm—" he began and then stopped as though he had suddenly remembered he was only a hobo and his history wasn't called for.

Daphne had picked up her crocheting. Over the fluffy white cloud that under her nimble fingers was rapidly growing into the semblance of a sweater she regarded him with a softened glance. Poor fellow! What a hard life begging must be—and how awful never to know where you'd sleep when night came! He had eaten with ravenous haste that distinguished all vagabonds and small children so goodness only knew when he had last seen food. She burned to question him but her native caution restrained her. After a while she'd tender him some advice. He didn't seem to be utterly degraded now that she had a good look at him, and he was young too. His features were good and full of character. It couldn't yet be too late—

"This is the Bar Q, isn't it? Who's boss?"

"Mr. McGuffy."

"You don't know if he's been taking on any hands, I suppose? Is he at home?"

She evaded the last question.

"We took on a new stable hand yesterday. I heard Da—Mr. McGuffy say that he didn't need any more help now till harvest."

"Oh well—I merely asked."

He spoke with an airy nonchalance that accorded but ill with his general appearance of down-and-outness. The butter now arrived and the tramp had his jugful of buttermilk. He carried it out to the porch and sat slowly imbibing it, ever and anon smacking his lips in keen relish.

"I should think," Daphne began very tactfully, "that a big husky fellow like you could easily get a job."

"You seem to insinuate that I haven't tried," he said with an air of mock grievance. "You know, I had the idea that out here where men are men and all that sort of thing a fellow's two hands were guarantee enough no matter how he was dressed—"

"That's right too," she came back quickly, "but most farmers draw the line at tramps."

"Wow! That's telling it to a chap!" He ran a hand over his beard of several days' growth and looked sheepish. "And yet," he added with engaging modesty, "I've been told that I'm a fairly capable hand. You'd be surprised how much I know about farming—"

"You look capable—of anything," she said. And then was immediately contrite. After all, he was a polite tramp. Perhaps he had had a good mother. "I'm very sure," she said more kindly, "that if you made up your mind to settle down you'd be much happier than—than playing knight of the road."

He regarded her soberly.

"How do you know I'm playing? Tramping is a profession. Do I look like an amateur?"

"You look as though you could do something better."

"Thanks for the few kind words."

"Why don't you try to get work—good work? You seem educated—"

"Seem? There's no seem about it—I am. That's just the trouble. I'm burdened with two college degrees. It's an awful handicap. Think of being turned loose in the world with that sort of thing to overcome!"

DAPHNE was unable to tell whether he was quite serious or not. But she remembered that at the last harvest her dad had had among his hands three B.A.'s and a B.Sc., besides several I.W.W.'s, and he had told her mother that the woods were full of 'em.

"Well, anyway, aren't you ever moved by higher impulses?" she wanted to know. She had read this once in a sub-title on the movie screen. It just fitted in.

"I'm afraid not," he admitted, sadly. "I just follow the line of least resistance."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, sometimes," he conceded. "Just now for instance. Somehow just talking to you like this calls back my boyhood—Excuse me, I didn't mean to—"

"Go on."

"I used to go to Sunday School regularly. How clearly it all comes back to me—shooting peas at the superintendent from the back benches and putting grasshoppers down the neck of the little girl in the seat ahead! I was a good little shaver in those days."

"Evidently. Self-praise—" "I know," he said with humility. "But I wanted you to understand that my early life was decent."

Daphne's gaze had wandered from the disreputable-looking speaker to the yard beyond where a man in claps was just then engaged in pumping water for the herd.

"There! Look at our new stable hand!" she said. "Can't you hear him whistling? He's happy because he's busy. Nobody is really happy unless they are busy." This was a quotation from her mother, trite but true nevertheless, that just then came conveniently to her mind.

The tramp followed with a rather bored expression the movements of the industrious help.

"Makes me weary just to watch the bird," he said, with a yawn. He took up the pitcher and drained it. He asked if he might have some more milk.

Daphne dropped her work, reached for the pitcher and went to the churn to refill it. During the last-mentioned process the tramp heard her utter a gasp of dismay which was followed by a lady-like cuss-word.

"Whazzamatter?" he inquired.

"My—my dress!" she wailed. "I've spilt milk on it!" But that wasn't all.

For, watching him through the half-open door she had seen that which had caused her to start so that the jug slopped over. As he stooped for his old hat the wave of hair athwart his brow had fallen forward revealing a scar on his left temple.

Continued on page 77



"Won't you shake the hand, unworthy though it be, of the poor desperado?" he pleaded in a low voice.



They were still looking at each other, Joe knew they were locking at each other—knew that Henry also had clutched his knife

THE man breaking trail ahead turned and looked at his companion, who was struggling with the gee pole. A faint sound had come to their ears—a sound like the cheering of a football crowd an immense distance away. It faded and rose, died again, then the silence once more closed in as though a curtain had been drawn between themselves and all things living.

"Them's wolves!" said the man ahead of the team.

He spoke huskily by reason of long restraint from speech. Why should one speak out here? It seemed like a desecration of the silence—like the thrusting of a red hot bar into a vessel of cold water. The slap-slap of one's snowshoes and the ghostly panting of the dogs were enough. Why should one speak? Besides, there was nothing to speak about.

Joe waited for an answer, still looking behind him, but no answer came. His companion was still struggling with the gee pole, sweating and gritting his teeth, and Joe began to wonder whether he *had* actually spoken. He seemed to remember the words *having left his lips*, but there was a permanency about the silence around which seemed world old, for a million years unbroken by human voice. The dogs, taking advantage of the lull, had laid down, sprawling in grotesque attitudes, while the ice particles settled in their hair.

"Them's wolves!" repeated Joe.

Henry at last looked up. He dashed the sweat from his eyes, and his lips were drawn. "I know they're wolves," he said slowly. "What in Jupiter has that got to do with it?"

Joe moved on, mechanically plodding out the way. The runners had already frozen in, the dogs heaved, lay down again, and Henry cursed long and savagely. His words were inarticulate, but Joe did not look round. He knew that Henry was cursing him, and his own lips moved in voiceless speech. Curse Henry, curse the silence, and curse—the moonlight.

They were brothers these two. They had left the south not so long ago in order to make their fortunes in the north. They had made their fortunes, and now were pulling out. All things considered there was no special reason why they should expect to get out.

They made camp about an hour later. Whether it was day or night did not matter. There was no

Brothers

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustration by L. Worden

day in this land, save a sudden savage brightening over the tree tops, which died immediately in a glory of its own life blood.

Henry fed the dogs, while Joe rigged up a shelter and lit the fire. He was frying the bacon—a half rasher each, when Henry came along, still muttering. "She always was a pig of a dog—that Starlight!" said Henry.

Joe glared at him, but said nothing. Starlight was his dog. They ate in silence—the tobacco was done. Seated by the cold glow of the flames, Joe presently nodded towards the sled. "You ain't going to leave that there tonight?" he queried defensively.

"Why not?" Henry demanded.

There was a long pause, and then—"We've little enough grub, God knows, but I don't want to lose what we've got if you do!"

Henry pretended not to understand. "There ain't no one here to steal," he answered, solemnly.

Joe got up. "You heard them," he said, "and so did I. Leave grub in sight and you'll have 'em all round the camp and the dogs stampeding."

"O shucks!" exclaimed Henry. He looked at his brother with unutterable contempt. "A man's as good as beat when he owns he's scared," he said. "You've got cold feet! You want some ginger water to warm up your stomach!"

"If it wasn't for your blame fool notions, I shouldn't be wanting grub and blankets, anyway," retorted Joe. "I should be away back at Minook, waiting for the steamer to pull me out in Spring—you with your ding-dong ideas of making it overland easy as kiss-my-hand! I was an all-fired idiot to listen!"

"And I was an all-fired idiot to think I could drag you out!" stated Henry. Then he mumbled bitterly—"I wish to goodness you were in Minook!"

THEY turned in after a while of it to share each other's warmth, which was the only thing they could share on an equal footing. Even then one would occasionally curse the other for being cold—or rather for failing to comply with the rules of the game by radiating a sufficient amount of heat.

They were wakened some time later by the violent contact of something sprawling over the sleeping bag, and simultaneously they tore open the flap and groped out into the dimness. The fire had burnt low, but the sky was aflame with colored banners. They were aware of sound all about them—of rapid movement hither and thither, of heavy breathing, and then the steel-like clank of jaws. Joe's hand touched fur—cold fur, caked with ice, then a cold muzzle was thrust into his face, and a warm canine tongue caressed his features. It was Starlight.

Presently they became aware of other dogs, huddling and rubbing against them, trying to creep under the sleeping bag, worming in and out about their arms. It was all so ghastly silent save for that sound of breathing, and of rapid movement beyond, but as their eyes became accustomed to the half light they saw the sled in the open vista. It seemed to be on its side, and shadows, many shadows, sinister shadows, were swarming about it.

"It's the wolves!" said Henry. He got up, and empty handed, boldly, unflinchingly, walked towards the sled. He seemed like a man in a dream.

"Come back!" shouted Joe. Henry took no notice. He was gazing savagely ahead of him.

"Henry!" shouted Joe. "Come back, or they'll down you!"

But Henry did not seem to hear, and Joe instinctively covered his eyes. When he looked up again Henry was alone by the sled, tearing the rifle from the tangled lashings. He got it at length, and began to pump shot after shot into the shadows. They could hear the wolves running in a circle round the camp, and they knew that, on the outside of that circle, were some of their dogs trying to get back to the fire. Presently the circle became wider, the

Continued on page 16

The Age of Adventure

By L. F. Ramsey

Drawing by Gerald McMillen

OLD Mrs. Farquhar had much to be thankful for. Her seven children, all married now and with homes of their own, often told her so. In moments of depression, she repeated the phrase to herself till she had almost persuaded herself to believe it.

She lived with her eldest son and his wife (who was a perfect dear), in a comfortable house in a fashionable outer suburb. She had her own private income and her own maid, and had nothing on earth to do except sit still in her luxurious Berkeley chair and fold her hands, while she waited for the old man to come along with the scythe.

Yet, such is the perversity of human nature, that in spite of every loving care, old Mrs. Farquhar was not happy.

If she participated in any of the active affairs of the household, someone immediately protested warningly:

"Now Mother (or Grannie, or Ma'am), you know you'll be ill."

After that, there was nothing to do but give in with as good a grace as possible.

"Good folks are scarce, so we must take care of you."

Mrs. Farquhar had heard the phrase so often, that she always knew what was coming.

Grace, the daughter-in-law, who was such a perfect dear, said it when she urged her to get off to bed early, just when bridge had been suggested and the old lady was beginning to enjoy herself.

"You know how tired you get, all of a sudden, Mother," she would warn her, with wagging finger.

Eileen, the youngest grandchild, said it, in pretty imitation of her mother, particularly when company was present. Wasn't it touching, they said, to see the child so devoted to her grandmother?

Jarvis, her eldest, best-beloved boy, said it and on his lips the phrase sounded like a caress, for it reminded her of her dead husband, who had first used the expression before he went away from her, ten years ago.

Even Smithers, her maid, with the familiarity bred of a quarter of a century of service, echoed the words, secure from rebuke.

Every morning, waking early at the coming of dawn, as do most old folks, Mrs. Farquhar would lie listening to the call of the blackbirds in the high elms outside her window. The canary in the sitting-room below would waken and answer to their call and Mrs. Farquhar, listening, sometimes sighed as she compared herself to the canary, fluttering against the bars, longing to be free like his brothers and sisters outside.

"Yet he would die of his freedom," she would tell herself softly. Following swiftly on that thought came another:

"Wouldn't it be worth while? What was that tag about 'one crowded hour of glorious life'?" She had never known that crowded hour, never in her life.

Always she had been guarded, cared for, cherished. As the light of day increased, the old lady's dim eyes would make out the furniture of her room, familiar as household words, the portraits hanging on the walls, of her children at various ages, the little knick-knacks, most of them gifts from those children, made at a period of their lives when she was all in all to them.

None of them needed her now. They had their own lives to live; they were the centres of their own circles—and she was outside. They thought of her with affection, of course, but none of them really needed her.

One day, the thought came to her with a sudden thrill: suppose she were to go away and leave all this. Suppose she were to waken one morning in fresh surroundings, to a life she herself would direct. Could she—dare she take the step?

"Why not?" the adventurous within her asked. "Why shouldn't I live my own life? I've never had a chance before. Why shouldn't I have my one crowded hour?"

She lay palpitating at the thought. The canary in the room beneath suddenly trilled into song.

THE family gasped incredulous or were frankly amused when old Mrs. Farquhar calmly made the announcement, that she was going away. Alone. "Why, Mother, you'll be ill directly."

Grace (who was a perfect dear), was inclined to treat the matter as a joke of dear Mother's. She couldn't be serious. Of course, old people do get these ideas into their heads. It's a symptom, isn't it, of senile decay.

But when old Mrs. Farquhar went serenely on with her preparations, writing to various addresses, and making plans, they all, including Grace, began to get seriously uneasy. When it was evident that Smithers

clouds of dust. She hailed it and the conductor helped her up.

The old lady sank into a corner, breathing heavily, and glanced around at her fellow-passengers. There was no one she knew. She sighed contentedly and settled herself comfortably.

Where would she go? To the sea, of course. Where else, in such weather as this? The bus passed a main line railway station. She had not thought to bring a railway time-table. No matter. There would be a train to some seaside town and that should be her goal to which the first available train went.

Exhilaration, succeeded by a sense of peace, filled the old lady's heart. There was just a wee trepidation, as of a child playing truant from school.

"But I am not a child," the old lady told herself.

A quiet hotel, off a side-turning from the parade, welcomed her at tea-time. It faced the gardens of a square, filled with gay blooms.

The proprietress gave the old lady a room on the first floor, with windows overlooking the sea. It was a big room, with a deep, cretonne-covered easy chair, as comfortable as her own Berkeley at home, fresh chintz curtains, a wallpaper patterned in sweet peas.

"Would you like tea up here?" she suggested, with brisk kindness. "You could have it on your verandah?"

"Why, I think I will," replied Mrs. Farquhar, gratefully. "And I want to send off a wire...."

Later, from a twilit corner against the wall, of the dining room, old Mrs. Farquhar surveyed the world of the seaside hotel, as she ate her dinner.

THERE was the usual murmur, more or less loud, rising occasionally to crescendos of speech or laughter.

Her attention was soon drawn to a couple conveniently placed for her observation.

The girl, Mrs. Farquhar decided, was beautiful. Her bronze hair caught every ray of light. Her dark eyes, a thought too wide apart, most artists would have said, were luminous and pleading. Her nose was perhaps a trifle short, her mouth too large, but Mrs. Farquhar did not analyze her features like that. She was attracted by the expression in the girl's eyes, as she sat propping her chin on her hands and staring dreamily into space. The young man had grey eyes and dark brown hair, a clear-cut mouth and firm chin, not too aggressive. He had a particularly fascinating smile, but the old lady, watching them, decided that he, too, was worried about something.

The course of true love running turbulent, she decided, with her incurable flair for romance, at which her children had often laughed. Looking again at the young man, she was almost willing to concede him as good-looking as Jarvis. All mothers will be ready to admit that this was indeed high praise.

The two were dining alone. Old Mrs. Farquhar, used to modern ways, thought nothing of this. She wondered whether they were engaged. Then her glance wandered to the girl's left hand, and she started, peered through her glasses, got out a webby handkerchief and polished these, and then looked again.

No, she was not mistaken. On the third finger of the girl's left hand shone a plain gold band. They were evidently a young married couple, possibly on their honeymoon, perhaps finding those early days difficult. The old lady sighed at intimate recollections.

Presently her interest in them communicated itself to the couple. The girl looked across at Mrs. Farquhar, who dropped her eyes and concentrated her attention on the inevitable chicken wing on her plate.

She was as self-conscious as a school-girl when she caught the low murmur of admiration.

"Do look at that dear old lady in the corner, Mr. Continued on page 62



She was free, though a little breathless. The long distance bus was just coming up the road

was to be sent away on a holiday, even Jarvis, who had insisted on his mother's right to decide, was moved to protest.

"I need a holiday from Smithers and she needs one from me," replied his mother, fondly caressing her boy. He would always be a boy to her, despite the thinning hair getting gray over the temples.

"What will people say?" wailed Grace, tearfully. "They'll think that dear Mother and I can't agree. They'll think that we've quarreled. They'll think that I've behaved badly to her....."

And so on, ad infinitum. The old lady felt herself weakening, as she bowed before the storm. She took a terrific resolution and resolved to slip away.

It was a perfect June day. The Alberic Barbier roses over the pergola glowed golden in the sunshine. Giant anemones exhibited a blue more cerulean than that of any northern sky. Old Mrs. Farquhar walked alone in the garden and her heart beat high with a sense of adventure as she thought of the suitcase, standing packed with her more immediate requirements, at hand in the summer-house.

She glanced up at the windows of the house, blinking in the sunlight, then slipped through the garden gate on to the high road outside, feeling like a conspirator.

She was free, though a little breathless. The long-distance bus was just coming up the road, whirling

The Height of a Man's Heart

By Mary Sidney

LUCY Basset put the bucket of coals down with a bang.

"Why, whatever's the matter girl?" asked her mother sharply, for the noise had made her jump.

"It's that Pat Carey; he's forever at his silly games. He threw some water over the railings as I was coming up, and of course it fell on me. Look!" and she wrathfully shook her skirt and apron. "'Pat,' I says, 'you know that's forbidden on the block.' 'I only wanted to give you a second christening,' he said, impudent like. 'I don't need a second christening,' I said, and I'm very much insulted."

Mrs. Basset snorted angrily.

"It's ignorance my girl, that's what it is. He don't know no better. If it weren't that your father can't be moved I'd get off this block tomorrow."

They discussed Pat's ignorance with enjoyment whilst Lucy prepared supper. When the meal was ready, she spread a cloth on a little tray, and cutting up her father's food took it to him in the next room. Together she and her mother raised the helpless man up in bed, a napkin was tucked under his chin and a spoon put in his hand.

"Now you eat your dinner, and you shall have a cigarette afterwards," coaxed Lucy, as if speaking to a child.

The old woman dropped back wearily in her chair by the stove.

"He gets terrible heavy," she said. "It do make my pain bad lifting him. If he lasts till summer we'll have to get him into hospital; it's about killing us. It'll be nearly three years he's laid there, won't it?"

"Three years come the 23rd April," answered Lucy. Her voice always had a cheerful note even if she was angry, a contrast to her mother's deep tones, which sounded always as if she was arguing with a contradictory world. A tiny midget of a woman was Lucy Basset, always neatly dressed in clothes of her mother's making. She had a great weakness for jewellery, and was very proud of the few trinkets she possessed. These consisted of a paste star, which she wore pinned in the plaits which circled her head, a pair of old-fashioned paste ear-rings and two gold rings. These last were worn only in the afternoon, when the rougher work was done, whereas the star and ear-rings were always in evidence.

She slept in a little room which served also as pantry and cool house for some of her cherished plants. She had a happy knack with flowers, and they responded to her care as if they loved her and were grateful. The best plants and those in bloom were placed on the window sill in her father's room, and every visitor was invited in to see them. If they showed a suitable interest, they were given the history of their growth from a little scrap "so big," and Lucy would mark off about one inch of uplifted finger.

SUPPER finished, and the dishes washed up, both women retired to bed, for economy in lighting had to be studied. It was still early in the night when Lucy was awakened by the sound of her mother's moaning.

"What is it mother? Is your pain worse?"

"I feel that bad Lucy, the pain be terrible tonight."

Lucy's heart sank, but she answered briskly enough.

"You lie quiet now mother, and I'll get a hot brick to your feet, and put the bran bag across you. That'll do you good I expect, and the fire ain't out yet I'm sure."

But in spite of the bran bag and the hot brick the pain grew steadily worse, and as the slow hours passed Lucy's anxiety deepened, and she longed frantically for the presence of a doctor. But how to get one? There was no telephone on the block, and she could not leave the two helpless old people. She thought of Pat next door and of his well-known good nature. The memory of yesterday's "insult" still rankled, but her need of help was pressing. She hesitated for one second, then slipping quickly along the landing knocked vigorously at the next door. A sleepy voice called, "Who's that?"

"It's Lucy Basset, Pat, and I need your help badly."

"Half a minute then, and I'll be in at your place." Quickly she went back to her mother, and in a very short time Pat stood in the kitchen.

"What's the trouble, Lucy?" he asked.

"It's mother. She do seem awful bad. If you could get the doctor to her, Pat, I would be grateful."

"Sure thing. I'll go across and telephone from Jameson's and I'll be right back in no time." But to Lucy, waiting, it seemed long before he returned, and ages before the doctor's step sounded on the wooden landing outside.

The verdict was swift.

"She's done for," he said roughly but not unkindly. "She may last a week or an hour. I'll send some stuff round to relieve the pain," and he was gone.

Pat's face was eloquent of sympathy though his words fell awkwardly.

When Springtime Buds Are Fair

*At hide-and-seek the sunlight played
With dancing leaves amid the shade;
Then, tiring, with long pencils drew
Their silhouettes in tracings new.
The south wind wafted to my feet
A shower of blossoms, fair and sweet,
And like a petal blown in air,
A bit of paper fluttered there.*

*A Leaf from Cupid's Note Book torn,
That to my feet the wind had blown;
I caught it up, amazed to see,
And wondering read. How could it be?
Had Love passed by with Spring today
And blessed my garden on his way?*

*Love wrote: "My tasks are never done,
But greater grow from sun to sun,
For hearts call me from everywhere
And each must have especial care.
From east to west I've sped today,
As my calls will not brook delay,
For no one knows Love's magic art
To brighten life and mend a heart."*

*Came then a vagrant little breeze
From out among the budding trees,
And, catching up the paper white,
Sped it away 'till lost from sight.*

—H. H. FARISS.

"Well, well. It's too bad, but, we all comes to it."

Lucy lifted sad heavy eyes to his.

"I ain't complaining you know. It's all for the best—only mother—" her voice broke, and Pat turned quickly away saying, "I'll look in again when I get back from work." Then shutting the door softly behind him, was gone.

The day passed according to its natural routine. Her father had to be cared for just the same as if no other shadow lay over the little home. But the sight of his wife in bed troubled him and often during the day he beckoned to Lucy and asked in his poor incoherent language, "How's mother?"

"Just resting," would be the answer; "and you close your eyes too and try to go to sleep. You can if you keep them closed."

After the work was done she fetched two treasured books and sat down beside her mother's bed. They were a Bible and a Book of Common Prayer, which had belonged to her grandmother when a child, and which her father had often carried to church for his mother in his boyhood. They were treasures rarely used, but now she felt was a suitable time; and although the long names in the Old Testament were beyond her, still the music of the Psalms soothed, and the magic of the New Testament comforted. Sometimes she read verses aloud to her mother who seemed to be resting quietly.

It was late in the afternoon that the dying woman asked to be helped into her daughter's bed, and with great difficulty, and straining every muscle of her tiny frame, Lucy supported her into the next room. Without a word she understood her mother's wish. "She doesn't want father to see her pass away," she thought, and a wave of great loneliness swept over her.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Basset asked to be lifted up on her pillows, but the effort was too much. With a little gasp her head fell forward against her daughter and she died.

SIMPLY and bravely as she had accepted all the other troubles of her hard life, Lucy accepted this also; but she almost gave way when she broke the news to her father. The old man's grief was pitiful.

The tears rolled down as he looked at his daughter, his eyes expressing the eloquence of sorrow that his tongue was powerless to utter. The positions were reversed now. The father turned to his child for comfort, and she soothed him with all the wealth of mother love that lay untapped in her heart.

Through the sad days that followed two things supported Lucy. One was her father's utter dependence on her, and her anxiety lest this grief should be too much for him, and the last person left to love and need her be also taken. The other was Pat's thoughtful sympathy. All arrangements were made by him, and he it was who went with her to the funeral, and afterwards brought her home. His wreath was the only one laid upon the coffin, and although, as she told a neighbor, "Mother did not advocate flowers," still the kindly thought was comforting.

Then followed most difficult days, when life had to be lived with the dominant factor in the business of living gone. Sometimes the silence was unbearable, and she would get up restlessly from her work of knitting yolks, or patching for neighbors, and go and speak to her father merely to break that terrible silence with the sound of a voice, even if that voice was her own. At such times the tears would start again to the old man's eyes, and his gaze rest sadly on the empty space in the corner where his wife's bed had stood.

But gradually the childlike resignation brought its reward and softened the edges of grief. Unknown to herself, Lucy began to look for two interludes in the day. Early in the morning before he went to work Pat would come to the door, bringing up her supply of wood and coal from downstairs. He would always have time for a few minutes chat, and would undertake to do any small commission, as it was difficult for her to leave her father. At the end of the day she would hear a cheerful, "Evening Lucy! How's dad been all day?"

"He's been fretting himself," or "He's been brighter today Pat," as the case might be. Then after laying

down the parcels he had been commissioned to bring, Pat would give a hearty "goodnight" and retire. Short enough were those visits, yet they came to be two big events of Lucy's day.

ONE evening in late spring, Pat lingered a little as if loathe to go. He had asked after "the dad" as usual, and had emptied his pockets of sundry paper parcels that now lay on the table and yet he hesitated. He stole a glance at Lucy and noticed the pallor of her face, and the dark lines beneath the big childish eyes, and he spoke awkwardly.

"Gets a bit lonesome in here all day, doesn't it?"

"Well, it does sometimes. Father's been difficult today, and it's been very hot. I suppose I'm a bit tired," and the cheerful voice dropped a little wearily.

Pat stuck his pipe in his mouth and puffed vigorously. "Do you good to go and sit on the beach for an hour. Take this Overseas Mirror what my people sent me today, and go and look at the pictures for a while. I'll sit here and smoke my pipe and the dad won't come to no harm."

"Oh, I don't think—"

"Here! Cut it out, and do as I say. Hurry now!" he said, half teasing and half shy.

And Lucy did hurry. An hour with the pictures on the beach! Why she hadn't spent an hour alone doing nothing for years; and Pat saw with satisfaction the light of excitement spring up in her eyes.

Continued on page 64



"Do yourself proud" with the wash!

There are lots of women who get an extra cleanliness in their clothes—a brighter, sweeter cleanliness. For they use Fels-Naptha, and have its *extra* help.

Some women keep on with just soap. Others frequently switch from one form of soap to another. They haven't yet realized that by using Fels-Naptha they can get such beautiful results with less work. But the millions who do use it, know that nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.

With *naptha* and splendid soap working together in Fels-Naptha, you get extra washing value that you cannot get in any other form. Easier work. Clean, sweet, wholesome clothes. And a feeling that you've done a wash you'd be proud for your neighbors to see!

When you prove the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha you'll want to use it for everything—from sheets and shirts to your finest things. For general household cleaning, and dishwashing, too.

The first step is to get a bar or two from your grocer. Then, like the millions of women who already "swear by" Fels-Naptha, you can prove for yourself the extra helpfulness of the Golden Bar.



Smell the *naptha* in Fels-Naptha

What temperature for wash water?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha, if you wish. You are bound to get good results. The real *naptha* in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.



TEST Fels-Naptha's extra cleaning ability. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

The original and genuine *naptha* soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR © Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Marie

By Edith M. Smith

IT was my first year out of Normal that I ventured into the North Country to teach the progeny of the hodge-podge population which is found north of Edmonton. It was while I was trying to get acquainted with the Scandinavian, Scotch, French, and Galician parents of my first pupils that I met Marie. I had heard of her from my Scotch landlady, who spoke of her with peculiar emphasis. "That bonny white lassie who is wed to that lazy Indian, Jean Rombelieu," had been mentioned several times, but I had never asked questions.

One warm afternoon I was riding a round-about route home when I came suddenly upon a little clearing. Believing the log shack to be the home of some of my pupils, I ventured in to meet the parents. A long-haired black mongrel puppy yelped delightedly at my approach. Before I reached the door a young woman opened it and commanded, "Be quiet Brutus!" and stood regarding me with cool, curious eyes. Intuition told me I was face to face with "the bonny white lassie."

Feeling that some reason was expected for my presence I asked if I might water my horse. "Certainly," she said and moved towards the well, while I went back to untie the pony. As she stood by the open well, I watched her let the rope slip through her slim brown hands. She was young, hardly twenty I thought, and might have been considered pretty if her skin were less tanned. She had straight glossy hair, neatly combed in a low coil, serious dark eyes and a small mouth with a wistful droop at the corners. When I offered to pull up the pail she shook her head and smiled, showing even white teeth. Her clothes were poor but spotlessly clean.

While we watched the pony drink, she finally said, quietly, "You're the new teacher aren't you?"

"Yes. I board at MacDonald's. My name is Ruth Harvey, and your's—?"

Mrs. Rombelieu.—"Marie Rombelieu," she added somewhat stiffly. "Won't you come in?" she asked shyly as if half expecting a refusal. "I don't often have any women visitors."

With a strange sense of pity I turned to go in with her. The puppy lay fawning and rolling at my feet, so she gave him a nudge with her toe saying, "For shame Brutus to behave so before company!" I laughed and said, "Et tu Brute!" which caused her to look up quickly and say, "Oh don't you enjoy 'Julius Caesar'?" I named the pup Brutus, but he doesn't seem to appreciate the honor." My amazement at finding someone in the back-woods who enjoyed "Julius Caesar" must have shown on my face, for she said simply, "I studied it in High School at Grand Prairie,"—and I thought there was a note of bitterness in her voice.

Her home was better than many in the north, but it was still pitifully bare. It contained only the necessities for existence in one room. A stove, cupboard, chairs and table made from native wood and a bed curtained off from the rest of the room were neatly kept; the rough wooden floor was scrubbed to ashy whiteness. In one corner of the room was a shelf containing perhaps a dozen books, to which our conversation turned. They were her High School books and among them were some I had but lately closed myself. "You must have stopped school recently," I ventured.

"Two years ago," and then added, "I was married when I was seventeen."

She fell silent and gazed back over incidents which, from her face, were not pleasant memories. However she soon turned to the books again and asked questions about chemistry, literature, and "departmentals" like any school girl will to another. I had just promised to bring her some of my set of Dickens and a new novel when we heard wheels in the yard.

She put the books away with a sigh, glanced at the clock, and began to put a fire in the stove. It was while she was stripping bark from dry poplar sticks that the door was flung open and a man came in. "Eh Marie, are we to have supper soon?" he said and then stopped short at sight of me. Marie straightened up and introduced me to her husband as

if he were a Prince instead of an Indian. But her face was white and her eyes met mine with a look of defiance.

In the conversation with this slim, dark-eyed, intelligent girl I had completely forgotten about "that lazy Indian, Jean Rombelieu." It seemed impossible that this dark-skinned, narrow-eyed Indian, with his moccasins and fringed moose-hide jacket, could possibly be the husband of that refined girl.

I was confused and ill at ease; Marie was silently filling the kettle. Jean broke the strained silence by asking questions about my school, my pupils, and how I liked it up north. I answered him mechanically, my eyes on Marie's silent back, and my mind revolving on the question, "Why did she marry him? Why did she marry him?"

I soon rose to go, in spite of my kind host's invitation to stay for supper. After hearing my excuses he went out to bring the horse. For a while there was dead silence in the room. Then Marie said eagerly, "Oh you will come again Miss Harvey won't you? Come often! And if you can only lend me some books—" The sentence was unfinished, and I looked up to see her eyes brimming with tears. Pretending not to notice, I gayly promised to come soon and often and bring books galore.

ON my homeward ride towards the setting sun, I felt strangely depressed over this tangle found so far out on the fringe of civilization. No answer came to satisfy my curiosity so I resolved to get more information before forming any conclusions.

Accordingly I offered to dry supper dishes—a sure way to get a generous helping of neighborhood gossip. Mrs. MacDonald had known Marie "since she was a bonny wee bairn" and a clever lassie she was too. She spoke the German tongue of her mother and the French of her father and was always first at her lessons. Then she had been sent to Grand Prairie to the High School and was doing most famous when, in the middle of her third year, she had suddenly

married that black brute Jean Rombelieu. Here Mrs. MacDonald shook her head and said the neighbors believed Jean had bewitched her to make her leave the fine school for a homestead. But few of them would have anything to do with Marie and her Indian husband.

The problem became more baffling than ever. But I decided that Marie was more likely to appreciate my calls than some of the others so I often went to the little shack in the clearing. Many an evening was spent in the little bare room, with a wood fire crackling in the stove and the great white silence outside. I found that Jean tried hard to be congenial, and told endless fascinating stories about hunting and trapping the wild creatures of the woods. Marie devoured the novels and magazines and went through the set of Dickens rapidly. Many a laugh we had over "Sam Weller" and "Barkis is willin'."

Often we skated on the wind-swept river and in these frolics Jean often joined us. He also made me snow-shoes and after I awkwardly learned to manipulate them, Marie and I often covered miles on sparkling Sunday afternoons. Then we sometimes went for drives in the little red cutter. I drove to school. Some people made remarks about "the teacher being so thick with that Indian Jean's wife," but that worried me but little. There was more color in Marie's cheeks, more sparkle in her eyes, and less droop to the corners of her mouth. A strong intimate friendship had grown up between us, but there was still a certain reserve which always exists between single and married women.

The more I knew them the greater the mystery became. Obviously Jean worshipped her and she as obviously endured him. Sometimes there were flashes of defiance in her eyes, like those of an imprisoned animal. Again there were looks which were almost tender when Jean offered some pitiful boyish tribute such as a contrabrand beaver toque, birch bark novelties, etc. He did not ill-treat her, but she was on a different level and they had nothing in common. Jean could not understand Marie's ambition for better things, but like all Indians, was satisfied as long as present needs were supplied. "A feast today, a famine tomorrow."

The months slipped quickly by. Spring came with melting snow, rushing rivers, muddy roads, green leaves and dainty flowers of the north, mosquitoes, frogs, blue-birds, seeding operations, and school examinations. The end of June came and found me speeding southward on my holidays.

SEPTEMBER found me back at the River Forks School and at the first opportunity I rode over to see Marie. On the road I saw Jean actually providing for the winter by cutting slough hay. He greeted me gladly and said Marie was back on the Hudson Bay quarter picking cranberries. I turned off into the Hudson Bay quarter, tied my horse and walked through the thick bushes towards the berry patch.

Suddenly I came upon Marie lying in the grass, face downward with her head on her arm sobbing bitterly. "Why Marie!" I exclaimed. She sat up suddenly, raising wet startled eyes. "Oh Ruth," she said, "I'm glad its only you. Oh I can't bear it any longer. I can't stand it! What shall I ever do?"

"Tell me all about it," I suggested. "That may help."

"Oh Ruth I can't." Then she lay her head in my lap while great sobs shook her. I stroked the tumbled hair in troubled silence, not knowing what to say.

Finally she became more composed, wiped her eyes, and sat staring into space for several minutes. At last she turned to me suddenly and said, "Ruth I'm going to tell you everything. You are the only friend I have who could understand and keep quiet. But I must tell some one or I shall go mad!"

"I know you wonder why I married Jean—everybody does. I do not love him and never did. I have endured the poverty, the exile, from all of my own kind; have slaved to make a home with the materials he has provided, suffered his caresses and now—God help me!—I am to be the mother of his child. And now there is no chance to break away! Oh

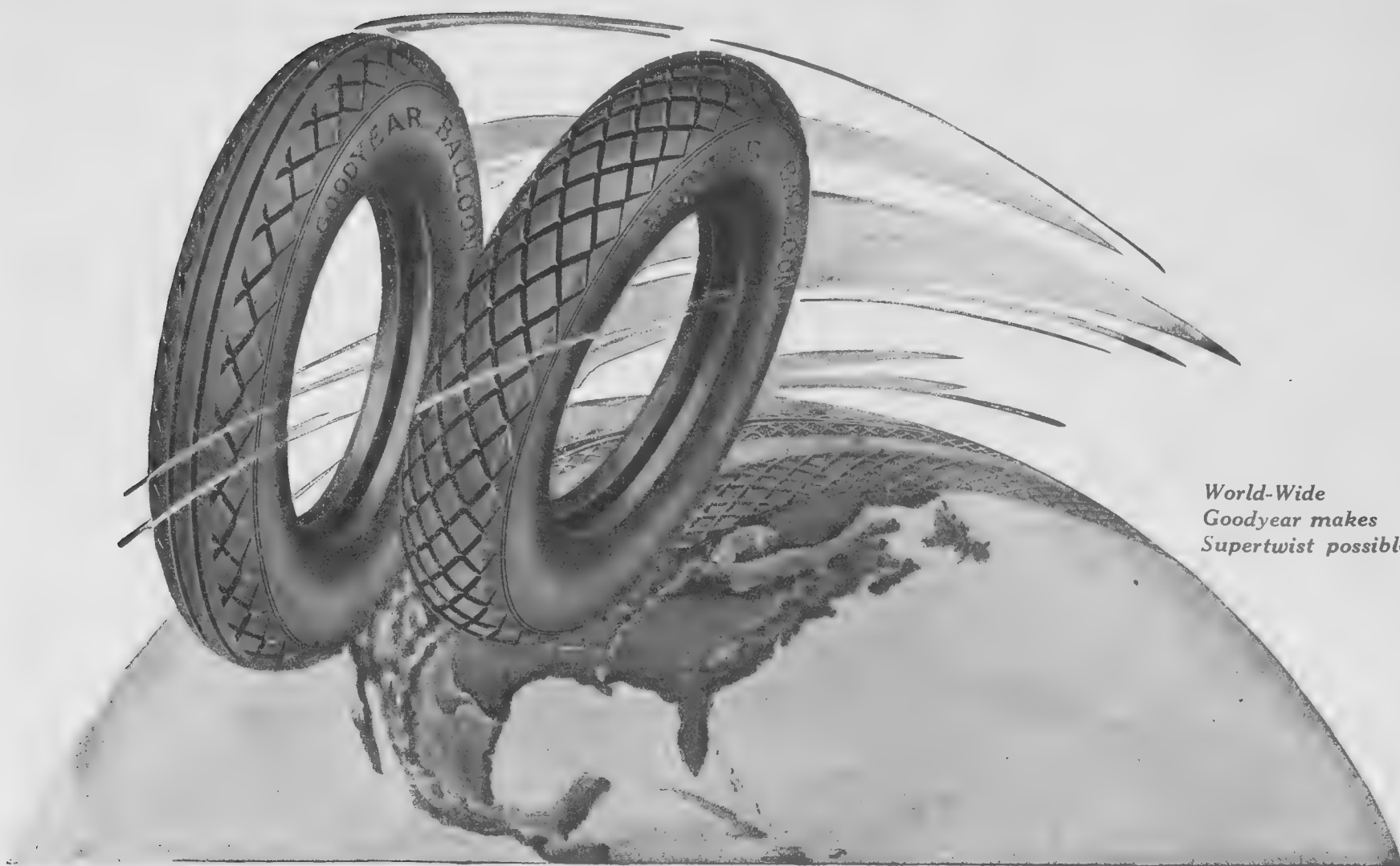
Continued on page 67



"The Spring"

By Charles Moulin—Salon, Paris

Photo by Wm. Thompson



*World-Wide
Goodyear makes
Supertwist possible*

Goodyear means Good Wear In Balloon Tires Because of Supertwist

MAINTAINING the fact that "Goodyear means Good Wear" presented a real problem when Goodyear perfected the Balloon Tire.

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Goodyear means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



Out of the North

By
Mervyn Thompson

WHEN Blair Murchison came out of the north his pockets were not bulging with gold dust. That dust bartering business belongs to a colder, more brutal north; to an environment of unbridled passions, meteoric successes, and gin-soaked debaucheries. Rigorous as were the conditions at Sawley Creek, they were at least tempered by a semblance of civilization. Life was not very much different from ours, merely more crude.

If men loved they went about their love making with a callous bluntness that demanded an answer quickly. Friendships, too, were more spontaneous, more absorbing and closer. And dislikes were equally forceful.

The same stern conditions prevailed in all commercial dealings. Cash. Credit was never asked, never offered. If one wanted goods and was unable to pay for them, he simply hired himself out to the seller and paid by work, an easy, uncomplicated state of things made possible by the absolute dearth of human labor.

Dollars ruled and not dust. For once a month a posse of frontiersmen ran a train into Bull Point. That is to say they provided an escort to the bank for all depositors of the evil promoting, yellow metal.

That's why Murchison carried no dust!

He reached Dawson early one morning, and, by late afternoon, was speeding south again.

His yellow dust the bank at Bull Point had transferred, in dollars, to his credit with the National at Dawson. He stayed just long enough to arrange for his deposit to be transferred, finally, to Seattle.

From which it may be gathered that when Blair Murchison came out of the North he well knew where he was going. He did not waste his time in sentimental good-byes, but just quit. And hard on his heels, with teeth set grin, followed Bud Sherlock.

The reason for this paper-chase business lay back on the Yukon.

IN late winter, two years before, Blair Murchison and Bud Sherlock had crossed trails during a snorting blizzard that had threatened to engulf them, men, dogs and sledges, in a whirlpool of crystallized ice. Peering through the gloom into each others faces and yelling blasphemously they discovered that, whilst the elements seemed constrained to their destruction, they both had the same desire—Sawley Creek.

They fought their way there together despite the hurricane; but it was a very near thing. After a long sleep of utter exhaustion in Benger's shack, they drank each other's health in some obscure poison and clasped hands in solemn pledge of friendship. Thereafter, they bunked together, staked a claim together, and waded in right hard to wrest from Nature the wherewithal of life. So throughout the year.

When winter came again, and the river froze feet thick and the ground hardened to the tensivity of rock, something vital happened. They met Coralie Dalton.

Godness only knows why they hadn't met her before. She had been there all the time. Or why they thought about her in just that particular kind of way. But it was so. They awakened one morning to the knowledge that they had both fallen in love with the same girl! Instantly was created a situation of tension.

They both proposed that same night; and both got a tantamount refusal. Later they stood facing one another in their little log shanty by the light of a flickering kerosene lamp.

"Well, Bud?" said Blair.

"Well, Blair?" said Bud.

Each to the other looked good. Bud saw Blair as six feet of fur-clad muscle. A white man, with tanned and bearded face and twinkling, grey eyes. He feared him desperately as a rival.

And Blair looking at Bud saw much the same. Indeed they might have passed for brothers. The only real big difference between them lay in the eyes, and therein Bud was the very antithesis of Blair. His eyes were deep, penetrating, black. Blair looked into them (he knew their power with women) and reckoned he had got a rival worth beating.

It was Blair who broke the tense, soul searching silence. He said:

"I guess we've both got it bad, pard! It's funny that, after all these months when we haven't cared

a hoot about that sort of thing, we both get a cinch for the same gal!"

"Deuced!"

"She turned me down!"

"So she did me!"

There followed another longer silence. It may have been hours or only minutes. But whatever length of time elapsed the scene had changed when Blair spoke again. The kerosene lamp had fluttered out. They sat, freed from their voluminous furs, elbows on knees staring into the log fire. He said: "Say, pard! This ain't going to make a sight o' difference to you and me?"

The Prairie Anemone

There's a moist, warm smell from the earth today.

And I know that the Spring has come.

The birds are carrying twine and straw,

While the bees tune a drowsy hum,

And the leaf buds swell on the poplar trees

And a fairy song comes a-down the breeze.

There's a-something growing among the grass,

And its silvery sheen I see;

And on bending low I have found the buds

Of the purple anemone;

There the tiny cups of a purplish-blue

Through their soft grey-silver are shining through.

I have often thought that of all the flowers

That are found in our Prairie West,

That the pasque flowers blue, or anemone,

Are more lovely than all the rest;

And they come so early and look so sweet

In their coats of silver so trim and neat.

—LETTICE BENTLEY.

"Why should it?" Bud demanded. "Ain't she turned us both down?"

"THERE'S a little good in the worst of us—"

Whoever wrote that couldn't have met Coralie Dalton of Sawley Creek. The only good that was ever found in Coralie was her looks. No ordinary man could tell just what was Coralie's excuse for living.

She was one of those Peter Pan women who never seem to grow up. A strange feminine composition; elusive, captivating. She ought, such was her appearance, to have been all purity and innocence; she was all insouciant perversity.

And all through that winter she lured them on with tantalizing perspicacity.

For, despite the manner in which she had refused the proffer of themselves, they still had hopes of winning her. And blind as the proverbial bat in their all consuming passion, they looked into Coralie's eyes, listened to her liquid, honey-sweet voice and saw therein and thereby that which they most desired to see. Blair thought she favored him. Bud thought it was himself that stood first with the girl. But each had a doubt, and each knew a growing, bitter jealousy of the other.

WITH the coming of spring their friendship, formed within the very shadows of death, came nigh to being smashed irrevocably.

Coralie announced her intention of going south.

Blair and Bud were working on their claim when they heard the news. It was that old grafter Jerome B. Smith who told them, yelling across fifty feet of snow mush.

"When?" Blair demanded, looking up and leaning heavily upon his mining pick.

"She's going on the first steamer—day after tomorrow," Jerome B. Smith said. "Day after tomorrow," and passed on with a guffaw.

As if all Sawley Creek and, for that matter, all the Yukon, didn't know when the first steamer was due!

Blair wiped his hands together in a manner significant of much and reached for his coat. And Bud reared his head from behind a heap of rubble and did the same. Next moment they were hurrying in the direction of Benger's saloon, where Coralie was to be found.

Blair was ahead and set a cracker of a pace. Bud hung on two strides behind, occasionally breaking into a jog trot to keep up. And each tried to look unconcerned, to hide their unseemly haste under a guise of ridiculous nonchalance. Suddenly, Bud tore ahead, running hard.

They burst into Benger's side by side, panting. The saloon was empty save for the fat, leering presence of Benger himself. He stood behind the bar polishing a glass with a piece of dirty towelling. His eyes opened wide in surprise when the door flew open with a force that nearly tore it from its hinges.

"Say, this is a bit sudden! What's biting yer?" Benger demanded.

"Where's Coralie?" Blair panted.

Benger grinned: an oily, slimy grin that turned his face into a podge. "In bed! Where else do yer think she'd be at ten o'clock in the morning?"

"What time's she coming?" Bud said, pushing forward.

"Oh—get out! About six or seven. Some time this evening."

Ten minutes later they sat facing each other across a rough deal table in their own shanty. Work, seemingly, was abandoned for that day.

"Well, Bud?"

"Well, Blair?"

"I'll cut you for the first chance of speaking to her?" Blair said.

Bud licked his dry lips. The fire in his dark eyes was like the slumbering fury of the tiger held in captivity. He hesitated, weighing the pros and cons.

"Well?"

Bud nodded, meaning "yes," and Blair got up and brought the cards, letting them down on to the table with a plop.

"The first cut—eh—Bud?"

"Sudden death!" Bud agreed.

They shuffled the cards, each in turn, and sat looking at each other, neither anxious to cut first. Then Blair shrugged his huge shoulders and reached out a gnarled hand.

He cut a King.

Bud couldn't trust himself to look up but stared, fixedly, at the cards. Stretching forward fingers that trembled perceptibly he cut in turn.

Another King!

"Well I'm damned! A decider!" Blair suggested.

Bud's under-lip trembled like his hands, his knees were none too steady. He trembled all over.

"No," he said. "We'll just leave it like that—we'll ask her together—"

Blair pushed his stool away and stood up. "Eh! Say, you ain't afraid?" he challenged.

Bud leapt to his feet sending his stool over with a crash. He sucked in a deep, hissing breath. His eyes flickered a moment, then steadied.

"No, Blair, I ain't afraid," he said, speaking with marked deliberation. "Not even of you!"

Blair clenched his fists so that the muscles stood out dead white against the tan. His nostrils quivered, his great chest rose and fell with the storm of surging emotion; his eyes were like stabbing gimlets.

For a moment it seemed as if pent up emotion would break loose in shattering calamity of physical late. They were almost at each others throats. Almost! Then memory conspired to hold them to a semblance of sanity. For mirrored in each other's eyes they saw again the miracle of their first meeting; and stood again, in thought, upon the very threshold of untimely death—in a white-grey waste and a

Continued on page 75



the Open Road and an Open Car

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"After Every Meal"



crashing in the bush more distant, till finally it ceased. Silence fell again, and Henry, standing by the sled, holding the smoking rifle, faced abruptly about.

"How many dogs have you there?" he demanded.

"Three—Starlight, Dingo and Cress." "Then it's all we've got!" replied Henry.

He threw more wood on the fire, then righted the sled and began to sort out its contents. Joe came across, stumbling heedlessly over the dogs as they huddled about his legs. He sat down by the fire, his face between his mitts. "I told you—you fool!" he cried. "O you unutterable, purblind fool!"

He said it over and over again, ticking off the seconds like a funeral dirge, while Henry, struggling and sweating as usual, strove to get the gear in shape. After a while he came over to where Joe was sitting, and caught him roughly by the shoulder. "Yes, you told me," he said with awful deliberation, "but what about it? Eh—what about it?"

Joe's face was hidden. He might have been sleeping.

"What about it?" repeated Henry, his grip tightening.

Joe looked up. "What d'you think, you fool?" he answered. "It means we're going to die—that's all!"

Henry turned away with an impatient catching of the breath, which seemed somehow to tighten into a sob. Joe rose. "We're going to die, you fool!" he echoed. "That's all, and of course it don't matter! We're going to die—that's all! Oh you purblind, unutterable fool!"

For a while Henry sat, staring at the fire. His fingers were interlocked, and he still looked like a man in a dream. At length he spoke. "Joe," he said. "I say, Joe!"

Joe did not answer. "The bacon's gone, and all the fish for the dogs!"

Joe went over and examined the sled for himself. "What now?" he queried, coming back. "What are we going to do without grub for the dogs?"

It had already ceased to be a matter of grub for the trip. The position had boiled down to one of sufficient grub for tomorrow and the day after. Three days ahead was already a region of mystery.

Henry flung out his hands. "What can we do?" he queried. "Kill one dog to feed the rest, and so on to the—"

Had been about to say "to the end," but he checked himself. It was contrary to Henry's principles, and contrary to his nature, to acknowledge that anything had an end. "We'd best break camp," he added, and soon they were toiling on.

HENRY had worked out his schedule on a basis of ten miles per day. So far they had been delayed nine days by blizzard, and only one day had they made ten miles. Four or five had been customary. Today they made only three, when the dogs played up.

This was the day of days. It had seen the departure of the old order and the coming of the new—the dawning of the certainty of failure, when hitherto certainty and uncertainty had hung in the balance. To Henry it had brought the knowledge that he was beaten. It angered him—this fighting for every ten paces, when hitherto only the miles had counted. He was a man who took defeat badly. For Joe it merely produced a sense of numbed incomprehension—a sense of dawning calamity, through which he was groping blindly. He wished to God he could die, for he imagined that he had already touched the outside edge of human endurance. Later he was to learn that there is no end to human endurance—that it is not so easy to die.

So, when the time came to camp, each fell mechanically to his task. There was no need for words. Words merely broke the silence and irritated one. Besides, they led to disagreement.

Henry set out to feed the dogs. Joe to rig up a shelter and make the fire. Joe forgot to warm the axe, with the result that the blade split asunder like porcelain. He stood and cursed it, when he noticed that Henry was not getting on with his job. Henry was standing with the three dogs at his feet, looking expectantly up into his face—waiting. Then Joe remembered. Henry had no food to give the dogs!

Brothers

Continued from page 8

Presently Henry reached down, and caught Starlight by the collar. He began to drag her off, her forepaws clear of the ground, the hind legs resisting, when Joe understood. Starlight was his dog.

Joe followed. "Henry," he shouted. "Hi! Henry!"

Henry stumbled on, and Joe dragged after him, overtook him, and caught him by the hem of his parki.

Henry paused, resting the dog, without looking round.

"What are you going to do?" asked Joe.

"What in hell do you think I'm going to do?" retorted Henry.

There was a silence, and then—"Why take Starlight? She's the best of the bunch. Why not Cress?"

Another pause. Each might have frozen into the rigid attitude in which he stood. Starlight licked the hand that was about to slay her.

"Get on with your own job," advised Henry, "and leave me to mine!"

Joe's grip tightened on his brother's parki. He knew now what it was to see red. The loneliness—the gnawing, bitter, loneliness, the silence, had touched his brain with fingers of fire. He tore at the parki with such strength as was his, whirling Henry round, and they looked into each other's eyes. The glance that passed between them was not a human glance. Joe's right hand now fell upon the sheath at his hip. His lips moved, but for a time he could not find utterance. When at length he spoke he did not recognize his own voice. "If you kill my dog—I'll kill you!" he said.

They were still looking at each other. Joe knew they were looking at each other—knew that Henry also had clutched his knife. Time passed—immeasurable, unfathomable time. Joe's mind was running over the past. Time at last took a material shape—the shape of a pair of scissors inexorably clipping off the edges of a newspaper—clip, clip clip! He thought of his Uncle Joe. Uncle Joe was gone. He had been clipped off, and his going had left a blank in Joe's life. Grandpa Parsons was gone. Joe had missed him sorely—Aunt Martha, Cousin Bob, his sister Mary—all had been subjected to the remorseless clipping process. The idea struck Joe as vaguely humorous, then he saw the scissors take an inward curve, and he thought he cried out and gripped his own throat.

But he was wrong. It was Henry who had cried out. He had laughed—yes, by God!—he had laughed! He saw Henry kick the dog away, then Henry staggered a few paces to a rampike, and sat there, staring moodily at the snow.

Joe went back to the fire to fry supper, when he recalled that there was nothing to fry. He would have to cook some rice. Curse rice! It filled, but did not satisfy. He boiled it in the pan, aware that Henry was still seated on the rampike, in imminent peril of freezing to death. He called once, and once he threw a log at Henry because he was too weary to go over, and Henry did not stir.

"Supper's ready," announced Joe at length, and Henry came.

"What about the dogs?" queried Joe. "To hell with the dogs!" answered Henry.

There was a pause. They gulped the half-cooked rice, and swilled down the boiling smoky water.

"We've got to feed them," announced Joe. "What you going to do?"

"I don't know," Henry answered quietly.

Joe rose. He took the rifle. "I do," he said, and shot Cress dead.

Cress was Henry's dog.

SO the day came when they had only one dog—Starlight toiling alone in the harness. They had ceased to make camp. They would merely rest where Starlight fell. It took both of them now to drag out the sleeping bag, and after a while Starlight would rouse them by whining—telling them it was time to move on.

Long ago speech had left them, but both were filled with a new wonder—a

wonder at their own powers of endurance. Each had told himself that the other would be the first to play up, and now each was satisfied that his knowledge had proved correct. Henry knew that Joe was going under; Joe knew that Henry was on his last legs.

A conversation had passed between them—two or three or four days ago. Joe had said—"Your hands are covered with sores, Henry. You want to watch them."

Henry was sensitive about his hands. He thought that it was scurvy, but he had hoped to hide it from Joe. He answered—"Look after your own ugly hands!"—and there conversation ceased.

But the words of it still rang in their ears, like the words of a foolish rhyme learnt in one's schooldays, yet tonight neither spoke.

So now they toiled up the bluff. Sometimes one fell, sometimes the other, and each would wait without looking round till the other struggled up. Reaching the level beyond, Joe erected the shelter, then Henry came for the axe to chop firewood. He told Joe that he was going to chop firewood, but Joe took no heed. So Henry went off into the timber, but he did not return.

After a while Joe called to him. No answer. He did not commence supper, for there was no supper to commence. He called again. Only the silence. Joe struggled to his feet. "Henry," he called. "Hi Henry!" Only the empty echoes.

Then Joe set out to look for Henry. He floundered into a drift, and out the other side. He fell and rose, and fell again. He clawed at the frozen crust with crooked fingers, his lips trembled—twice he lost his snowshoes. "Henry—for God's sake—Henry!"

He found the rifle lying in the snow, and he remembered that Henry had taken it with him. Why had Henry taken the rifle? But there were the impressions of Henry's snowshoes, leading on, on, and Joe followed. "Henry—for Heaven's pity, Henry!"

His voice was hoarse. It sounded like the voice of a man calling to another over an immense distance. He lost all count of time and distance, he merely struggled on. So he came at length to a wide, open vista, in the centre of which the trail ceased at a dark, huddled heap. It was Henry, his eyes wide with a new understanding, his face already jewelled with ice crystals.

"Henry! For God's sake, Henry!"

He was in Joe's arms now, his face pillowed in Joe's elbow. Their faces were close together in the starlight as they looked into each other's eyes. Overhead the aurora flickered, and the tamarack stood out sharply.

"Old fellow!" said Joe.

Henry smiled.

"Old man!" he said at length.

For a long time that was all that passed between them. Starlight came up, and, jewelled with frost, sat wolf-eyed beside them. She licked Henry's face, and at length Henry stirred.

"Go back, old man," he said. "You'll find grub in the bottom of the sled. I've been saving it for you. I didn't need all my rations."

There was a pause, and then—"You've been starving yourself for me?"

Again Henry smiled.

"And so have I," said Joe. "I too have been hiding grub—for you!"

Again their eyes met with something that passes all understanding.

Yet neither moved. The clouds split asunder, and the moon shone out. They felt the cold creeping in, but at length Henry said—"Joe," he said, "what is it that they write at the end of books?"

"Finis," Joe answered.

"Finis!" echoed Henry, and his eyes closed.

Yet patiently Joe sat, his arms trembling a little under Henry's shoulders, waiting for something, he knew not what, while the malamute looked on, and the rifle lay across Henry's discarded snowshoes. Then presently the malamute stirred, whined and crouched low, and Joe, listening to his brother's steady breathing, heard another sound, drawing nearer, like the rustling of the chinook wind in the groves of his own beloved Virginia. He stooped and clutched the rifle, as before his dazed vision drifted the ghost armies of the migrating caribou.



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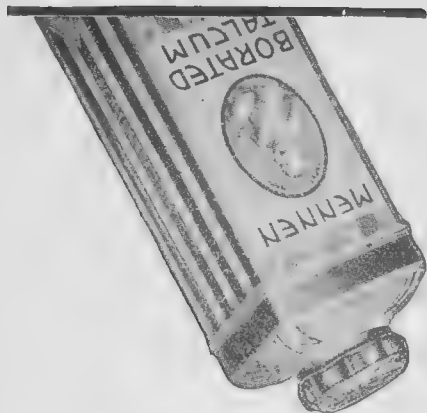
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"Marya"

A Little Story of Achievement

By Berenice Bouck

DIVINE discontent being at the bottom of all worth-while enterprises, being in fact the motive power behind ambition, we might have called this little tale any one of a number of names or titles from, "A Cure for Complacency" or "Marya Makes Good" to "A Lesson in Progressiveness"—and you'd have fancied you caught the point without further reading and in all probability would have passed on to something more interesting.

It is easy to title fiction. But this happens to be fact. It is an attempt at a thumb-nail sketch of a wonderful little Ruthenian girl, who didn't wait for "a chance" but went out and set a trap for opportunity and caught her.

Marya began by being discontented, just as many another girl in her teens has been at one time or another, only Marya labored under many disheartening handicaps, such as extreme poverty, ignorance of our language and customs, isolation, and the narrowest kind of narrow family prejudice. There were two things that stood on the credit-side of her ledger, though—excellent health, and an inflexible determination to measure up to a clearly defined ideal. In Marya's bright lexicon there didn't seem to be any such phrases as "I can't" or "It's too much trouble" or "What's the use!"

Marya's earliest memories do not extend further back than to a sod shack in Saskatchewan. She doesn't remember the hurried flight from Russia, the long sea voyage in a ship's steerage with her parents and six brothers and sisters, the wearisome journey over flat, ugly prairie to a remote, cup-like valley beyond the File Hills, where the free land awaited them. Her first vivid recollections are of incessant toil, of crop failures that nearly set her father to killing himself, the forced marriage of her oldest sister and the hiding of a young Englishman, a kind of ne'er-do-well, in their root cellar. It was this young man who taught Marya her first lessons in English. He had "raised a cheque" and the mounted police were on his trail for the whole of a winter and spring, but Marya's father, justifiably or otherwise, offered him sanctuary in return for labor and lessons in English and he escaped the penalty of his misdeed, later dying of consumption, however.

Marya's first active rebellion occurred at the age of fourteen, when, in accordance with the Ruthenian custom, her father indicated his intention of marrying her off and invited the prospective groom and his father to ride across the valley on a given Sunday and enter into negotiations. Marya was in the first-flush of rosy youth, a handsome well-formed girl with muscles like a boy and an exhaustless supply of sheer animal strength. She milked ten cows night and morning, worked in the fields with her father and brothers, and also in the house, cooking, churning, washing and spinning. She would make Demetrius Rudka, or any boy, a fine wife! The fact that she and Demetrius had never seen each other mattered nothing. A Ruthenian marriage is like a marriage of royalty, strictly a diplomatic arrangement. Demetrius, though only seventeen himself, was a landed proprietor. He owned thirty head of cattle, a farm and a section of swamp land, later to be drained and sown in grain, and he was thinking of buying a Ford.

"But, I want to be educated," Marya protested.

"Educated!" snorted her parent contemptuously. "What do you want to be educated for? Are you not being married—and to the best catch in the valley? Foolish girl!"

"I want to go to town and work and learn better to speak English. I want to read and write. I don't want to slave for any man. I want to be a Canadian."

"To educate the boys, that is all right. But a girl! Why your sister

Marta was married when she was a year younger than you!"

"Yes, and look at her! Five kids and she goes round all the time half sick. She's not nineteen and she looks forty. When she wants money or anything, she's got to ask a man. Her man is her boss. I'm not going to be like that."

And the girl had her way in the end. When she struck the city, she must have made something in the nature of a sensation, for there are stories of many a "fresh" young man being slapped suddenly and soundly or of having his ears warmly cuffed by the brown, muscular hands of little Marya. She wasn't in the least forward or flirtatious. It must have been the splendid, semi-barbaric beauty of her. She arrested the most jaded eye. In a crowd, her face and form stood out like a Marechal Niel rose in a garden of pale phlox. We first saw Marya in a popular downtown lunch room, in Winnipeg, where she was engaged in the strenuous occupation of "biscuit shooting."



"Who in the world is that lovely girl?" was of course the question that rose to the lips, directly.

"Her? Oh, she's a foreigner, I think," came the indifferent reply.

Marya wound her way among the tables carrying aloft a loaded tray and more than one pair of admiring eyes followed her willowy form. Over a neat black dress she wore a frilled apronette and her rich bronze hair was topped by a trim cap. She hadn't succumbed to the high-heel craze as yet and so walked with native grace, somewhat like an Assyrian woman carrying a water-jug. As she gathered up some cups and glasses from our table, we learned that she spent four evenings a week at the "Y" learning the three R's, plus some Scripture on the side. She seemed intensely eager to converse, for practice, no doubt. She had "hired out" to about seven or eight "private houses," she said, and so had picked up many of our words and customs and, alas, our slang, too. As she couldn't differentiate between pure English and mere colloquialism, there was sometimes an irresistible drollery to her quaint speeches. For instance:

"Ladies, I tell you it is a pleasure to listen about that God. He treats me white. He is on the square."

Or:

"That fat man over there got very mad yesterday. The boss said he was a big cheese. He said he was always on the horn. What has a cheese to do with a horn?"

One day we missed Marya. She had gone away. When next we found her she was hurrying to a night school. But she stopped and greeted us with her eager smile and informed us that she was working for a "real lady" this time. She had drifted from one thing to another, restless, dissatisfied, craving something—she didn't know what. But lessons kept her satisfied, and the lady was letting her go twice a week to the night class of a business school.

"Some day I will teach school—teach my people," she confided, shyly. "I want to be a teacher."

Out of a job more than once, Marya had never yet gone to the wall. "Up against it" sometimes, that flawless integrity, that essential sweetness and purity that were the very bone and marrow of her—"foreigner" though she was!—proved her anchor each time. Marya's virtue was founded on the eternal rocks.

She had slept in the railroad station once (being for the time penniless) and gone breakfastless and dinnerless rather than return to a cafe, where the proprietor had tried to embrace her. She had worked in a hotel or two but found the work "too easy."

"I wanted something hard," she told us, "something to make me tired. Those hotel girls think they work hard! If they could come out with me on the farm and see how my little sisters work—how I used to work—they would faint!"

"But it isn't right."

"No."

"And you are never going back to that."

"No"—very decidedly.

"Where will you go when you get your certificate?"

"Back to my own valley. There's a Ruthenian school out there. It is forty miles from the railway and they have trouble getting teachers to stay. I will take it."

"And you won't be afraid?"

She smiled.

"I am not afraid of anything in the world," she said, simply.

The next time we saw Marya she had her certificate. Not only that, but she spoke English with a barely perceptible accent. She had been doing housework for various ladies in the city in the interval, and had evidently profited considerably by the contact with refined minds. Not all, however, had been exemplary. Marya had been a good deal shocked at the amount of card playing and smoking in some of the "places."

A YEAR elapsed and then on a June day, when all the prairie was sweet with roses, literally miles upon miles of them blooming along the trails, in the coulees and rioting in rich masses on the uplands, chance took us to the very school where Marya was inculcating knowledge into the minds of forty of her young compatriots. They were singing as we rode up and the song was "O Canada!"—which is perhaps more hymn than song.

Recess came out while we tethered our horses and Marya came to the door to superintend some game but seeing the visitors changed her mind. It was hard to get her to talk about herself, but we gleaned the following facts: That ambition still burned brightly, that next year if all went well, she would take summer lectures at the University, that already some good had been accomplished in the way of elevating certain standards of living among her people and that only once had she been obliged to use her gun and then the mere pointing of it—it was a little twenty-two calibre, which she used for small game hunting—at her intruder, had been sufficient to show him that she meant business.

"I'll get a bulldog, I think—that would have more—what do you call it?—grip in a case like that," laughed Marya, as she related the incident.

She lived in a tiny cabin adjoining her school, and the nearest human being was a mile away. It was a scattered colony and the school was the one great cohesive element. Everyone was interested in the school. There was a church of course. From where we stood we could see its bronze minaret shining in the distance beyond the level stretches of springing wheat, glinting in the sunlight like an inverted toy top—a little bit of old Russia set down in Canada. Marya's six best pupils were going to the annual school-fair convention in the fall, a feature of Western life, by the way, that deserves a whole article for itself.

"The Ruthenian girls are gradually learning that life holds something more for them than a beast-of-burden existence," Marya said, using just this faultless diction. "Both my sisters are now past sixteen—they were the little ones

Continued on page 55



Before this family owned a Ford car, a rainy day often meant staying at home—even from school. Now, mother's Ford is always available and she prefers to drive it, confident of the reliable performance, ease of parking and control.

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 C L O S E D C A R S

Midsummer's Night

PART I

A Fantasy in Three Parts

By Gladys Argue

TWILIGHT encircled the world with silver wings, casting violet-toned reflections down the aisles of the forest until they resembled the interior of some great cathedral. A silence fell, unmarred by any man-made noises, for in those days the world was young and cities had not risen with their smoke and grime to desecrate the natural beauties of the wilds. Gradually the light faded before the on-coming forces of the night, except where above the clouds, on the purple and gold peaks of the high hills, the gods dwelt.

"He shoots as powerful a bow as I," said the war god, glowering.

"He is as beautiful as Apollo," said one. "And as fleet as Mercury," added another.

"Already the other humans are beginning to liken him unto us and call him a god," said Pan. "I heard them talking as I was playing my pipes in the wood recently, and they said, 'Why do we worship gods that live far above us and do not show themselves unto us, when we have one, a veritable god, among us?'"

"Why do we stand here arguing idly?" roared the storm god glowering. "when by a mere breath we can efface this young braggart from the earth forever, nor leave a trace of him."

To this the other gods assented readily, but the clamor of their angry voices was broken by the clear sweet voice of the goddess of the flowers, a shy, gentle creature who rarely had anything to say.

"Why will you destroy this youth?" she said, a firm defiance in her voice that was alien to her gentle personality. "He has done naught to you. The only reason for your complaining is jealousy." She stopped speaking, her face eloquent in her appeal.

A silence fell among the gods, and Juno watching, breathless, saw they were arrested by her plea. The stillness was shattered as suddenly as it had fallen by a roar from the storm god.

"You certainly will not listen to this weakling, who weeps if I so much as trample a violet with my breath."

"It is not so much the single flower," pleaded Juno, "as the idea of something beautiful being destroyed. The earth needs all the beauty it has. Why recklessly destroy this youth? There are few, if any, like him."

It was in vain after this that Thor attempted to persuade them. But while the gods refused to destroy the youth, they admitted that something must be done at once. For if he continued to live much longer where he was, the mortals who were already acclaiming him a god would forsake them in his favor. So it was decided that while he might go free, a curse should be placed upon him that would give him no peace, causing him to continually push on to new adventure in far lands and strange places. The wanderlust would so hold him that he could not remain in one place long enough to cause them trouble.

"And is there no way that the youth may remove this curse?" sighed Juno.

Cupid, who had been talking with Venus the goddess of beauty, replied laughingly, "If the young gallant can find a mate who will be true to him through all his wanderings, after the third test, the curse might be removed. It should be easy for one with his manifold charms to attract plenty of the fair sex, but they will soon tire of his restless wanderings, and give their affections to less attractive youths of a more steadfast character."

The gods laughed long at Cupid's sally, but Juno did not join in the merriment. She held her little head high and when she spoke there was a challenge in her voice. "You may laugh if you like, but the curse will be removed," she said firmly.

"I'll wager you my best arrow against your loveliest rose, that it won't," laughed Cupid.

Juno looked long at the merry god, and then with a nod and a smile accepted his challenge.

THERE were lightnings upon the far hills, and a great storm swept the earth, such a storm as the mortals had never seen before. They crouched trembling in their caves while the echo of Thor's hammer was heard in the vales. The lightning, like a flaming sword, tore the sky, and the stoutest trees bowed to the breath of the wind god.

But a stranger sight awaited them. With the dawn the storm ceased, and they ventured into the dripping forests. There, in a shady nook, the tall ferns making a frame for the vivid beauty of his dark face, they found Ribe sleeping peacefully, unharmed, though there was evidence of the ravages of the storm all about him. On one bare bronzed shoulder was the imprint of a hand, the like of which none had seen before.

Ribe awakened with a start, stretching his slim bronzed limbs in the warm sun, and rising to his

feet, he arranged his fur pelt a bit, laughed at their anxiety, and was off through the woods to keep a belated tryst with one of the belles of the tribe, to all appearances the same Ribe that had fallen asleep. How was he to know that the strange, eerie music he had heard the afternoon before was wrought by the god Pan, and that by following it he had been led to the enchanted vista? He had felt a strange drowsiness creeping over him, but he had not known that it was the spell that Morpheus, god of sleep, was weaving round him, that the gods might do their work.

Months passed, and the curse began to have its effect upon Ribe. He wandered far from the tribe at the foot of those magic mountains. Here a winding trail, barely perceptible in a maze of wood growth, lured him. There a stream winding and twisting its way through a fairy vista of hill and valley challenged him to discover fresh adventure, the enchanting view, just beyond his reach. How was he to know that Cupid, who had more than one qualm about losing his wager and having to part with one of his beloved arrows, as well as to be made the laughing stock of the gods, had persuaded Pan to help him? Pan, having given his word to Cupid, did his work thoroughly, luring and teasing Ribe down the far trails with his irresistible music.

Juno was equally fearful, and as the months slipped by, and the world burst forth in a glory of silver and green, shimmering with the myriad tints of spring, she determined that something must be done. Ribe had seen many fair maidens during his wanderings, but his restless search for adventure had ended his romances almost before they had begun. Fortunately, Venus, who had quarrelled with Cupid, offered her services to Juno at this time, and they plotted together.

Ribe was wandering alone through the silver and rose aftermath of a May evening. He wore a new

She lay directly in his path, fast asleep, beneath a knarled old tree, a piquant little figure, her supple body clothed in white deer skin, the dark masses of her hair making a frame for her elfin face. She stirred slightly and sat up, cheeks flushed with sleep, eyes like stars. Ribe thought he had never seen anyone so lovely. She was part of it all, the stars, the perfume, and the nightingale's song. She gazed at him, her blue eyes filled with wonder, thinking that a young god had crossed her path. Meanwhile, Venus and Juno, their work well done, slipped away laughing through the woods.

Ribe was in love, in love as he had never been before in his young life. There was not a cloud on his horizon. The world was his for the asking, all because he saw in a pair of blue eyes the age-old answer to his questioning dark ones. For once the desire to wander completely left him, he was finding adventures enough in a slim laughing-eyed maid with tumbled dark curls.

The weeks slipped by and the magic of summer stole over the world. May merged into June, flaunting a rain-bow-hued brilliance that put the more delicate tints of spring to shame. There were rose colored dawns, followed by golden afternoons, fading into mauve twilights which preceded nights studded with stars, and flooded with moonlight like a shimmering mass of molten silver. Each day was lovelier than the last, each night more beautiful than the preceding one, until in a glorious burst of radiance, summer gave birth to that mad, mysterious bit of gorgeous beauty, midsummer's night.

Ribe was standing at the foot of the rainbow-hued waterfall, which danced its way down the side of the cliff like a gleaming jewel, whence it fell into a fairy pool of deepest blue, spangled with the silver reflection of the moon. It was their favorite trysting place, and he was waiting for Etha now. He stood like a young conqueror, his dark face flushed, a smile curving his firm lips, his eyes alight with a strange fire. He was wearing his newest and finest fur pelt, a silky leopard skin, his straight young limbs gleaming like living bronze in the moonlight.

The bushes parted, revealing Etha smiling up at him with her wistful eyes, as blue as the vivid night sky overhead. She was clothed in a soft grey skin that caught and held the fire of the moon, a scarlet passion flower thrust among her dark curls.

Ribe smilingly picked up his bow and adjusted his finest arrow, for he had promised to teach her the art of shooting which he knew so well. He placed the bow in her hands, and drew her arm back in the action of letting the arrow fly. But just at that moment she looked up and into her blue eyes crept a reflection of the fire that was in his dark ones. The sweetness of the night closed around them; through the shimmering radiance came a nightingale's song. Needless to say, the lesson in archery was never given. The arrows and bow were alike forgotten, while the two clung together, murmuring the story that was old when the world was new.

BUT Midsummer's Night does not last forever, and Ribe awoke the next morning to a very different world. Summer, having spent herself recklessly in one glorious night, offered a cold grey dawn, which seemed drab indeed in comparison with the startling radiance that had gone before. Ribe arose and came out of his cave to the dark grey dreariness of the morning. There was no fire in his dark eyes. The madness had gone from his blood, life had a different outlook. The old restlessness took hold of him. He had been mad the night before, mad to think that he was in love enough to settle down. He had told Etha that he was coming that day to carry her off to his cave, but once he was gone she would soon forget. Yet she was different from the other maidens he had known, and something about this romance made him feel that it might be lasting.

Suddenly the far trail and new adventure faded before the vision of a pair of blue eyes, and a passion flower, blood red against the dark curls. But from afar, floating on the morning air came haunting music, now close at hand, now a mere echo in the distance. The fire that had momentarily crept back to his eyes fled before the restless light that the music inspired. He must follow it to what thrilling adventure it might lead. He knelt swiftly before his cave and drew a crude arrow in the loose earth, tipping it so that it pointed west. Those coming to his cave would see this sign and understand that he had pushed on to fairer fields. It was only right that they should know where he had gone, they had been good friends of his, so he told himself, but in his heart he knew that he left it there in the hope that Etha might learn of his whereabouts. He rose to his feet, hesitated

Continued on page 72



She lay directly in his path, fast asleep

and luxuriant fur pelt, his bow and arrows hung carelessly from his shoulders. He swung along jauntily, a smile on his confident young mouth, perfectly contented with himself and the world. The people in the new tribe were friendly, there was good hunting, he had a new cave, and many fine furs. Why should he push on further? He had everything one could wish for here. A great feeling of peace stole over him, wrapping itself around him like a cloak. Overhead, a single star glimmered in a mauve sky, a warm perfumed breeze floated past, showering him with white petals from the overhanging boughs. They clung to him, filling his nostrils with a faint teasing aroma. Somewhere through the perfumed mist came the song of a nightingale, heartbreakingly sweet. The beauty of the spring evening took hold of Ribe, filling him with a mad joy that sent the blood singing through his veins. It was then he saw her.



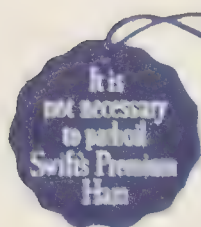
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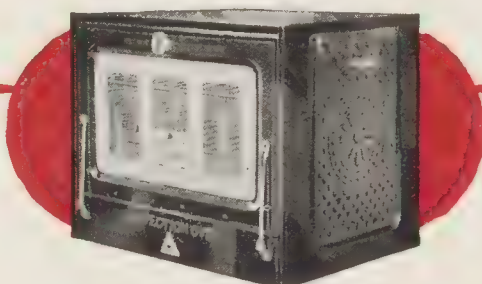
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IN the Spring a housewife's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—freshness *within* the house, to match the glorious freshness that is *without*. Nature is refurbishing—re-carpeting with rich dark green, draping her trees in misty wood tones, soon to be followed by the most delicate pale greens and later still, by blossom tints fair beyond imitation. Her paint brush renews the landscape, there is an immaculate, smiling newness to it that is a challenge and an inspiration.

Has it come yet for you—that clear spring, morning on which it is fated that you shall turn back to your room and eye it with critical disfavor? It will look dingy, perhaps, or dull or stuffy—in short, it will seem to have nothing at all in common with that sweet, fresh, clean out-of-doors you have just been regarding. That is the moment when the urge to make things as pleasant indoors as they are outside, takes possession of you.

You will begin, inevitably, with more or less Spring Cleaning—no matter how completely you have adopted those modern methods which are supposed to have done away with the most upheaving part of the great annual upheaval. I believe myself that there is a certain psychological something about spring house-cleaning that will forever prevent its complete disappearance. It has its root in this very dissatisfaction I have mentioned—the feeling that is given us by the early spring sunshine, no matter how watery and undecided it may be. We want *everything* to shine—to look revived and freshened.

So we usually make a dash for soap and cleaning materials and polishes and we scour and rub, and we polish and wax, until our houses actually shine!

But even this orgy of cleanliness is seldom enough to satisfy us. The woodwork we have scrubbed clean, wants a new coat of paint, this or that bit of furniture needs re-finishing; or the most careful rubbing-down fails to improve the walls of some of the rooms; they require to be re-papered or given a coat of oil paint, if that is their finish or perhaps a coat of water paint, applied right to the old paper, will seem to answer the purpose. It is usually necessary to apply a coat of size, first, then the water paint, but full instructions are always given with the package. Of course, it is only possible to use this method of giving fresh new color to the old paper, if it is still perfectly sound.

I SHOULD like to discuss wall treatments this month, with special reference to the selection of a new back ground for the room that has many of its features fixed. Planning new walls, hangings, carpet and upholstering, all at the same time, is one thing; changing just one of these, with all the others to be considered, is quite another. And the latter is the usual problem—for as a rule, it is only the bride, who is choosing her whole new furnishings, who has a chance to plan the room as a whole.

I have over-reached myself a little in my last statement. We must all *plan* the room in question as a whole, though we may not plan for any but one new feature. And our greatest achievement will be in making our final result look as though it had all been planned so from the very beginning. In short, we want our room to be a really satisfying harmony, when we finish with it.

There are two principal points to be decided, at the start. The first is—shall we have a plain or a patterned wall? The second is—what will be its



Selecting New Wall Coverings

Which Will Live in Harmony With the Furnishings and Share in Making the Home Attractive

By
Sylvia Sims

color? There are other subdivisions of each of these governing considerations; for instance, shall the plain surface be smooth and shiny in character, or will a rough surface help us achieve what we want? Shall the patterned surface be of a decided design—or softly blended, shadowy of outline? And the design itself—is it to be large or small? How boldly is the color to be brought out?

There are sound reasons that should guide us in deciding each of these details—and it is wise to make these decisions quietly and thoughtfully at home. Then when we go shopping, and roll after roll of wall paper is unfolded before our eyes, or we turn page after page of the catalogue; the first paper that appeals to us as being extremely attractive, will not necessarily be our choice. It will have to measure up to the general specifications that we laid down at home, with the rest of the room before our eyes, and a picture of the final effect before our mental vision. Once that picture has been completed and the right kind of wall covering decided upon, we must be very firm in turning down others that may appeal to us, if they do not measure up to those requirements. No matter how charming—no matter how great a bargain—the patterned paper that catches our fancy as soon as we see it, must be sternly refused, if cool deliberation has already brought us to the conclusion that a *plain* wall will give us the most harmonious whole.

HOW, then, are we to come to this important home decision, that is to go shopping with us and limit us in the matter of our final selection?

Let us sit down in the room that we are to paper, and calmly consider it as it stands.

Suppose that we first consider the color. A number of things will influence us in deciding this important point. What color is the woodwork? If it is not to be altered when the walls are re-done, then its present color will influence us considerably. If it is finished in a light tone, then a light background is indicated for the paper. If the woodwork is dark, we should be at some pains to harmonize the walls with it. Mahogany-finished woodwork is not uncommon; it blends best with a patterned paper that somewhere in its design, shows a very little of the same hue; or it will harmonize with certain grey-blue tones or warm brown. To go well with a dark oak trim, a paper with a light ground should have a warm yellowish cast to it—the plain oatmeal papers in the warmer champagne shades, are used very successfully, as a rule.

There is a distinct influence on the apparent size of the room, exercised by the blending of woodwork and walls. An effect of greater size is given if they are both done in practically the same tone. A wall with grey woodwork, will give an effect of more space, than will the same wall with white woodwork; a dark woodwork that offers a strong contrast, reduces the apparent size still more.

Let us look next to the floor. It is a rule of good furnishing that the contrast between floor and walls shall not be too great. Very sharp contrasts are used occasionally, by expert decorators, but only in achieving certain very modern, very smart effects. For the average home, it is not often wise to attempt anything bordering on the bizarre.

If the carpet is of a very strong, self-assertive color, it will be wise to hold the wall to a rather neutral effect. It will do well to

echo something of the color of the carpet—just a cast of it, if the wall is to be plain, or a touch of the carpet's color in the pattern, if a figure is used. That establishes a relationship between them.

The same thing is true of the curtains that are to be used with the new wall. They are so close, hanging virtually directly against it, that they are very important indeed. When the curtains are of a plain material, it is sometimes possible to use the same color in the walls, but a lighter tone than the curtains. If there are other features in the room to introduce variety of color and design, this may occasionally be done without monotony. When only one surface is plain, color will re-appear in each pattern surface that is used with it.

AND over and above consideration of the colors already present in rug, woodwork, curtains and upholstery materials, there is this to think about: what is the quality of the *light* in the room? Is it strong, or do we need to make the most of it, even increasing it by use of a color that will reflect rather than absorb it? Or is the room flooded with light, to the point where it will be a comfort to tone it down a little—not necessarily to make it less noticeable in hot weather. We know that blue and green and those tones of grey that are without a yellow cast, are "cool colors," and that they, along with any strong dark colors, decrease the light in a room. Any color that has yellow in its make-up, on the contrary, adds light, so we choose every tone of it, from ivory to the warm bluff and tans, to create

Continued on page 69

Some Ancient Customs of Good Friday and Easter

By Evelyn Lewes

WHETHER Easter falls early or late there always seems to be but a short spell of time between the disappearance of the Christmas and New Year cards and the advent of the Easter egg—so soon do we see it even in tiny shops—sometimes large, sometimes small, brown and glossy in its chocolate shell; and warranted surely to make any self-respecting fowl shudder. Certainly the Easter egg has enjoyed a long spell of popularity; but although archaeologists and historians may remind us that the Persians, Jews and Egyptians were also in the habit of giving their friends eggs at the time of the great spring festivals, it is probable that the origin of the Easter egg-giving custom in Great Britain may simply be traced to the fact that in olden times good Catholics did not eat eggs in Lent, and for that reason regarded them as dainties to be consumed with special satisfaction when Easter Day arrived. It was then the custom to have quantities of colored eggs upon the great feasting tables, and beforehand, these same eggs on huge dishes were always sent to a neighboring priest to be blessed.

In certain parishes of the Old Country, particularly in Wales, it was formerly the habit of the bell-ringer to go from house to house on Good Friday, accompanied by a great following of children who would sing their quaint little folk-songs and then beg for Easter eggs. In Anglesey, children still keep up the custom of "clapping for eggs" on Good Friday. They are sent out in parties by their parents, and, holding in each hand a piece of wood called a clapper, they tramp gaily about from farm to farm, certain of a kindly welcome when they have made sufficient noise by their clapping to attract the attention of the housewives. Indeed, they seldom are sent away with empty baskets, and if their parents happen to be poor and unable to keep hens of their own, the result of Good Friday clapping is not without importance.

In many English districts in olden days the church clerk would perambulate his village on Good Friday presenting the householders with tansy cakes, sugar-coated indeed, without, but somewhat bitter within from the flavor of young tansy leaves; which were to serve as a reminder of the bitter herbs of the Paschal Feast. It may be remarked that this distribution on the part of the clerk was also a reminder of the eggs he expected to receive in return on Easter Sunday.

Laborers in West Wales now seem to regard Good Friday as the holiday they are to employ in digging up and setting their own gardens, and they have evidently forgotten the old suspicion which forbade the peasantry in some regions to disturb the earth on that day; indeed, some Welsh peasants were formerly so particular in this respect that they would even walk barefoot to church lest their shoes should press heavily on the soil. Cymric folk also had a custom of making Christ's Bed on Good Friday, and in remote districts old men may still be found who helped to cut reeds for this purpose in their youth. The reeds were plaited together in the semblance of a man's figure, and this was laid upon a wooden cross and left in a sheltered meadow or garden until the expiration of Easter week. Long ago, when eggs were considerably cheaper than they are now,

they were usually distributed in the town churches on Easter day, a distribution which must often have been greatly appreciated by poor people; and it is interesting to recall the fact that some ten years ago this generous practice was still kept up at the ancient church of St. Mary Woolnoth in London, where every person on leaving the sacred building was presented with an egg on which was inscribed "My Redeemer."

It might be difficult to find a cook who knew how to make tansy cakes, although in old times they seem to have been as common as our Hot Cross Buns are still. In Yorkshire, especially, they were consumed with great relish and were often

given as prizes and rewards for skill displayed in athletic contests and Easter games. "Sugar-cupping at Easter" was a favorite fashion with the children who lived in the neighborhood of the Derbyshire Peak. Carrying a cup and a quarter pound of sugar they resorted on Easter Sunday afternoon to the Dripping Tor, and, having collected in their cups as much of the dripping water as they required to dissolve their sugar, they drank and made merry over their cloying beverage before returning home. Perhaps they enjoyed them-



Women took their part in Easter "Lifting" also

selves rather more than the Welsh small folk who used to be sent out so early in the morning on Easter Day to look into a bowl of water in order to see the sun dance.

ONE of the most curious of the old Easter customs of England and Wales was that of "Lifting," or as it was sometimes called "Heaving." This "lifting" lingered until comparatively recent times in North Wales, and as it was a singularly rough business, perhaps it was fortunate that it only took place on two days in the year, Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday. Intent on "Lifting," large parties of men would gather together in good time, and, having hired the services of a fiddler or harper, or perhaps merely a person skilled in blowing a ram's horn, they would make a round of farms and cottages carrying with them a substantial wooden chair, and on this they would lift every woman they met, three times in the air. The original idea of this "Lifting" was to symbolize the Resurrection, but it can easily be understood that as time went on and one generation of "Lifters" succeeded another, the country people lost sight of the religious significance of the action, which degenerated into a very clownish performance. In Shropshire and some parts of North Wales the women took their share in the "Lifting" also, and parties of girls would surround a man and heave him as high as their strength permitted; while Easter Tuesday was the day set aside for the men to lift the women in return. It is said that old-time magistrates constantly prohibited "Lifting" as a dangerous diversion, but much more dangerous must have been the Kentish Easter custom of rolling down Greenwich Hill, which was very popular amongst hilarious and reckless young couples intent on enjoying their holiday.

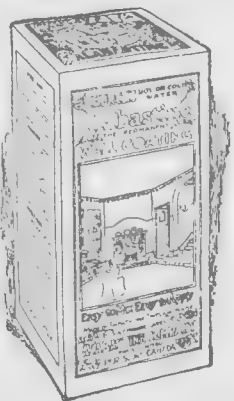
The acknowledged beauty of a Welsh village has no longer the responsibility put upon her of carrying cups and candles upon her head, as was the rule in by-gone days. It was on Easter Eve and

Continued on page 67

Interior effects

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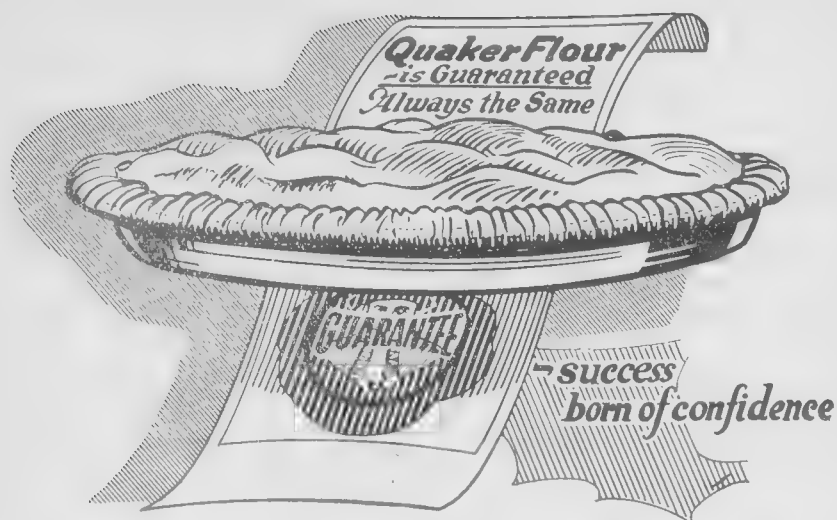
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Catching the Mighty Tuna

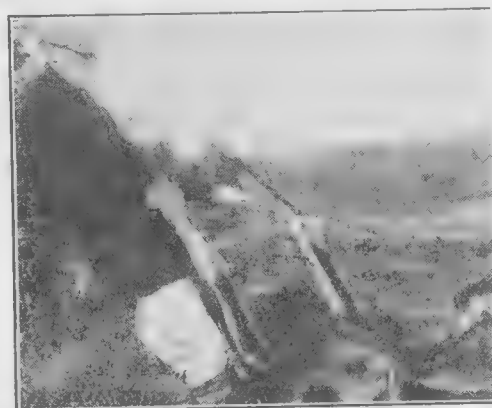
By Bonnycastle Dale

YOU have all, no doubt, read some of Zane Grey's writings. We happened, in the course of our last summer's caravanning, to meet up with him and it was most interesting to a chap to see a fellow writer at work. He is doing what I have never tried to do—make it pay—and he certainly is making it pay. His fiction works flick before millions of movie fans' eyes, but it is his serious work that interested us. He had brought all the way across the continent his white motor boat. He had had built a fishing boat with a chair seat. He had made arrangements with that notable chap, Captain Laurie Mitchell, the one who outfitted the Vanderbilt Tuna fishing expedition, and here was the "Tuna the Second," the cruising boat they use to pursue this great silvery fish, the Tuna.

Laddie and myself and the dog Dash came a-spinning down the rough lane at East Jordan in the long green caravan to do our work at the fish traps in Jordan Bay. But there was someone ahead of us. At the wharf lay the expedition I have just described. After our evening meal I walked out on the pier and met Captain Mitchell and as we sat chatting on the stringer of the wharf Zane Grey came up and had a chat with us. No, he is not a bit like the pictured idea, the big bluff Westerner that roped mountain lions. Not at all. He is a medium-sized quiet-appearing, low-voiced man, who looked a bit weary with the day's work. He had held a tuna on the end of the short rod he uses (with the stout heavy line and the steel wire leader, with one herring on

Continued on page 70

Getting Acquainted With Our Writers



Bonnycastle Dale—Field Naturalist

BACK in the mists when they first used coal-oil lamps I can see a wee codger most carefully taking his dreaded light upstairs—to write—the audacity of him!—a paraphrase of Genesis. An ungrateful world would have none of it, so he started another light (!) work, an opera with a black hero—again that cold world. At this juncture the late Principal Grant, of Queen's, taught me: "study long and then write," so my pencil was laid away and I ran away to New York. Why? I do not know. Fiction among ten thousand writers had no chance, so I bought one of the first cameras and went afield. My first study was "The Virginian Rail." I illustrated it well. I then found that I had chosen the hardest and worst paid field in all letters—but the love of the subject held me.

I started to travel then, and I am travelling yet—from Kingston, my old birthplace (1861). Yes, I have gone back to see it—shrunk is no name for it.

I found that if I most carefully and painstakingly collected my notes and made my pictures that there was a field for Natural History writing. About this time Kipling's excellently well-written Jungle Book came out and started a new school of desk-writing naturalists who flooded the market with sentimental Natural History fiction tales. Then I began to meet or read of such men as Roosevelt, John Burroughs, Roy Andrews, John Macoun. I saw that they did their work and published it all undaunted by the mass of factless nature study, so I did likewise. The late John Macoun was the dean of the corps, a wonderfully observant, studious man. I made for the most solitary places on the continent and studied and pictured the rarest, hardest-to-get birds, animals and fishes. I found that the greatest journals in England and New York and Toronto wanted my work if it was accompanied by photographs—so all I had to do was go and get it.

I travelled afoot the shores of both oceans. I did the Great Lakes, the mighty rivers of America, by canoe, usually with an assistant, at times without. When the bank marked my cheque "no funds" I took some hard promotion-like foundation facts for new pulp mills, or sold huge blocks of land, one was 300,000 acres in Saskatchewan. Back I went and my expedition toiled along new ways, new scenes—until I have some 3,500 negatives of the furred and feathered and scaly ones. I am now ready to write my book.

I want to say to any beginner—tell the whole truth and fear nothing. There is no animal in America that, unprovoked, will attack man. There is no danger in any forest save from a falling tree. Poison ivy is a field pest—beware of it. The devil fish is as dangerous as a can of worms. The panther is so cowardly a beast that I can never see him. All bears run from me. We wish they would attack us, so that we could picture them. A great horned owl did do that very thing and I suffered much, in the person of my assistant, from six deep cuts in the left arm. Take your notes down so that you may teach the reader in your story—but for goodness sake don't let him know it—the world hates to be taught.

Kill nothing; teach the boys to spare the snakes and birds. Never use sketches to illustrate your Natural History stuff. I have had to do "feature stuff"—the James Boys, the Yukon trail, Alaska, the Rum Runners, etc., fillers all of them; Natural History claims me yet. We have wandered thousands of miles on these barrens of Nova Scotia to picture the deer and moose, and 24 months has not finished the work.

I send to illustrate my sketch a picture of the great moose my assistant killed within four hundred yards of my desk. We walked over to where it had fallen, and as we looked at that magnificent bull in its dark brown winter coat I could not help saying: "What a pity to kill so great a beast for a little meat!"

The "Good Morning" Spirit

Sir Henry Thornton Believes in Working on Basis of Friendship with His Army of Employees, and Results Speak for Themselves.

By Ian Dunelm

A FEW years ago a new railway president arrived in England facing the task of directing operations on a railway, the majority of whose customers were prepared to look askance at almost everything done by a newcomer, and particularly when that newcomer brought with him breezy ideas of how things should be done. As a matter of fact he had learned things in America—and that in itself was sufficient to demand careful inspection of anything and everything he did. One of the first things was to build a broad rear platform on the car in which he was to ride over the lines from time to time. And when that car started out on its runs the new president was nearly always on the rear platform, waving his hand to yardmen and "navvies" as he passed them.

"But why do that?" asked one Englishman to whom such an action was surprising, to say the least.

"When you start out in the morning, and you meet a friend, you say 'good morning,' don't you?" replied the railway president.

round head firmly set on enormous shoulders and a ruddy, genial countenance. To see him is to understand the "good morning" spirit, and to see him in action on tennis courts, golf links or in a squash racquets court, is to understand the energy which he puts into his work. For, above all things, he believes in exercise, and takes it strenuously whenever he can. One has but to see him to realize that he does not undervalue the importance of physical training, especially to a man who must spend a large part of his time travelling over the great extent of territory covered by the system.

Born in the United States and educated in the University of Pennsylvania, the president of the Canadian National system won his reputation as a railroad executive by his work on the Long Island Railroad. Electrification of roads centring in New York was one of the jobs placed in his keeping before the summons came to take a hand in the management of the Great Eastern in England. Then came the war, and another call to service; this time to organize the transport-



Sir Henry is an enthusiastic golfer

"Certainly," replied his questioner.

"Well, I want the men working on this railway to consider me their friend," replied the president, "and if I am their friend ought I not to say 'good morning' to them when I meet them on the job?"

That was the introduction of Henry Worth Thornton (now Sir Henry), to the rank and file of the Great Eastern Railway in England. And he had a very similar introduction to the rank and file of the employees of the Canadian National Railways when, a few years later, he came to take the helm of Canada's nationally-owned railways, faced with the task of working out cohesive operation of the several units forming the 22,000 miles of line operated by the Canadian National Railways.

Today, any one of the 100,000-odd employees of the Canadian National system in Canada and the United States will tell you that the same "good morning" spirit of friendship has permeated the system since Sir Henry Thornton took hold: and that while he is "the main guy" and the "big boss," he is also undoubtedly one of the workers for the system and a man of boundless energy which he puts into that work.

There is no difficulty in finding Sir Henry Thornton in any crowd of men, for he is over six feet tall, with a great

tation facilities for the Allied Armies across the Channel and in France. The rapid movement of men and munitions to the front during the famous "last 100 days" is evidence of the success which attended that effort, and Brig-General Thornton returned to England to be offered and given knighthood by His Majesty the King. Before this, however, he had become a British subject by naturalization; today, without knowing anything of his history one would hardly pick him out as anything else.

I ASKED a Canadian National Railways employee a short time ago for the method which his present chief had employed in bringing his system up to its present state of efficiency and greater business. His reply was this: "He believes in service, and his motto has always been, 'Service, Service, and then more Service.' If we cannot give the people of Canada the best railway service that is within our power then we are not entitled to their business."

Incidentally, at a public meeting in Edmonton, the writer heard Sir Henry himself tell the following story, illustrative of our standards of service.

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it... you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.



Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear

—simply clouded with a film coat

Find out by making this unique test. Thousands who go through life wishing for beautiful teeth already have them... yet never reveal them—or know they have them!

THOUSANDS of people unconsciously handicap themselves in domestic and social life with cloudy teeth—*absolutely without reason.*

Scientists now prove that most people have pretty, clear teeth. And that dingy, dull teeth simply indicate a condition that can easily be corrected.

You may be one of those people. Have really charming teeth and yet not know it.

Now a test is being offered which will enable you to find out. The coupon brings it without charge. So it is folly not to make it.

It's simply a film—a stubborn film that you can easily remove

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel a film. A film that absorbs discolorations and hides the natural color and lustre of your teeth.

Old-time dentifrice failed in successfully combating that film. That is why, regardless of all the care you take now, your teeth remain "off color," dingy looking, unattractive.

Remove it, and you, like millions before you, will be surprised to find that your own teeth are as pretty as anyone's.

What it is—how it invites tooth troubles and decay

Modern dental practice urges the constant fighting of that film. Urges it on grounds of beauty and, more importantly, on health. For it is charged with most tooth troubles of today.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid fosters decay.

Germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

So that the same film which hides your pretty teeth is too often the great enemy of healthy, sound teeth—an ever-present danger in your mouth.

You must remove it three times daily. It is ever forming, ever present. Soap and chalk preparations are inadequate. Harsh, gritty substances are dangerous to enamel.

New methods that supplant old

Now modern science has discovered new and radically different methods. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any you have ever known.

Its action is to curdle that film. Then harmlessly to remove it. No harsh grit, no soap, no chalk—a new way that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of the world.

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Results will surprise you. Mail the coupon now. Why follow old methods when world's leading dental authority urges a better way?

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Where Does She Get Such Clever Ideas?

Over their tea-cups they marvelled at the ingenuity of their hostess—it was really such an unusual luncheon, so dainty and so nicely served. And the secret was—just 30 minutes' study each week of the free Maple Leaf Club lessons with occasional personal assistance from

Anna Lee Scott

This famous Domestic Science authority and Director of the Maple Leaf Club has prepared an unusually interesting, practical and entertaining course of 20 lessons (sent you by mail) on Cookery Arts and Kitchen Management. Membership in the Maple Leaf Club—the valuable course and personal advisory service of Anna Lee Scott is

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Woman's Chief Asset

By Winifred N. Whitlock

ONCE a club voted on the question of what was the most desirable quality for a woman to possess and the largest number of votes were cast—not in favor of beauty or brains—but in favor of a homely gift that is within the reach of all—tact.

We all know Mrs. Malaprop. She is always saying the wrong thing and some tactful person has to dash into the conversational barque and steer it safely into less dangerous channels. With many people this is nervousness; they say the first thing that comes into their heads and that is generally the wrong thing.

"Punch" once had a funny story. There was the affable hostess receiving her guest, a very shy young man, at her summer cottage.

"This is a very small place," she said, "and we have only one bathroom so we have to take it in turns to have a bath."

"Oh, that will be all right," said the shy young man, "your time will be my time."

Tact is a rather difficult thing to define because it seems to include a lot of lesser qualities. It might be epitomized as saying and doing the right thing on every occasion.

Tactful people are always popular. Nearly every family cupboard has its skeleton and the person who opens the door—though quite unintentionally—and rattles its bones is not a welcome visitor.

If you visit a home where one of the members drinks it is very tactless to dilate on the evils of drink, however strongly you may feel on the temperance question, and the discussion of creeds is often dangerous ground.

"I'm always putting my foot in it," said a girl to us once. "How on earth was I to know their family history?"

One can't know things that may hurt someone, but when on unknown ground the tactful person walks warily just as the good general surveys the land before ordering attacks.

The sympathetic person is nearly always a tactful one. He cares for other people and tries to avoid hurting their feelings. The very selfish person says anything and doesn't worry what other people think.

It is very disconcerting to air your views about a certain person, only to find that he or she is related to the person of whom you are speaking and this embarrassing position could be averted by the simple procedure of not saying anything unkind until you found out if the person knew the subject of your scorn or ridicule, though a better way still, of course, is never to say anything unkind, a hard thing to do under stress of anger or emotion.

Have you heard the story of the lady speaking to a man to whom she had just been introduced at a large soiree?

"Who is that very ugly lady sitting opposite?" she asked him.

"That is my wife," was the reply.

"Oh I don't mean that lady," said the lady trying to get out of an uncomfortable position. "I mean the one in pink next her."

"That is my daughter," was the crushing rejoinder.

Books on etiquette have a large sale which shows that people, especially women, want to acquire the art of saying and doing the right thing, but no book on etiquette, however complete, can provide for every possible contingency, as in life it is always the unexpected that happens.

Once in our early pen-pushing days we lived on a street where the rents were low and the neighborhood wasn't exactly

aristocratic. We met a lady who inquired where we were living. We told her.

"Oh, that is in the slums," she said with a disdainful air.

"Yes," we replied humbly, and having a sense of humor added, "and near you, isn't it?" and she retired discomfited.

When we told a friend, she said: "It was rather unkind of you, but she asked for it."

Her scornful appellation of slums might have hurt some sensitive people but the funny side struck us for the street on which she lived was a continuation of ours, though we must admit her street was wider.

Tact does not consist only in doing and saying the right things ourselves, but in glossing over or ignoring breaches of tact in others.

There is the voluble lady who discourses at length on the selfishness of bachelors and childless women, ignoring the fact that many men are supporting widowed mothers or invalid brothers or sisters and many women who want to be mothers cannot be. Of course some may be selfish but many are not and the discourse hurts them. Then is the chance for the tactful woman to say something to turn the tide of conversation or perhaps tell a story of a very unselfish woman she knew who had no child.

We were once at a house where a lady, lamenting the death of an acquaintance, said: "But then it was time for him to go, he was over sixty." Sitting near were two people well over the sixty mark, and one, a man, looked very hurt. There was a dreadful pause and though we don't pride ourselves on having a great deal of tact, we can always find something to say—the only difficulty we have is in stopping. We said very emphatically that a great scientist said that a man's brain didn't reach maturity till fifty. We don't know if we quoted the scientist faithfully—and don't care—but we do know that both people looked at us quite affectionately. And the lady who made the remark didn't mean to be unkind. She just said the first thing that came into her head.

We have a very tactful mother (it is unfortunate that tact is not an inherited quality), and when anything unkind was said about anyone she would say: "Well dear, we don't know if the story is true," and then when the scandal-monger would adduce proofs she would say: "Well we don't know what we would do if we were in her place."

Isn't tact trying to put ourselves in other people's places, trying to understand their viewpoints and problems? We have found doctors very sympathetic men and women. Their work makes them try to get at the foundation of an evil that they may cure it. So can we be doctors in our small way seeking to find, that if we cannot cure, we at least may not harm.

The Englishman who comes out to this country talking about "over 'ome" in a loud voice and speaking disparagingly of "this country" may have very good qualities but until he learns tact he will not be liked by Canadians, and who can blame them? They naturally ask why he came here if he is not prepared to adapt himself to conditions and work for harmony between Canada and the Motherland. Otherwise he prejudices people against other English people who have more tact.

We met an English woman once who was always talking about the superiority

of English education, totally ignoring the fact that she was showing her lack of breeding every time she said it. As one woman remarked: "Well they may have better education over there but one thing's certain, she didn't get any of it."

Tact can be acquired. We have many a time put our foot in it and vowed to be more discreet in future and maturer years have taught us to think before we speak—when we remember!

We see many articles on how to be popular but very few of them mention the simple means of acquiring tact, for which there is no academic course but

just the simple golden rule of loving others as ourselves.

Jesus Christ was a tactful man, and his name has lived and been revered through the ages. So in this modern life of stress and toil will the name of the tactful man and woman be handed down in communities where they lived and loved. They did nothing big perhaps, they were not in a position to give largely to charities, to speak at meetings, to achieve fame, but they possessed or won by hard effort the gift that Solomon asked for—the gift of an understanding heart, which surely is the very essence of tact.

Shortcuts to Beauty

By Marilla R. Whitmore

(Continued from the March Issue)

SO much is being written these days about the care of the teeth that one would think everyone would be thoroughly educated to the importance of keeping the teeth in a healthy condition, and yet we see people every day with neglected teeth. Health lessons and visits from district nurses at the schools are teaching the younger generation, but it is not so easy to directly reach the older people. No one can truly be called plain who has beautiful teeth, whereas broken or decayed teeth detract from an otherwise charming face.

One dentist said: "So many people come to me to ask about having a tooth filled, the cost being the main trouble. If it is going to cost them a little to save a tooth, they direct me to pull it out. Now if those same persons had a sore finger, do you think they would go to a surgeon and say: 'Oh, well, you may as well cut it off'? Yet they can just as readily grow a new finger as they can a new tooth." The teeth must be cleaned thoroughly three times a day, and a visit made to the dentist every three months, whether you think anything is wrong or not. A small cavity that may cost a couple of dollars for filling today may lead to trouble that in a few months will cost ten times that amount by the time the tooth is extracted and a new tooth put in; to say nothing of the annoyance of tooth-ache and its attendant strain on the nerves. Of late years doctors have traced many serious illnesses to decayed teeth, so you cannot know what you are letting yourself in for by neglecting your teeth.

IT has been said that a woman's crown of glory is her hair. This is very difficult to believe in some cases when we see the treatment these crowns receive. Drawn back tightly from the face into an unsightly knot, some hair is far from being beautiful. Some women slick their hair back so tight, I am sure they cannot close their eyes.

A little care daily with the hair adds to its beauty and works wonders. Vigorous brushing each night and morning makes the scalp healthy, but do not brush hard enough to pull out the hair. Many women wash their hair too often, my friend of the beauty parlor told me. This tends to make the hair dry and brittle. A thorough shampoo every two or three weeks is sufficient unless the hair is very oily, in which case it may be done every ten days. If the hair is dry, a little pure vaseline or olive oil rubbed into the roots will replace some of the natural oil that has been removed. Always use a pure, mild soap, such as castile. The most convenient way to use it is to make a solution—about two tablespoons of soap shavings dissolved in three-quarters of a cup of boiling water. Never rub soap directly on the hair, for it is then difficult to rinse off. If the hair is fair, the juice of half a lemon in the second last rinsing water will help to keep it bright.

If the hair is getting thin, a good treatment may be given at home as follows: heat a little olive oil in a saucer, take a clean toothbrush and stroke the oil well into the roots. Repeat every

night for a week, then shampoo the hair as usual. Castor oil is even better than olive oil, but the odor is objectionable to many, and it is rather sticky. However, by wearing a cap or a piece of clean muslin around the head at night, the pillows are not soiled and the hair is greatly benefitted by this treatment.

After the hair is washed, do not make the too-common mistake of putting it up too soon, or your hair will have an unpleasant musty odor. Air the hair in the sunshine if possible, and let it hang until perfectly dry, that is, if you are among the few unbobbed. Even when not giving the hair a shampoo, a sun and air bath is of great benefit, and should be indulged in as often as possible. A little good toilet water in the last rinsing water leaves a delicate fragrance that will remain many days.

If the hair is inclined to oiliness and you wish to dress it prettily for a special occasion when you have not time for a shampoo, a dry shampoo of powdered orris root is very effective. Sift the powder into the hair, distributing it well with the fingers, then shake it out and brush thoroughly. The hair will be fluffy and fragrant after this harmless treatment. Do not use too much of the powder, and be sure to brush it out well or the hair will look dusty. Some skins seem to be sensitive to orris root powder, so it is wise to fasten a towel well up around the neck, and try not to let the shampoo fall on the face. For the same reason it is better not to rub it into the scalp, unless you find that it has not this irritating effect on your skin.

AND now a word about hair-dressing:

Do not be too quick to accept the latest mode of hair-dressing. So many women follow the fashion blindly, not seeming to care particularly whether or not the style is becoming to them. The shape of the face, both front view and profile, must be studied. Choose the style that is most becoming and stick to it until you find a better one. Let the hair be a frame for the face, and by all means dress it simply. There are just as many styles for bobbed hair as there are for long tresses, and the bobbed one must decide between a long or short bob: a shingle, semi-shingle, or straight cut; curly, marcelled or straight; parted at side or centre or not parted at all; bangs or no bangs. Among so many styles there are not many to whom bobbed hair is not becoming, but to those who have not yet taken the step and are debating whether to have the hair cut or not, we do not advise one way or another, for the one whose locks are under consideration should be able to decide whether or not it will be becoming. We will say this, that it is much less trouble to keep neat; and the chief drawback seems to be that it tends to make the hair darker.

These hints are shortcuts to beauty, and the busy homemaker is always seeking for a few simple ways of helping her to make the best of her good points. The time will come when she will regret any neglect of her personal appearance, for there is nothing so gratifying to the good man and the children when they grow up, as a mother who looks young and well groomed. And it is always a comfort to a woman to feel that she merits the admiration and approval of those around her.

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"HOW do you keep your kitchen so spick and span? It always looks as though you'd just laid new linoleum."

"Why, this linoleum has been down six years. But the man who laid it waxed it for me with Johnson's Liquid Wax and he told me if I'd keep it waxed that it would stay like new. And wear years longer."

"No, it isn't any trouble at all since I bought one of those Johnson Floor Polishing Outfits. Every couple weeks I spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with the Wax Mop. It only takes a few minutes—I don't touch my hands to the wax or the floor—I don't even stoop down! Just pour a little Liquid Wax onto the Mop and a few easy strokes give the floor a thin, even coating."

"Then I polish the wax with the Weighted Brush. In a few minutes my floor is beautifully polished—and it's no more trouble than running a carpet sweeper."

"Why yes, I wash my kitchen linoleum, of course. But it doesn't seem to need washing nearly as often. And then it's so easy—more like washing off a piece of glass than a floor."

"But I never wash the inlaid linoleum in my other rooms. I polish it a couple of times a year with Johnson's Liquid Wax and that gives such a hard, dry polish that dust stays right on the surface. I re-wax the doorways and traffic spots when they start to show wear—but that only takes a few minutes."

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When you are constipated, poisons form in the food waste and are absorbed by the blood. Hence, the blood brings contamination, not nourishment, to the skin cells. Don't you see the danger?

These poisons are the commonest cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, sallow skin, dullness of the eyes and lack-lustre hair are all traceable to constipation.

Laxatives and cathartics fail to overcome the condition, because, as a prominent specialist states, their continued use brings temporary relief only, at the expense of permanent injury.

Value of Internal Cleanliness

You can preserve your attractiveness by maintaining internal cleanliness through the regular use of Nujol. Without griping, Nujol gently lubricates and softens the food waste, enabling Nature to secure regular and thorough elimination. Thus, Nujol both prevents and overcomes constipation and removes poisons that mar the complexion.

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Take Nujol as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

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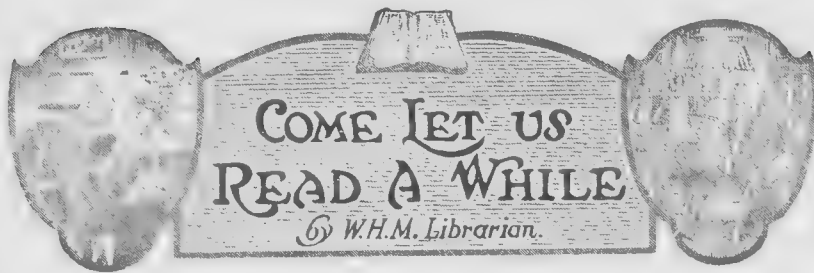
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PERHAPS some of you remember the joy I expressed in a volume of poetry called "Moonlight and Common Day," by Louise Morey Bowman of Toronto. Her second volume, "Dream Tapestries" has just appeared (The Canadian House of Macmillan) and gives further proof that in Mrs. Bowman, Canada has a poet of great distinction.

I find in this volume just those characteristics which so delighted me in her first offering: originality in subject matter, a certain daringness in treatment which argues the artist whose inspiration will not be set aside; delicacy, humor, and a vivacity of imagery which is quite entrancing. So much for a statement in the positive; if I were asked to say something about Mrs. Bowman's work in a negative assertion, I think it would be this: There is not one trace of the conventional in any of Mrs. Bowman's poems. She, of course, sees what other poets have seen—the sky, and trees stripped of their leaves; mothers and children; Death and Love triumphant. But always she sees them through the individualistic lenses that are the private property of Louise Morey Bowman. Her genius, in other words.

Not many Canadian poets, I think, have attracted the attention of such foremost poets and critics as Amy Lowell and Harriet Monroe. Not only are these poets interested in Mrs. Bowman's work but have praised it highly in no uncertain terms. Moreover, "Dream Tapestries," the volume now on my desk, won a prize in the recent David competition instituted by the Hon. Athanase David, provincial secretary.

Amy Lowell has expressed her preference for "Oranges," decidedly one of the most ambitious of the "Dream Tapestries." Shall I incur the poet's scorn if I say that long after the color of those oranges have faded from my sight, my memory will still enfold Bob Cooning the Giant, and the wide-eyed, tear-drenched Mistress Mary? But, after all, why should I tender even the implication of an apology? Poetry is not to be reviewed by a coldly academic mind. It is to be loved. Even a hardened reviewer like myself

croons over a volume of poetry when it comes to me. It does not represent a duty, but a gift. And as I wander through it looking for joy and when I find it, I am grateful. How I do love Mrs. Bowman's poem, "The Post Box." In about two dozen lines she has given fresh significance to the simple but far-reaching act of posting a letter. I am sure thousands of us have had deep thoughts about a letter box. And now the poet has expressed and immortalized those thoughts for us. Here is this vignette as vivid as the red of the letter box:

"There is something very wonderful In the posting of a letter—"

So few acts have the clarity of this:

"A clear cut forceful and far-reaching act

Of pain or bliss,

So it may be:

Irrevocable in the subtlest way—

Today—

You see?

The post box flashes red

A sign and seal of dominating law Through April green, or hard and glittering white

Of winter snow.

One may have vacillated day and night,

Longing to end the turmoil, stress and strain,

Questioning what is best or wise or right—

And then post box gleams red! Cutting clean through the world of indecision

Like a shout of triumph!

Then a soft flat thud—

Like tiny echo floating out from a beyond of peace.

The letter falls—

Decisive act, prisoned in four red walls."

Another poem in this engrossing volume, called "Sympathy" reminded me of the young poet Anne Elizabeth Wilson, whose first volume I reviewed last month. I took this prettily bound volume "Eager Footsteps" (The Musson Book Company) from the shelf and re-read "The Fortunate," a perfectly charming little poem, expressing for us the thoughts of a passer-by. This is what Miss Wilson has to say:

"Well, anyway, they have a house,

And maybe flower beds behind.

They might keep rabbits or a goat—

They shouldn't mind!

And they have windows curtained up

That twinkled like mirth-lighted eyes.

They have an old vase on the porch, They're rather wise.

I see they have a violin,

And footworn rugs and earthen-

walls."

They have a baby, too—well then—

They shouldn't care.

Mrs. Bowman also muses about a house and has couched her musings in a similarly casual style, befitting thoughts that stray so impertinently into other people's property! But whereas Miss Wilson is congratulating the unknowns on their possessions, putting a little as she does it, as if a wee bit envious, Mrs. Bowman is greatly concerned lest the people in the "ugly pumpkin-colored house" should be aware of its ugliness. Apparently Mrs. Bowman believes with Jean Paul Richter that the eye brings with it the beauty that it finds. If this is the truth, then I congratulate my eyes for bringing with them so much beauty that they found in Mrs. Bowman's latest gift to poetry lovers, "Dream Tapestries."

Scots in Canada!

YOU'LL be glad to hear of a delightful little book of verse by an Aberdonian, Marion Angus, entitled "The Tinker's Road" (Gowans and Gray, London and Glasgow). I should have said, Scots and poetry lovers who read Robbie Burns and "Hamewith" with ease. For I'm no Scot, and yet I thoroughly enjoyed Marion Angus' very charming lyrics. Some of them have that singing quality which one always

associates with the deathless Robbie. I used to call him Bobbie, but since I visited Aberdeen I have learnt better. Some of these lyrics are quite free from dialect, for instance "Alas! Poor Queen," which I have read over and over. It is so unique, sympathetic and as brilliant a piece of portraiture as Amy Lowell might be proud to own as one of her "Bronzes." What higher praise can I give; I, who consider Amy Lowell's work unrivalled among the Modernists or Imagists or among any of the schools writing today, call themselves what they will. Have you thought of Mary Queen of Scots in this light:

She was skilled in music and the dance

And the old arts of love

At the court of the poisoned rose

And the perfumed glove,

And gave her beautiful hand

To the pale Dauphin

A triple crown to win—

And she loved little dogs

And parrots

And red-legged partridges

And the golden fishes of the Duc de

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And a pigeon with a blue ruff

She had from Monsieur d'Elboeuf.

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Come Let Us Read a While

Continued from page 30

And then we are introduced to John Knox, no friend to her, and we see her riding through Liddesdale with a sad song on her lips. Then this last plea for the hapless queen:

Consider the way she had to go,
Think of the hungry snare
The net she herself had woven,
Aware or unaware.....
Queens should be cold and wise
And she loved little things,
Parrots
And red-legged partridges
And the golden fishes of the Duc de Guise
And the pigeon with the blue ruff
She had from Monsieur d'Elboeuf.

NOW let us turn from poetry to fiction.

I have just read "Government House" by Alice Perrin (Cassell and Company), and have quite enjoyed it. Although Mrs. Perrin has written many novels, and many about India, in the last twenty years, her work does not show haste. There is a finished style to "Government House" which is as pleasing as the story is interesting. It deals with the fortunes of a governess in the usual Indian setting—hill stations. There is the typical Society amid the usual surroundings, and the customary sprinkling of native words—all the attributes so familiar to readers of Anglo-India novels.

Miss Annabel Heath is the storm centre of every household in which she essays her governess hand. In her first post, the dour Mr. Cardale makes love to her, which is apparently nipped in the bud by the untimely death of Mrs. Cardale. Her transference to Government House and her active pursuit of His Excellency is likely to lead to trouble which is averted by the friendship which springs up between her and His Excellency's wife. Miss Annabel is fortunate in having to deal with two

"strong" men. How eventually things end happily is told by Mrs. Perrin in a manner that makes it all seem as natural as can be. That's the art of story telling, isn't it?

"The Eclipse of James Trent, D.I."

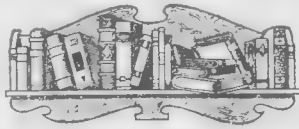
THIS is a post-war story by Lionel Yates and Honor Goodhart (John Murray), dealing with the events which led to the disbanding of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The scene lies first in Ireland and then in America. The excitement of the story grows fiercer and fiercer as the book progresses. It reminds me of that wonderful play of adventure and hairbreadth escape called "The Bat." In this story the traps, the escapes and the fights are as frequent, and the final horror of the "Dome of Terror" eclipses anything to be seen on the stage.

A Story of Revenge

A LARGE circulating library, or rather the librarian of it!—told me the other day that one of the favorites of the new novels is "A Day of Reckoning" by Ethel Almaz Stout. So I took her advice and borrowed it (published by John Long) and had no difficulty in discovering why it is such a favorite. In the first place, its theme is of universal

appeal. Secondly it is written in a swift, sympathetic style that grips and holds the reader from first to last. Brent, who has been deeply wronged, vows to revenge himself upon the judge who sent him to

prison unjustly. He serves his term, reinstates himself in society, brings about the moral and financial ruin of the judge's only son, and marries the judge's only daughter, although he knows she loathes him. How the cruel, icy ball of revenge within him melts beneath the inroads of a true and fiery love, is told by Miss Stout with convincing sincerity and charm.



Marjorie's Little Shack

Some Personal Reminiscences of Marjorie Pickthall

By M. Eugenie Perry

"Friend, pass softly. Here is one Morning spent her gold upon;
Suns enriched her, and the beat
Of April's tide flowed at her feet.
Spring forgets her now, and we
Count her summers by our grief."

SURELY Canada's spring months will never find her forgotten—Marjorie Pickthall, that sweet singer who, in April 1922, passed from our sight, but left her songs behind.

In my Victoria garden, Spring never forgets her, for among the earliest flowers to appear, are some bright blue blossoms, which some people call scillas but which we call "Marjorie's little blue flower," for the bulbs were given me by Marjorie Pickthall the last time I had tea with her in what she always spoke of as "my little shack," on Lee Avenue.

This shack was merely a work-room; she roomed and boarded elsewhere on the same street—and it is possible that within its walls were completed many of the stories and poems which later helped to set her feet on the ladder of fame.

One entered from the back, through a sort of shed or lumber room, and passed through a rough passage to Marjorie's barely furnished work-room. There were a couple of plain chairs, a rude workman's bench along the wall, a tiny stove on which she could boil a kettle; a few cups and a tea-pot on a shelf; and in the centre her table—over which were scattered books and papers; the central position being occupied by her little portable typewriter, on which rested a paper displaying an unfinished poem. A bare place enough—but the gracious presence of Canada's premier poetess shed dignity over any scene.

In the bay window which caught the morning sun, were set boxes and pots of bulbs which she had dug up in the woods and fields; and which were not yet in bloom. They were mostly, I think, the common blue wild hyacinth which grows so luxuriantly around Victoria, but anything in the shape of a flower or plant was precious to her.

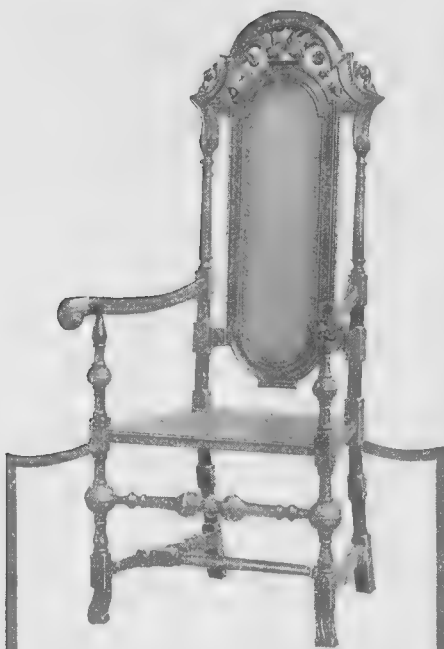
"All in a rainy hazel wood
I watched the hyacinth break
Her lucent sheath, as if she could
Make summer for your sake.

And year by year the hyacinth-tide
Breaks in a foam of flowers
For other loves than we denied,
And other griefs than ours."

On one occasion I had tea in Marjorie's little shack, with a friend of hers—a New Zealand writer whose pen-name is "G. B. Lancaster." It was a memorable afternoon for me, as they were a very interesting pair, and had many amusing stories to relate, for they had both seen a good deal of the world; but it savored of the sacrilegious to hear her friend address Miss Pickthall as "Marge." She did not mind, apparently—perhaps she preferred it to Marjorie, for she never liked her name. That may have been one reason why she always signed her initials "M. C. L." when sending out manuscripts; but I think she also thought, and was justified in thinking, that it would be easier to place her stuff if the editors thought her a man.

In speaking to me afterwards of G. B. Lancaster's books, she agreed with me that it was odd that such a mild-mannered

Continued on page 49



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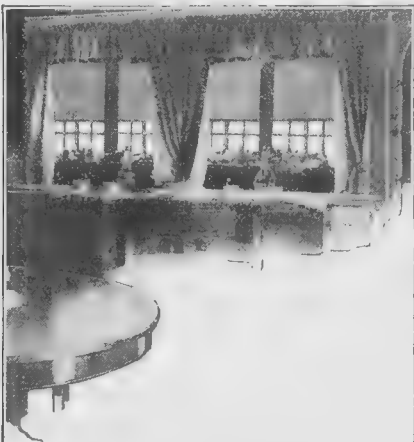
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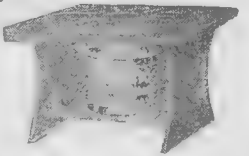
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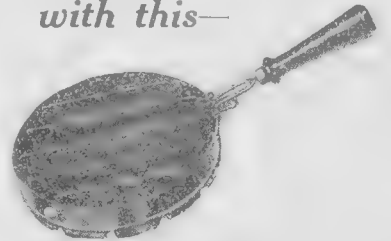
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The Women's Institute and Homemakers' Club Work in Western Canada

A Story on the Pilot Mound Institute

By Mrs. Cohoe, President

IN response to a request that I write a story of the work of the Pilot Mound Institute for 1924, I submit the following, in the hope that some of the activities which we have carried on may be of benefit to some other organizations on the alert for ideas.

I will begin with October, 1913, since this was the occasion of a Halloween carnival, which we all agreed was one of the most satisfactory of our undertakings.

A couple of weeks before the event, we sent a special invitation to the public through our local paper, like this:

"Witches and choice spirits of Darkness will hold high Carnival in the Forresters' Hall on Friday, Oct. 31st, at eight o'clock.

Come prepared to test your fate."

The committees got to work, with the result that on Oct. 31st everything was in readiness. The guests were requested to enter by way of the basement. There in the dim light they were welcomed by a reception committee of witches and directed through a roped passage way to the main hall. Along this passage they encountered shadowy spirits who welcomed them with a clammy hand shake, (this effect being produced by means of rubber gloves).

Arrived upstairs, the effect was that of a real fairy land. The decoration committee had been at work: the electric lights were shaded in black and yellow crepe paper. The entire space overhead was a network of black and yellow streamers, scores of witches, Jack O' Lanterns, Black cats, and bats, etc., decorated the walls. A candy booth constructed entirely of black and yellow was presided over by a witch, and her wares were most temptingly done up in fancy boxes and baskets in keeping with the color scheme. At one corner under a gorgeous canopy sat the inevitable fortune teller doling out in mysterious fashion the fate of each guest.

Across the entire end of the hall stretched a long table laden with good things. The centre-piece was very attractive, being a fancy chariot carved from a huge melon, profusely decorated and filled with fairies and witches and driven by a sprightly goblin.

The first part of the evening was given over to games suited more to the tastes of the younger guests since we have all found that on this particular night, the children are apt to make their own excitement if there is none provided.

The main features of the programme were, first, a ghost story from Kipling with illustrations in pantomime by four ghosts playing billiards in the back ground; Second, the witches' scene from Macbeth. This number was quite lengthy and was particularly enjoyed. The setting was quite picturesque, being a trysting place of some dozen witches in the woods, centred by the boiling cauldron and the making of a mysterious broth, containing the most blood curdling ingredients. Musical numbers entered into this scene which finally closed by a witches chorus sung as they encircled the cauldron.

Other favorite numbers on the program were, a witches' quartette entitled "The Haunted House," and a Jack O' Lantern



Mrs. Cohoe, President of the Pilot Mound Women's Institute

drill by several small boys.

This pleasant evening closed with a cafeteria luncheon. Our Institute treasury was enhanced to the amount of \$90.00, and, better still, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had given pleasure to scores of our friends.

In December, a very successful Christmas course was carried on under the leadership of Miss Dutton.

The January program was given over to the study of committee work as carried on by the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada, and in February an exceedingly interesting

four members on the subject: "Resolved that the pioneer woman contributed more to community life than the modern woman." We have always found a debate to be of great benefit as it stimulates thought and promotes the development of those taking part. It is an educational stimulus to the whole organization providing, of course, the subject is a worthy one.

In March we had what we felt was a really splendid agricultural week. Our president and two other members were requested by the District Builders to act upon their central committee and assist in the staging of a District Builders' Conference. Already the Women's Institutes had plans under way for a beekeepers' course under the direction of Mr. Floyd of the Extension Service, and we found that by adjusting the classes we were able to plan for them both the same week. The beekeeping course continued throughout the week. The District Builders' meetings were carried on for a couple of days.

While the men were discussing grains, sheep, cattle, etc., and other subjects of special interest to them, the women of the community were in the Rest Room watching demonstrations on the curing of meat, canning of chicken, making of home-made soap, etc., followed by a free and open discussion on washing fluids and other labor-saving schemes. The evenings were given over to joint meetings of men and women, with discussions on poultry and dairying, which were of interest to all. One specially strong feature about the whole scheme being the fact that it was carried on entirely by local people.

On the last night of the series, a lecture was given by Mr. Olleson of the Government Veterinary Service, who presented the whole matter of a free area in connection with Bovine Tuberculosis—and a strong committee was appointed to interview the various councils as to the establishing of such an area in this district. Needless to say, the Women's Institutes felt that had nothing else been accomplished aside from this one important item our efforts would have been more than justified. Since that time the committee has been at work and we have every reason to believe that the establishment of such an area is well within reach. On Saturday of this same week, our regular Women's Institute meeting took place. We extended an invitation to the beekeepers and the District Builders to attend our meeting and listen to a lecture delivered by Prof. Almey of the Extension

Continued on page 68

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Love—Shelter—Love

TWO groups of girls in two institutions are sheltered and loved by women whose sole ambition in life is to give their lives for others in Christian service. During the past few weeks I have visited these groups of girls and I am very deeply impressed with the beauty and love in an atmosphere clean and wholesome that I felt in both places. In the two homes the girls were there because they had transgressed the law of girlhood. In every case society must suffer because of their indiscretion. So these noble women give their lives to impress upon them the value of clean womanhood. They live to love and shelter these girls—through trial and soul torture this mistaken girlhood needs the direction of strong women.

As I faced the first group in the Rescue Home of Grace Hospital—the Salvation Army home—I realized that every girl before me was passing through the most tragic experience that can come into the life of a girl. To stand before a room filled with these girls and to see the expression of distress and fear written on the countenance of so many is one of the saddest sights I have ever witnessed. But the Salvation Army officers had gathered them in for an evening of help and encouragement. They sang familiar songs that brought back memories of childhood and a fond mother's face appeared so vividly that tears blinded the eyes as they repeated the words. It was not easy to sing, yet they wanted to. It gave an outlet for the hungry longing of expression. One of the officers spoke so beautifully that she brought smiles to their faces while the tears still glistened.

Here a bewildered child of fourteen—there a girl of seventeen—many in their teens—all trembling at their present outlook into darkness—catch the meaning of promise and love from the women of the army who make clear to them the help of Christianity in a woman's life.

At the close of the meeting they went out one by one—seventy or more. Something within urged me to shake hands with and speak to every one of them and the matron kindly gave her consent.

They are so responsive; and grateful to the Salvation Army they tell me, for the love and shelter they are given from the cold and storms of a northern winter and from the still more freezing atmosphere of humanity's scorn. During the past fourteen years that Brigadier Payne has been superintendent of this Rescue Section of Grace Hospital, more than two thousand girls have been loved and sheltered under her motherly care. Two thousand girls! Think of an auditorium in a large city church! There would not be room enough for all of them. Two thousand girls sheltered and loved in one section of a Salvation Army Home. Their records show that eighteen hundred of these girls are good Christian women today. Many of them I have known personally and I can say in deepest sincerity—"God bless the Salvation Army."

The other institution that so sacredly defines—Love—Shelter—Love—is The Home of the Good Shepherd. If ever a home for girls were appropriately named it is this home. Every corner of it is so full of sunshine and beauty that I do not think it possible for a normal girl to come out of there without an inspiration to live better. These lovely sisters in white so gently touch the tarnished lives of the unfortunate girls who have been led the wrong way, and through prayer and effort direct them to the path of clean living and high thinking—godly living brings them very near to the souls of these girls. This particular visit to the girls was a revelation to me for they staged a programme of exceptional merit, because it showed excellent mental training. I had been

familiar* with their training in needlework—finer needlework I have never seen.

But I think their educational training is worthy of appreciation. A play was staged and the girls who acted did it so well that we forgot they were amateurs. Splendid memory work was necessary and skilful rehearsals, for it was not an easy play to learn. The theme carried with it such convincing pictures of the beauty of womanly strength of character that the other girls who saw the play acted by their companions must have been entertained helpfully. I could not but feel that the very acting of the play must have strengthened those who took part and convinces one that these girls have marked talent when directed in the right direction. There were the girls some of them sentenced by law, surrounded by sisters who love and sheltered them from the temptations of a part of the city life that wrecks girlhood. I am sure the visitors that afternoon were touched as I was with the atmosphere of love and kindness. As I came away and thought of the change that must come in the lives of those girls under the influence of the sisters in white I felt that God would bless those sisters in The Home of the Good Shepherd.

These are just glimpses of splendid women—in Salvation Army Homes and Homes of the Good Shepherd—who "scatter gold dust on the grey web of life"—not only in Winnipeg but in all large cities.

Art in Canada

THIS month Leonard Richmond, of London, England, is lecturing on "Art." An artist of high rank himself, he comes to Canada with a message for Canadian artists—a double message. Not only does he encourage young artists to go on but he wants a national pride aroused for Canadian artists.

Mr. Richmond says that Canadian artists are attracting much attention in Europe and the States. He tells us that Canadian art is full of vigor and has a healthy foundation—is well equipped technically and shows good training. We have a country of magnificent opportunity because of our beautiful natural scenery, the broad expanse of prairie, the brilliant atmospheric coloring and the intensity of the snow—a variety of subjects—a fine panoramic scale that gives the artist great scope. In his lecture at the University he emphasized the power of color—that he could produce in color the National Anthem. "God Save the King." The translation of music into color he illustrated in stressing the vast numbers of shades such as eight hundred shades of blue—eight hundred shades of purple. It is a wonderful privilege to live in a country where such great opportunity offers inspiration to the artist, the literary mind and the musician perhaps not materially but mentally.

Mr. Richmond says there is no such thing as good art and bad art—that art is accomplishment supreme and requires mentality of power.

I should like to add that Mr. Richmond's command of the English language is art—he had a ready word for every shade of description as the copies of Canadian paintings were flashed on the screen.

The other evening I heard a young woman tell a club of girls about her experience in the Sketch Club here. She had started the work as a hobby and now finds the work so interesting that I predict for her future success in art.

Even though a girl has no talent the study of art develops the power of observation which is useful and necessary in any profession. Then it helps one in her selection of pictures and the harmonious furnishing of a home. It cultivates appreciation of the beauty about us.



The moment he enters the house his health is in your hands

OUT in the world your husband and your children must fight their own battle against germ-infection. But you can make the home their "castle of health." Keep it a health-clean place for their hours of relaxation, and they will be largely protected against the invasion of disease.

Health-cleanliness is as different from mere soap-and-water cleanliness as radiant sunshine from moonlight. Yet health-cleanliness—the modern method of cleaning—is so easy to obtain.

A few magic drops put in your cleaning water purify all surfaces and crevices, where disease germs may lurk. Health authorities will tell you that if the danger of illness is to be reduced, your home must be free of these germs that abound everywhere—on door-knobs, door-jambs, chair-arms, tables, banisters, a hundred danger-places where hands, big or little, may rest.

"Lysol" does these three important things

Soap and water is powerless to kill germs. But the few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water *do* kill them. Your home is freed from hidden menace as well as surface dirt; it is left sweet, clean and safe.

"Lysol" is now used everywhere for modern cleaning because it has three valuable properties:

1. It deodorizes.
2. It purifies.
3. Its soapy nature helps to clean as it disinfects.

Put a few drops in the water every time you clean. Dip your cloth, your broom, your mop in this solution. It will not hurt the most sensitive hands.

Continue to disinfect with a stronger "Lysol" solution the familiar germ-breeding spots—garbage pail, toilet bowl, drain pipes. Every part of your home is then made health-clean to safeguard your family.

Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol." Your druggist has it.

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FRANK & BRYCE, LIMITED
TORONTO

Spring Fashion Fancies

VARIED are the expressions of the ensemble mode, in fabric, lines and length of coat. There are three distinct styles of the "ensemble." The suit itself, composed of a coat and dress, which belong together and yet may be worn separately. Then there is the combination of dress and jacket that must be worn together. Also the straight line dress with simulated jacket. Every woman's wardrobe should contain an ensemble suit or costume.

As to the new materials, they are wondrously attractive. Kasha and charmeen are most popular. All the silk and satin crepe weaves are much in demand, as are also ribbed silks and soft woolsens in suede finish.

Among the new style features are capelets, hip bands, tiered effects, plaits and godets. The straight slim lines prevail in coats and costumes, relieved of course, by various additions, in plait, godet and flounce effects.

The new coats that are generally liked are straight cut with few seams, and finished with coat collar and mannish sleeves.

Lingerie blouses are coming into their own again. They have very little decoration, and the collars are worn low and open. Blouses in georgette crepe and wash fabrics are preferred to lingerie blouses because they do not lose their freshness so readily.

The prevailing lines today for evening dress are the straight lines with long waist, more or less full and attached to a plaited or circular skirt.

White, black and red is a favorite combination for evening and dinner dresses.

The ever-pleasing scarf finish is used on evening gowns as well as on daytime dresses.

Coat dresses of Kasha and of flannel are shown in grey, tan and beige, finished with a small flat collar and a tie or ribbon bow.

Many costumes are self trimmed. Flat braid and buttons together is a popular mode of decoration.

Wool rep and printed silk may be effectively combined for semi-dressy gowns.

Printed silks are used extensively as are also cretonnes and chintzes.

The two-piece frock is much in evidence. It usually consists of a short blouse and a pleated skirt.

Panel draperies are shown on afternoon frocks.

One sees yoke effects on many new gowns and dresses.

Dresses for daytime wear show plaits and tiers. Various forms of drawn-work, faggoting and hem-stitching are used for decoration.

In dresses for small children, pastel tones predominate, these are specially desirable for children with high color. Plaids with softened colors are also attractive.

The use of two colors in combination is very general and often pleasing as is also the combination of white with a strong color.

Solid colors in gingham and linen are now shown for spring and summer dresses.

The little girl's wardrobe this season must boast of a plaited frock. It may be plaited in front and back from neck to hem, or plaited all around.

Flannel and kasha are combined in a coat dress, which shows the new inverted plait at the centre of the front.

A good daytime dress may be developed in natural kasha. Green buttons and a green belt are the only ornamentation.

On a sports frock of white and yellow striped flannel, a belt of white kid and a stock of white faille are the trimming.

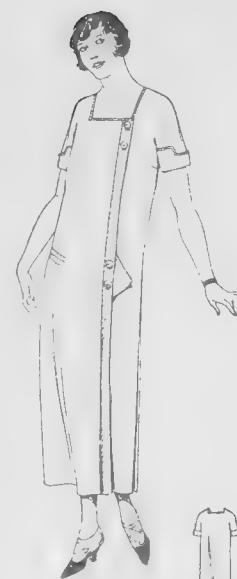
Powder blue faille and black crepe combine to make a very attractive coat dress.

Just a bit different from the prevalent scarf is the cape fichu that tops a two-piece dress of figured and plain crepe. Cape and skirt are of the plain, and the waist portion is of the figured crepe.

There are narrow frocks and wide frocks for little girls.

Sleeveless frocks are popular for children.

Party frocks of crepe de chine or chiffon for little girls are worn loose from neck to hem, for older girls they are held with ribbon at the waistline.



5035



5035



5039



A Simple Comfortable Frock—4664. Printed crepe was used for the "Smock," and batiste for the guimpe. One could have jersey or plaid suiting in combination with wool crepe or silk.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 1½ yard of 27 inch material for the guimpe and 1¾ yard for the smock.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Style For Women of Mature Figure and Narrow Hips—5036. Kasha, broadcloth, taffeta, or crepe could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches bust measure. A 42 inch size will require 5½ yards of one material 40 inches wide. For facing on collar, cuffs and revers portions of the panels ¾ yard will be required. The width of the dress at the foot is 1¾ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Stylish Frock For the Growing Girl—5059. Wool bengaline or repp, jersey

cloth, gingham or flannel may be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14 year size requires 2¾ yards of 36 inch material with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar facings.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Good Style For a School Dress—4909. Plaid or checked gingham, wool crepe, jersey weaves or charmeen would be good for this design. The tabs on skirt and sleeve may be omitted.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material, with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar and tabs. If made of one material entirely, the dress will require 2¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Comfortable Suit For a Small Boy—5050. Linen, chambray, poplin, jersey cloth and flannel may be used for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6

years. If made as illustrated a 4 year size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material, with ¼ yard of contrasting material for collar, cuffs lap and facings.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Youthful "Dance" or Afternoon Frock—5033. Metal brocade and chiffon was used to make the charming style here portrayed. One could use crepe and chiffon or lace and georgette in combination.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4¾ yards of one material 40 inches wide. The width at the foot is 1¾ yard. To make the Dress as illustrated in the large view will require 2½ yards of brocade material and 2 yards of plain material 40 inches wide. Without sleeves ½ yard less material is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Simple Practical Apron—4831. Here is an Apron style that is easily made and one that will launder readily. It may be made of rubberized or cotton gingham, of percale or

seersucker, or of drill. If two aprons of this model are made at one time, the backs can be sewed together and used as an apron when the fronts are worn out or faded.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Morning Frock For Women of Mature Figure—5034. Striped gingham or linen will be good for this model, with facings of contrasting material in a plain color. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

This Pattern is cut in 9 Sizes: 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches bust measure with corresponding waist measure, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47 and 49 inches. To make the dress as illustrated for a 44 inch bust will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36 inch striped material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of plain for facings. The width at the foot is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Afternoon or Evening Frock—5038. Chiffon, crepe or crepe de chine embroidered or beaded would be attractive for this model. It is also nice in satin or taffeta. The design may be developed with or without the sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material if made with sleeves. The width of the dress at the foot is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Without sleeves it will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock For Festive Occasions—5060. Chiffon or georgette and lace or embroidery could be used for this style. It is also nice for radium silk, taffeta or crepe de chine. The flounces are mounted on a two piece under skirt.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. If made of one material a 10 year



The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. If made as illustrated, for a 38 inch size $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of checked material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material 40 inches wide is required. Width of skirt at the foot is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. If made of one material $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards is required.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4 year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Apron Style—5039. This simple design may be attractively developed in



linen, unbleached muslin, sateen, gingham or percale.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty "Play" Garment—4285. Linen, chambray, flannel or chintz could be used for this model. A simple finish of stitching, or stitchery, or a binding in contrasting color, would be very pleasing.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A four-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Practical Undergarment—4587. This pretty model comprises a vest and "step-in" drawers. The vest portion may be finished with "camisole" top or with shaped shoulders. If desired a closing may be effected at the side of the panel. Crepe, crepe de chine or nainsook is suitable for this design.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44 and Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36 inch material. Panel of Embroidery requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 9 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pretty House Frock—5035. This design makes a very attractive morning dress. It is suitable for linen, pongee, gingham, chambray and crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36 inch plain material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for the fold and the facing on the pocket. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

SHORT CUTS TO FOOD MEN REALLY LIKE



Extra Good Dainties —so easy to make

Drop cookies with raisins! What a joy it is to see the happy look they put into the eyes of the men-folk and the kiddies!

No matter how pressed you are for time, here is a "treat" you can always give your family. No rolling and cutting—no fussing to keep the dough from sticking to the board and pin. See how easy and quick they are to make according to the tested recipe given below.

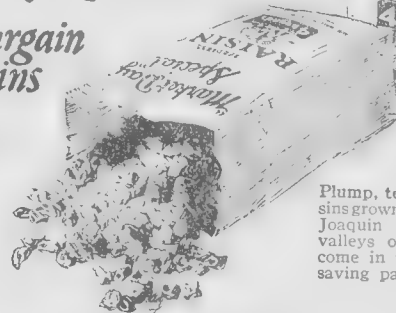
Filled with rich, fruity raisins, they are not only delicious—but also substantial, nourishing food—ideal for school and field luncheons. And they keep fresh far longer than plain, rolled cookies.

Always make Raisin Drop Cookies in big batches. And put the cooky jar where the kiddies can find it.

Do you know the many other ways in which raisins can help you to serve more tempting meals—even on the busiest days? Many time-saving hints and practical recipes are given in the folder, "Short Cuts to Food Men Really Like." Use the coupon below to send for it today—also the new 46 page book, "Recipes with Raisins."

Raisin Drop Cookies—Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar (granulated or brown), add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour sifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda and 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger and 1 cup raisins and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups rolled oats. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts may be added if desired. Drop on greased pan 3 inches apart and bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

The new
"Market Day Special"
—a 4 lb. bargain
in raisins



Plump, tender seedless raisins grown in the famous San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys of California, now come in this new, money-saving package. Ask your grocer

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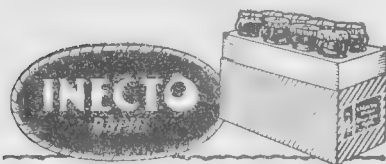
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Inecto-Rapid permanently banishes gray hair in fifteen minutes. This is the famous scientific gray hair remedy used and recommended by 15,000 Royal Court and leading European hair-dressers and by Canadian beauty parlors from coast to coast.

Important—*Inecto-Rapid*, Canada, Limited, has purchased the sale right and good will of *Inecto-Rapid* for Canada. Anyone else using this name or trade mark in Canada will be prosecuted.

For sale at all good hair goods stores, beauty parlors, drug stores and department stores. If your dealer cannot supply you write

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Toronto



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Dish-Washing is so hard on the hands! The oft-repeated immersions in soapy greasy water soon dry out the "Precious Moisture" that nature supplies to keep the skin smooth and soft. Then your hands get rough and coarse and cracked.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion gives to the skin exactly the same soothing elements as the natural "Precious Moisture." Apply this delightfully perfumed lotion to your hands after every dish-washing. It will keep the skin clear and fresh and lovely always.

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Lessons in Home Dressmaking

By Margaret Smith

LESSON II

Individuality in Dress

WOMEN who prefer to make their own clothes, and those who cannot afford to buy their clothes ready-made, but who study out for themselves their dress schemes in their spare moments, are very often more attractively and tastefully dressed than the woman who can afford to buy expensive ready-to-wear clothing, and who does not take time and thought as to whether a dress or other garment is becoming or suitable to her particular type. Thus a woman in very moderate circumstances may have that smart, well-dressed appearance that the wealthy woman without taste can never achieve, in spite of the costliness of her raiment.

Types of Figures

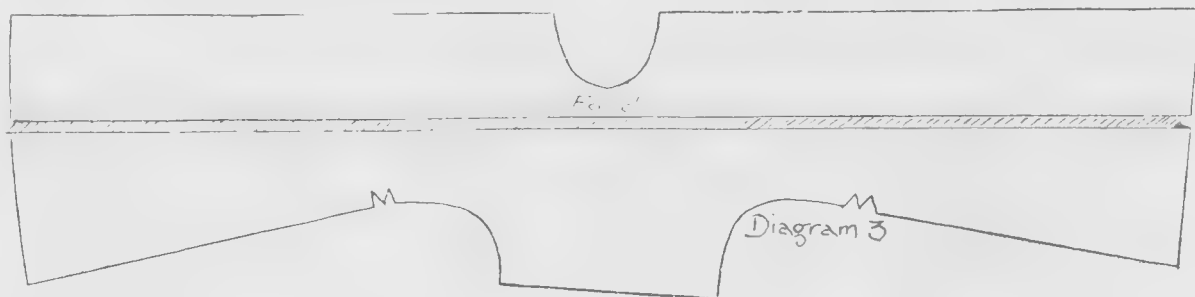
There are seven different and distinct types of figure:

1. The medium, or average, figure.
2. The tall, slim figure.
3. The short, slim figure.
4. The tall, stout figure.
5. The short, stout figure.
6. Figure with large bust and small hips.
7. Figure with small bust and large hips.

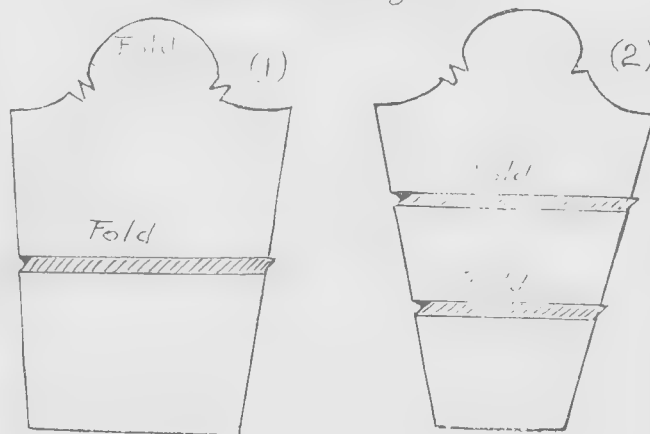
In our next lesson we will talk about the different problems each type has to contend with, and endeavor to solve them.

The Kimona Dress Pattern

THE kimona dress pattern can be altered to suit the different types of figures in exactly the same way as the dress pattern with the set in sleeve. This can be accomplished without in any way spoiling the shape of the pattern or interfering with the curved lines.



Sleeve Diagrams

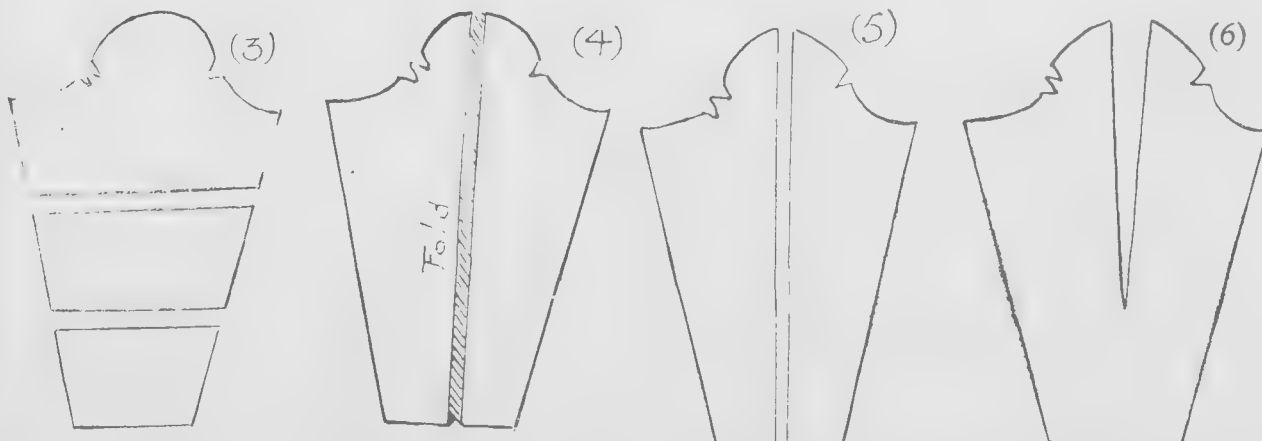


To Decrease the Kimona Pattern

Make a tuck the size required about four inches below the neck line on the shoulder seam. Continue the tuck the same size to the bottom of the skirt; make the tuck in both the back and the front exactly alike. (See Diagram 1).

To Increase the Kimona Pattern

Cut the pattern in the same place where the tuck would have been placed to reduce the size of the pattern (four inches below neck line on shoulder seam) and insert a strip of paper the size required to make the pattern large enough. Great care must be taken when the pattern is cut not to misplace the pieces and join part of the front to part of the back. This is quite an easy mistake to make if one is not careful. To prevent any mistake being made, cut the front piece first, join the strip of paper and the two pieces of the front firmly together before cutting the back pattern. If done in this way there can be no mistake made. (See Diagram 2).



To Alter the Kimona Pattern that is Cut in One Piece

This pattern can be altered just as easily as the kimona pattern cut in two pieces. To decrease the pattern place a

tuck about six inches in from the centre front at the bottom of the skirt, continue the tuck over the shoulder to the lower edge of the skirt at the back. (See Diagram 3).

To shorten or lengthen the kimona dress follow the same directions given last month for the dress with the set-in sleeve.

Continued on page 67



A Smart and Comfortable Sweater-Coat for the School Girl



A SWEATER COAT is a necessity in the wardrobe of the active school-girl for spring and the cooler days of summer. This neat model with its roll collar and handy pockets is one that any girl would be proud to wear.

Any other color may be substituted of course, but shades of tan, brown and henna are most popular this season—also soft shades of green.

Directions

12 years—Monarch Jumbo
15 Balls Camel

1 Pair No. 7 and No. 9 Needles

Back—With No. 7 needles, cast on 78 sts. Knit 6 ridges. Then in Stocking st. (knit 1 row, purl 1 row) but always keep 3 sts. at each end of purl row, knit plain to form border up side. Continue to knit till work measures 16 inches. Then cast off 4 sts. beginning of next 2 needles. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every other row 3 times. Continue to knit till work measures 6 inches from cast off sts. On following row, cast off 18 sts. in centre for neck. On one side, now knit front. Knit 6 rows for shoulder. Then increase 1 st. neck end every other row 15 times but when coming to under-arm, increase in same manner as decreased. Then cast on 4 sts. at under arm. Continue to knit till within 5 inches from foot of coat. Then make pocket as follows:—Starting from seam end, knit 33 sts. Turn, knit 18 sts. Knit back and forth on 18 sts. $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Cast off. Now attach wool to where 15 sts. left on needle. Cast on 18 sts. Finish knitting row. Then knit to foot of coat. Cast off. Repeat same for other front.

Sleeves—With right side of work towards you, pick up and knit 1 st. in each st., around arm-hole. Knit 4 inches. Then knit 2 sts. together each end of needle every 4th row 5 or 6 times. Continue to knit till sleeve measures 14 inches. Then on No. 9 needles, knit 2, purl 2, ribbed knitting for 3 inches. Cast off.

Pocket Tops—With right side of work towards you pick up and knit 1 st. in each of the cast on sts. Knit 2 ridges. Cast off.

Band and Collar—With No. 9 needles, cast on 9 sts. Knit in ridges $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Then make button-hole as follows:—Knit 3, cast off 3 sts., knit 3. On following row, cast on 3 sts. to form button-hole. Continue to knit in ridges $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Then make button-hole. Repeat in this manner till last increasing at neck is reached. Then increase 1 st. at 1 end of needle every ridge till shoulder is reached. Then knit straight across back of neck, easy measure. Then decrease at same end of needle as increased. Knit band to foot of coat. Cast off. Sew up seams neatly. Sew band and collar around coat.

To make a larger or smaller garment it will be necessary to add or reduce 4 or 6 stitches for each size. This will make an inch or an inch and a half difference.

In the case of a "loose knitter" it is often better to use a size smaller needles than those called for and larger in the case of a "tight knitter."

To Bob or Not To Bob When Gray Hair Comes

"F I ONLY DARED." Many women hesitate because of doubt as to how it will look. Certainly it is convenient and comfortable. If the contour of face and head permit, the short hair vogue is charming and youthful. But gray, faded, or bleached hair, unfortunately, is emphasized by the bob, shingle or pompadour. Brownatone overcomes the handicap. In a moment's time, with no troublesome mixing, no day-after-day treatment, those shorn locks can be becomingly tinted in natural shades from lightest blonde to deep brown or black.

Brownatone has brought the look of youth to millions. You can prove it to your own satisfaction. Send for Trial Bottle and test it on the tip ends of your hair. You'll be pleasantly amazed at the result. Specify shade wanted—"Light blonde to medium brown," or "Dark brown to black." All dealers sell Brownatone in two sizes—50c and \$1.50—under the guarantee of the manufacturer. Harmless—uniform—permanent—quick—satisfactory. Hesitate no longer. Tint away those gray locks that make you unhappy.

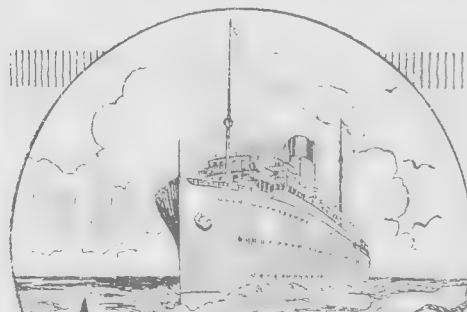
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The Beautiful Home of Aros

By A. S. Averill

FOR many years, in the well-known Old Country paper, "Country Life," there has been running a series of articles entitled, "The Stately Homes of England." The writer proposes to write an article along similar lines under the title of: "The Beautiful Home of Aros." The word similar is used advisedly, for the majority of the most beautiful homes in the Cowichan district are more akin to the stately homes of the Old Country than are those of any other district in the Dominion.

Articles are often met with in Canadian papers, describing the beautiful home of some rich man; but it will be noticed that this home is almost invariably situated on the outskirts of some city; on the other hand the stately homes described in "Country Life" are, without exception, situated right out in the country. Here is the chief similarity between the Old Country and the Cowichan homes: the beautiful homes of Cowichan are all situated in the heart of the country, "Far from the madding crowd," and "Under the greenwood tree."

Now, no one can deny that the things most desired by people who are blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, household comforts, music, theatres, society and so forth, can be obtained more easily near a city than out in the country.

Why is it then that the Old Country aristocracy almost invariably make their homes in the country? To answer this question we must look up our history; there we shall find, that nearly 900 years ago William the Conqueror perfected the Feudal System in England, and that this system was later adopted both by Scotland and Ireland. Under this system, a man was given a large estate, generally containing five or six thousand acres of land; this estate was called a Manor and the receiver of it the Lord of the Manor. This estate, however, was not so much a gift as wages in advance for duties to be performed; for the Lord of the Manor had to administer his estate and to rule over all the people who lived on it; in this way and others paying quite a heavy rent to the King.

In order to carry out these duties properly, in those days of slow and difficult travel, the lord had to live on his estate; this is why most of the old large houses of the British Isles are in the country.

In all good architecture, the character of a building is determined by the use to which it is to be put; therefore these British country houses are rightly called "stately," because they were built to enshrine the rulers of the district, the Lord of the Manor being, in present day language, the autocratic and hereditary reeve and magistrate of his district.

All this has to do with a bygone age, why is it then brought in here? Because it is the direct reason why the descendants of the old territorial aristocracy of the British Isles, and also those of lesser degree who wish to copy them (there are many such) when they can afford to do so still eschew the city, and plant their homes in the depths of the country. It is inherent in the British nature to be conser-

vative, and to do, as much as possible, what it has been the custom for their ancestors to do. To this trait in no small measure is the greatness of the British Empire due.

One of the movements most needed today to improve the prosperity of Canada, is a movement from the town to the country. The survival from the past, just mentioned, which drives the well-to-do Britisher to make his home in the backwoods, is a help in this much desired direction, for every such man, who makes his home in the country, is the means of keeping, even in this Western land, at least five or six families in the country too, in order to minister to his needs.

It will be noticed that the Canadian counterpart of the Old Country country homes is not designated "stately" but "beautiful." This bears out the axiom for good architecture given above; for these houses are not built to enshrine a ruler, but to make a comfortable home for those who wish to live in the country for the beauty and peace of it.

The Cowichan District of Vancouver Island, with its distributing centre, Duncan, is known all over Canada, and in many other parts of the world, as "The Little England of the West." As the traditional Mecca of the remittance man many criticisms have been hurled at it. Here the motto of the great Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Leicester, one of the pioneers of modern English farming and the great exponent of the Norfolk four course rotation "Live and Let Live" should be lived up to. Why should everyone be made after the same pattern? There are good points in almost everyone if you will only look for them. This Little England of the West certainly justifies its existence and is of use to Canada in many ways; for, as already pointed out, it employs labor in the country; also, as has been hinted at above, it forms a link between this new and hustling Dominion and the glorious old customs and traditions of the Mother Country. One of the chief uses for the study of history to mankind is that through it we learn of the great deeds of our ancestors, and by this knowledge we are helped to emulate their greatness; any associations which help to keep this memory green are of incalculable value to the soul of a nation. In another sphere also this little community is of great use to Canada; it keeps alive and fosters strenuously that spirit of sport, which, combined with the dogged perseverance of the Scot, has made the British race the greatest colonizers the world has ever seen. It should never be forgotten that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton rather than in the London Exchange.

Now what sort of men are the owners of the beautiful homes of Cowichan? To many people, the expression "well-to-do Englishman" conjures up a vision, the product of the picture show and the vaudeville theatre, of a vapid and affected young

man, wearing an eye-glass and speaking with a lisp; such Englishmen, if they exist at all outside the realms of fiction, may perhaps be found in cities; they are not to be found in the Cowichan District, and certainly not as the owners of its beautiful homes. The owners of these are for the most part hard-working men. They may not often be dollar-makers, but they are home-makers, and the true wealth of any country is in its homes, not in its dollars.

An example of these beautiful homes is "Aros," the home of Mr. V. H. Stewart-McLeod. It was named Aros after the home of the chieftains of Clan McLeod in Scotland, thereby at once starting a chain of links with the past. Aros is one of the oldest of the beautiful homes of Cowichan, having been built in 1906. Early in that year Mr. Stewart-McLeod bought the 200 acres which make up the estate, situated about 2½ miles from Cobble Hill, a small town at the southern end of the Cowichan district. It was then covered entirely with thick primaeval bush. When Mr. Stewart-McLeod laid out this property—and what a glorious taste to confront any man of imagination and means, 200 acres of virgin forest out of which to carve a model home—he followed the traditional Old Country policy. He did not place his house near the government road for all the world to see; but he placed it right at the other end of his land. To reach this house, over one mile of driveway had to be made, running right through the heart of the bush; therefore, however populous the district may become, no one will ever be able to overlook Aros. Travelling down this drive gives the visitor more and more as he proceeds a sense of remoteness from the world, surely delightful after the shrieking and dust of the highway. This driveway called to the mind of the writer visions of many of the approaches to the "Stately Homes of Britain," which he had visited. To these the usual approach is by means of a private drive of one or two miles, but there is this difference; whereas the Old Country drive meanders through beautiful parkland, studded here and there with giant oaks and elms, this drive runs through primaeval forest. During its course the drive skirts a small lake, in this it also resembles its Old Country counterpart, but with the difference that this is a natural lake whereas the Old Country one is usually artificial.

Just as a visitor, approaching Aros for the first time, begins to think that he must have mistaken the road, and that there really cannot be a house buried so deeply in the bush as this; suddenly a clearing opens before him, and in the background, scintillating in the sunlight, lies the blue depth of Boatswain's Bay. Straight in front of him and only a short distance from the edge of the bush, stands the residence. Surrounding the residence are the pleasure gardens, tastefully but simply laid out; away to the left is the cleared land, some five acres in all; and between this and the house and at a distance of between 300 and 400 yards from the

Continued on page 57



The Congoleum Rug pattern on the floor is No. 534. The 9 x 6-ft. size costs \$9.25



This Gold Seal is on all guaranteed Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs and By-the-Yard goods.

"Weren't you clever to choose a Congoleum Rug!"

Isn't it a pleasure to usher your guest into a room that's the perfection of dainty charm?

With a Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug on the floor, you've gone far toward realizing such an ideal. These rugs come in bright, colorful patterns that harmonize beautifully with modern furniture and draperies.

And they have a smooth, sanitary surface that cannot absorb dust, grease and spilled liquids. Just go over them with a damp mop, and dirt will disappear like magic.

Patterns for Every Room

Patterns are so varied that you can have appropriate rugs in every room at prices that will amaze you. There

are rich Orientals for living-room, dining-room or bedroom and a conventional tile that is just the thing for kitchen, bathroom and pantry.

Congoleum Rugs hug the floor without any fastening—yet never curl at the edges or corners.

Note These Very Low Prices

9 x 3 ft.	\$ 4.75	9 x 9 ft.	\$13.85
9 x 4½ ft.	7.00	9 x 10½ ft.	16.15
9 x 6 ft.	9.25	9 x 12 ft.	18.50
9 x 7½ ft.	11.55	9 x 13½ ft.	20.80
		9 x 15 ft.	\$23.10

Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard
90c sq. yd.

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED
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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

Made in Canada—By Canadians—For Canadians



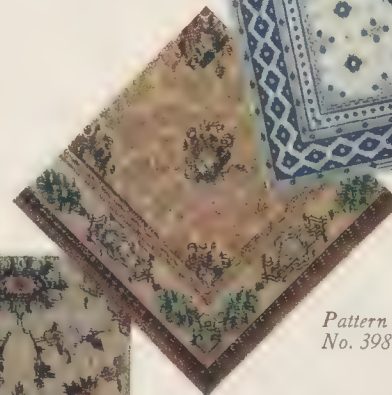
Pattern No. 544



Pattern No. 516



Pattern No. 408



Pattern No. 398



Pattern No. 536

Be sure to see these beautiful and practical rugs at your dealer's, or write us for folder, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes," which illustrates the patterns in full colors.



Two New Harvey Creations in a Variety of Shades
The Harvey-Nick and the Harvey Step-In

From the Land of Cherry Blossoms, forests of moon pearls growing in the sight of calm Fujiyama's cone of rapturous grace, comes the silk which Harvey's Master Knitters knit into these intimate garments that make or mar the Canadian Lady's costume.

Handle them for the sensuous luxury of texture sense. Search the gardens of memory for a comparison. Recall the suave coolness of a water-lily's petal, the exquisite fineness of a rose leaf wet with a June morn's dew, or the curling tendril of a dimpled infant's hair. They are all there.

Then let the eye feast upon the garments' colors. Rich shades reminding of distant trumpet calls, subtle tints that recall stringed instruments heard across moonlit waters. A rainbow put in a crucible with pearls and opals could have been reduced to no richer array of brilliance; could have been resolved into no more appealing display of half tones that fill out the major harmonies of Springtime when gardens reach full bloom.

And in each garment are assured qualities of endurance and amazing value. It is not a question of affording Harvey Tailored Underwear, no woman can afford to be without it.

MADE ONLY BY

THE HARVEY KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED
 WOODSTOCK, ONT.



Harvey Hosiery for Beauty, Smartness and Economy

Imagine a fabric of living silk, not the glacial product of ordinary looms, but a knitted symphony of exquisiteness, as soft, as vital as golden curls crowning the head of a laughing infant—that is the Silk, from which Harvey Hose is made. A product of insouciant loveliness offered in all the festal colors of June gardens: Harvey Beauty.

But Beauty alone does not make Harvey Hose the supreme footwear for the Canadian Lady. Knitted into its lustrous fibres are the qualities of endurance and untiring elasticity, the result is Smartness, a grace which Endures.

The pointed heel, a distinctive Harvey Hose feature, accentuates the charm of lovely ankles.

Then, joining Beauty and Smartness in Harvey Hose, is Economy. They last longer and cost no more.

Do not say, "Let me see some hosiery": Specify, "Harvey Hosiery. They're made in Canada!"

Ask to see the new non-ravelable Harvey Hose. They will not run. Number 71 is a silk hose with a mercerized top; number 72, a chiffon hose and number 74 a hose, silk to the top.

Made Only By

HOSIERS, LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

It's easy to bake good bread if you use

ROYAL YEAST CAKES



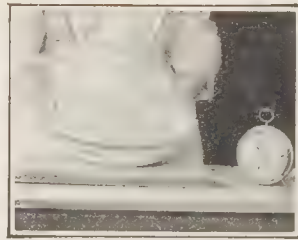
WARM TWO QUARTS OF FLOUR AND KNEAD IN TWO PINTS LIQUID ROYAL YEAST,



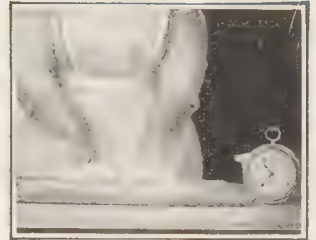
TURN OUT ON BAKE BOARD AND KNEAD FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.



COVER AND SET IN A MODERATELY WARM PLACE,



UNTIL BULK IS ABOUT DOUBLE, WHICH SHOULD BE ABOUT ONE HOUR AND A HALF,



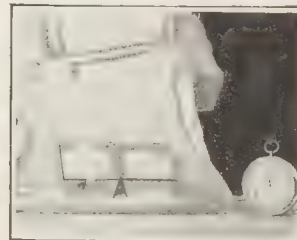
THEN KNEAD AGAIN.



DIVIDE INTO TWO LOAVES, AND PUT INTO GREASED PANS.



COVER AND ALLOW IT TO RISE AGAIN,



UNTIL BULK IS DOUBLE IN SIZE, WHICH SHOULD BE ABOUT ONE HOUR.



PUT IN OVEN AND BAKE FOR ONE HOUR OR A LITTLE LONGER.



TAKE OUT OF OVEN.



TEA ROLLS

TEA ROLLS

4 cups scalded milk. 1 teaspoon salt.
3 tablespoons butter. 1 Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water.
2 eggs. 1 tablespoon sugar.

Pour scalded milk over the sugar, salt and butter. When lukewarm put in two cups flour and the dissolved yeast, and allow to stand over night. In the morning add two well beaten eggs and enough flour to knead. Allow to rise until double in bulk, then form into long, narrow rolls and placed together in a well greased bread pan, brushing between each roll with melted butter. Allow this to rise until it doubles in bulk, then bake for 25 minutes in hot oven.



REMOVE THE LOAVES FROM THE PANS.



COVER OVER AND ALLOW TO COOL BEFORE PUTTING IT AWAY.



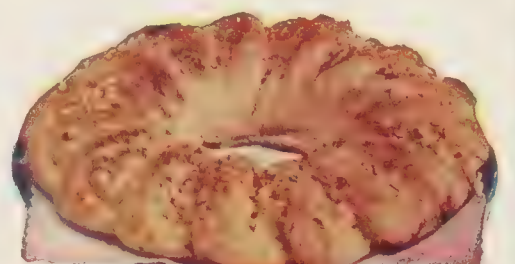
PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

1 cup scalded milk. 1 saltspoon salt.
2 tablespoons butter. 1/2 Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water.
1 tablespoon sugar. To the scalded milk add the butter, sugar and salt. Allow it to cool until lukewarm and then add dissolved yeast and 1 1/2 cups flour. Stir well and let stand in moderately warm place over night. In the morning add enough flour to knead, and let rise until about double in bulk, then roll out 1/2 inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter, and brush each piece with melted butter, crease through the centre and fold over. Let rise again until double in bulk and bake for about 25 minutes in moderate oven. Above is sufficient for about ten rolls.

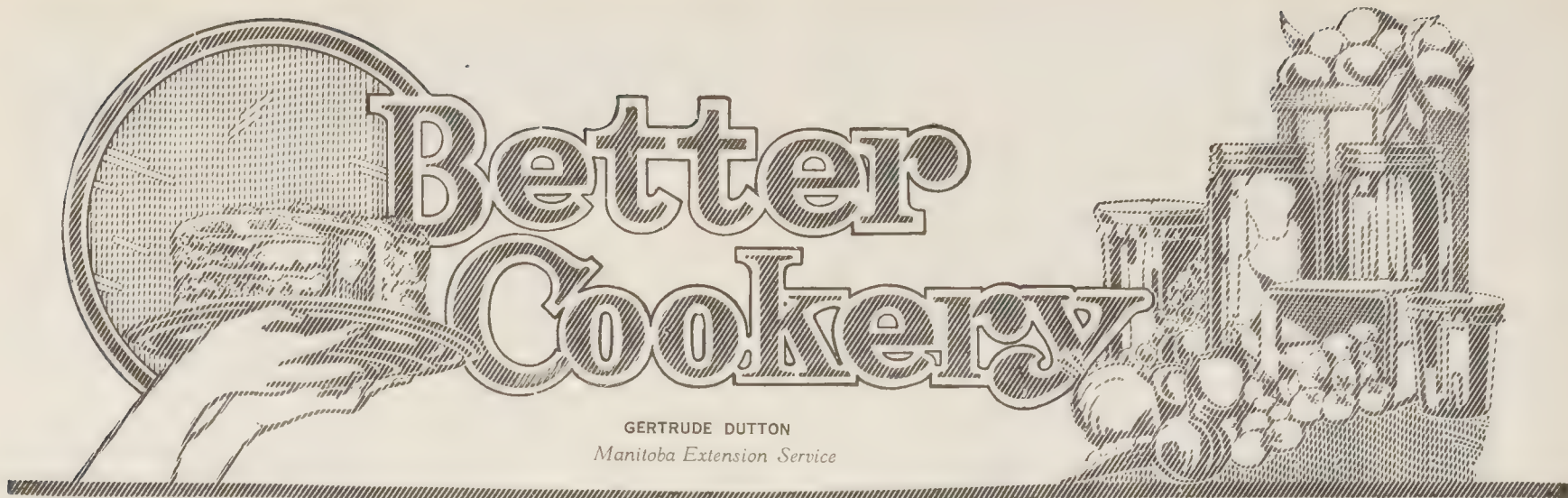
FRENCH TEA RING

Make dough as for Parker House Rolls. Roll out thin, spread with melted butter, sprinkle with chopped nuts and brown sugar. Roll up like jelly roll, form a ring and cut with scissors nearly through one inch apart. Place on a greased tin sheet and allow to rise until double in bulk. Bake slowly in moderate oven. Set basin of hot water at bottom of oven.



FRENCH TEA RING

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ROYAL YEAST CAKES



Menu Making for the Whole Family

THE number of food materials available to our Canadian homemakers is very great and is constantly increasing, owing to the inventions of new manufacturing processes, the cultivation of wild plants, improved methods of agriculture and greatly increased importation of foods from other countries. This bewildering variety may add to the difficulties of the housewife, or on the other hand, may enable her to plan more satisfactory meals with less effort. Foods may all be arranged in five groups. If something is selected from each group for each meal, the diet will be balanced.

- Group 1. Fruits and vegetables.
- Group 2. Meat, Milk, Meat Substitutes.
- Group 3. Starchy Foods.
- Group 4. Sugar.
- Group 5. Fats.

By separating foods into these groups, one may plan much more economically. If fruits are very expensive, vegetables will supply the minerals and vitamins required. When eggs are high, the protein may be provided in the form of meat, dried peas and beans, and milk or cheese dishes.

Their uses in the body:

Group 1. Comprising all the fruits and leafy vegetables, and roots, provide flavor, bulk, acids which prevent constipation, minerals so essential to building and regulation of the body, and vitamins. Spinach and other "greens" are especially important.

Group 2. Consisting of milk, cheese, lean meat, poultry, fish, eggs, dried peas, beans, lentils and peanuts are sources of protein, essential to body building, the repairing of waste tissues and building of new tissues in growing tissues. Milk should supply the bulk of protein food for growing children.

Group 3. The starchy foods are breakfast cereals, flours of various kinds, potatoes and other starchy vegetables, cereal grains such as rice and barley, macaroni and other pastes, and foods made from these materials, breads, cakes, starchy puddings, crackers, etc. These foods produce heat and energy, and some protein and mineral matter, and some of the vitamins.

Group 4. The sugars most commonly used are granulated, brown and maple sugar, syrups, molasses, honey, candies, sweet cakes and desserts, fruits preserved in sugar, jellies, jams and marmalades. These are excellent fuel foods and are valuable for flavor, but do not give us vitamins, protein or minerals.

Group 5. The fats include cream butter, oil, lard, fat meat, bacon, chocolate, oily nuts. Butter and cream are very rich in vitamins.

The fats are valuable sources of heat and energy, and make other foods palatable.

Several foods provide various substances, but have been arranged in the above groups, according to the food material for which it is most valuable.

When the housekeeper has made sure that each group is represented in the meals she has planned, she can then build up the bulk of the diet from whatever foods the family pocket book will allow. The amount of food required by each person depends on the age, size, occupation, climate, etc.

General Suggestions

A QUART of whole milk should be provided for each child every day. Skim milk is valuable for protein and mineral matter. Other protein foods are only required in small amounts by the children. Children should be trained from infancy to eat all wholesome nourishing foods, with developing "finicky" tastes.

Well cooked cereals, in which the whole grain is used, and well made bread, should form a considerable portion of each day's diet.

Flavorings and condiments, such as salt, pepper, vinegar, spices, flavoring extracts, seasonings, contain no food values, but are important aids to the housewife in making foods attractive to the palate.

Is the Diet Adequate?

IN ordinary life, exactness in the amount of the various foods required by the different members of the family is not necessary, except for very small children. No woman could find time for the necessary weighing and measuring of foods for any except invalids on very strict diets. If the five food groups are represented by well-cooked, daintily served meals, and the family has been trained in good food habits, there is no cause to worry, if everyone appears to be well, the children not underweight, and all members of the household full of energy, ambition and good cheer. A little too much of one particular group or too little of another, taken occasionally, will do no particular harm. But, if the children are underweight, listless, or fretful, and the doctor can find no particular disease to account for the condition, it would be well to carefully consider the meals being eaten by those children.

A Few Suggested Menus

Monday

Breakfast

Oatmeal

Jelly

Milk for Children

Dinner

Poached Eggs on Toast

Meat Pie

Milk

Coffee

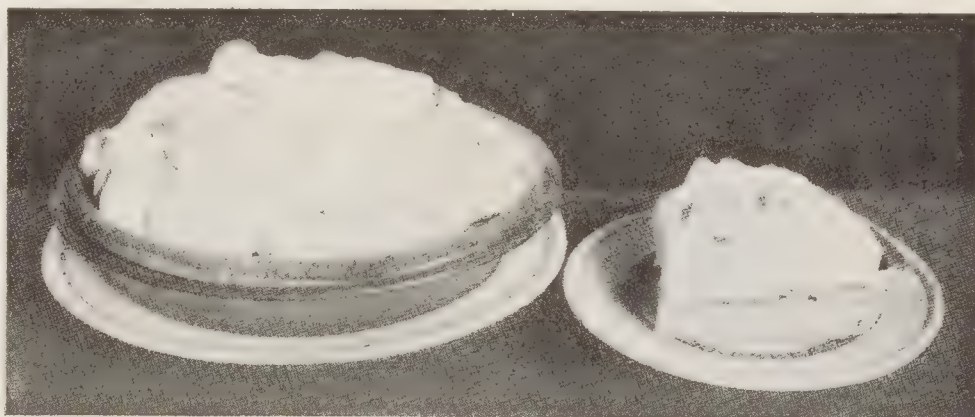
Mashed Potatoes

Bread and Butter

Buttered Parsnips

Fruit Gelatine

Cream



Banana Cream Pie

Supper

Cream of Tomato Soup

Crackers

Ginger Bread

Bread and Butter

Cold Slaw

Milk or Tea

Tuesday

Breakfast

Cream of Wheat with Dates

Milk

Toast and Butter

Bacon

Coffee

Milk

Pot Roast of Beef

Boiled Potatoes

Buttered Carrots

Brown Bread White Bread Butter

Prune Whip Custard Sauce

Supper

Red Rabbit

Toast

Baked Apples

Bread and Butter

Sugar Cookies

Wednesday

Breakfast

Pettijohn's

Toast

Boiled Eggs

Marmalade

Dinner

Beef Steak

Mashed Potatoes

Bread and Butter

Tea Milk

Toasted Crackers

Supper

Vegetable Soup

Crackers

Brown Bread and Butter

Baked Custard

Plain Cake

Thursday

Breakfast

Corn Flakes

Stewed Figs

French Toast

Jam

Coffee

Milk

Dinner

Spanish Stew

Mashed Parsnips

Baked Potatoes

Biscuits Butter Honey

Supper

Creamed Finnan Haddie on Toast

Hashed Brown Potatoes

Canned Fruit

Spice Cake

Friday

Breakfast

Oatmeal with Bran

Butter

Sausages

Apple Sauce

Dinner

Boiled Beef

Carrots and Turnips, Cooled

Scalloped Potatoes

Bread and Butter

Raisin Pie

Tea

Supper

Macaroni and Cheese

Graham Muffins

Butter

Canned Fruit

Cake

Tea

Saturday

Breakfast

Cream of Rye

Milk

Scrambled Eggs

Toast

Apples

Coffee

Dinner

Cold Boiled Beef

Horse Radish Creamed Potatoes

Boiled Cabbage

Bread and Butter

Date Tapioca

Cream

Supper

Baked Beans

Chili Sauce

Boston Brown Bread

Celery

Canned Fruit

Oatmeal Cookies

Sunday

Breakfast

Sliced Oranges

Plain Omelet

Toast

Coffee

Dinner

Round Steak en Casserole

Peas in Potato Nests

Cabbage Salad Rolls Butter

Spanish Cream

Coffee

Supper

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Nut Bread

Cake Canned Fruit

Cocoa

Tea

Monday

Breakfast

Stewed Figs

Pettijohn's

Toast

Minced Meat on Toast

Jam

Coffee

Dinner

Curry of Meat and Rice

Mashed Turnips

Rolls and Butter

Apple Sago

Supper

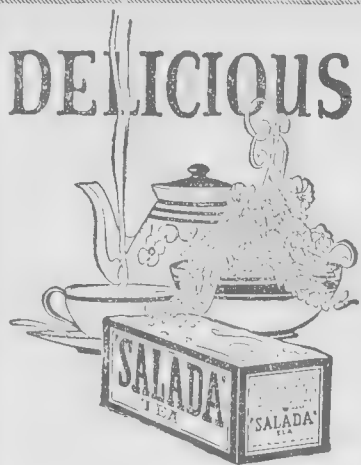
Spinach with Poached Eggs

Bran Muffins

Blanc Mange with Red Jelly and Cream

Continued on page 44

DELICIOUS



The Charm of Tea is in the Flavour—and true appreciation of the superior qualities of Salada Tea can only come through the tea-cup. Each cup embodies all that is finest in tea—full, fresh flavor, fragrant aroma, delicious purity.

"SALADA"

H571

These Cubes are Real Money Savers Because—



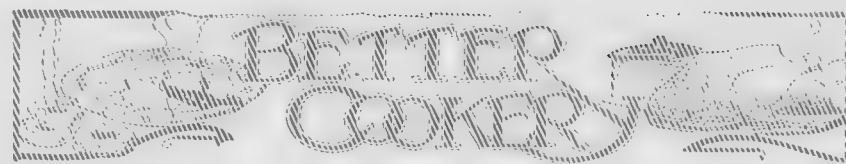
Though small in bulk, they are very high in food value—concentrated, pure, rich nourishment from the best prime beef, with no waste.

OXO Cubes add variety to your cooking and enable you to use food which might otherwise be wasted. To new dishes they add the finishing touch—to old ones they give new life and tastiness, transforming "Left-overs" into appetizing delicacies.

Try OXO Cubes in soups, sauces, gravies, stews, hash, meat-pies, paste for sandwiches, or for beef tea and other hot drinks.

OXO Cubes in tins of 4 - 15c. and in tins of 10 - 30c.

The Great Beef Economy



Menu Making for the Whole Family

Continued from page 43

Tuesday

Breakfast

Bacon Cracked Wheat Milk
Baked Apples Toast

Dinner

Pork Chops Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Creamed Carrots
Brown Bread Butter
Plain Rice Pudding
Cream Brown Sugar

Supper

Creamed Eggs on Toast
Baked Potatoes
Bread and Butter
Hot Biscuits Honey

Wednesday

Breakfast

Toast Cream of Rye
Scrambled Bacon and Eggs Stewed Raisins

Dinner

Boiled Potatoes Beef Steak
Bread and Butter Creamed Turnips
Mock Cherry Pie Tea

Supper

Corn Meal Mush Milk
Waldorf Salad
Cheese Biscuits Butter
Sliced Oranges with Coconut Cookies

Thursday

Breakfast

Cracked Wheat Milk
Minced Meat on Toast
Stewed Cranberries

Dinner

Braised Liver with Vegetables
Boiled Potatoes Apple Dumplings

Supper

Cabbage Salad Spanish Rice Crackers
Bread and Butter
Caramel Tapioca Cream

Breakfast Suggestions

Stewed dried fruits, fresh fruits in season, baked apples, apple sauce, canned fruits, jams, marmalades, fruit butters, toast, hot breads, bacon, ham, minced meat, liver, fish, fried or creamed, dried beef, omelets, eggs, poached, fried, coddled, scrambled.

For Luncheon or Supper

Sandwiches of many kinds, salads, cheese souffle, omelets, creamed meats, fish, chicken, soups of all kinds, escalloped dishes, vegetables.

Prune Whip

Soak 1/3 lb. prunes over night, after washing well. Simmer till tender in the water in which they were soaked. Remove the pips, chop fine, add 1/2 c. sugar and the juice of 1 lemon. When cold, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 5 eggs. Pile lightly on a buttered bake dish and bake in a slow oven for 20 minutes. Serve with custard sauce when cold.

Custard Sauce

2 c scalded milk 4 tb. sugar
3 egg yolks 1/4 t. salt
1 t. vanilla

Beat the egg yolks slightly. Add the sugar and salt, and pour on them the scalded milk, stirring constantly while adding it. Return to the double boiler, and continue stirring till it coats a spoon. Chill and flavor.

Red Rabbit

To 1 can of tomato soup add 1/4 c. or more of chopped or grated cheese. Stir over the fire, or heat in the double boiler till hot and the cheese is melted. Serve on toast or crackers.

Toasted Crackers

Spread crackers lightly with butter or cream cheese. Place in a hot oven till slightly browned. Delicious with soup or salad.

Stewed Figs

Wash the figs thoroughly. Soak over night in enough water to cover them. Cook slowly till tender in the water in which they were soaked. Add the juice of 1 lemon. For many people, it will not be necessary to add any sugar.

Spanish Stew

Cut left over cooked beef in neat cubes. Cover with canned tomatoes, or add it to an equal amount of ripe tomatoes cut in pieces. Add a medium sized onion, chopped, half a green and half a sweet red pepper or pimiento if available. Season with salt, pepper and paprika and simmer till tender. Thicken with a little flour mixed with sufficient cold water to pour. Red kidney beans may also be added.

Date Tapioca

Cook pearl, or minute tapioca till transparent using 2 1/2 c. boiling water to 3/4 c. of pearl tapioca, soaked in cold water to cover it for an hour or longer, or 2 1/2 c. boiling water to 1/2 c. minute tapioca. Add 1/2 c. sugar, 1 c. or more of dates, stoned and cut in pieces, 1/2 t. salt and the juice of 1/2 lemon. Chill and serve with cream.

Round Steak en Casserole

For this, tougher meat may be used. Pound in as much flour, seasoned with salt and pepper, as the meat will take up, using the edge of a plate or saucer. Brown in the frying pan, and remove to a casserole. Add enough hot water to cover the meat. A few whole onions or carrots may be added for flavor. Cover closely and simmer for two hours or longer. If necessary add a little more flour to the gravy for thickening.

Peas in Potato Nests

Mould mashed seasoned potatoes in rounds. Make a depression in the centre with the bottom of a cup, or the back of a spoon. Put in the oven to heat thoroughly. When ready to serve, fill the cavities with hot seasoned peas, from which the liquid has been drained.

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches

Spread the bread lightly with butter, then with cream cheese. Place on it another slice of buttered bread, pressing the two slices together. Toast the sandwiches till a golden brown on both sides, either in a hot oven, or on a toaster.

Cheese Dreams

Prepare sandwiches as above. Fry in butter in the frying pan till a golden brown.

Curry of Meat and Rice

To well-seasoned beef stew add curry powder to taste. Serve on a platter surrounded with a ring of boiled rice.

Apple Sago

Cook 1/2 c. sago in 2 1/2 c. boiling salted water till transparent. Core and pare 6 or 8 apples. Place in a buttered baking dish, fill the cavities with sugar, pour over them the hot sago, and bake till the apples are soft. Serve with cream and sugar.

Cheese Biscuits

To baking powder biscuits add grated or chopped cheese, before combining the milk with the dry ingredients.

Braised Liver

In a deep kettle, place a piece of liver, with 1 c. each of diced carrots, onion, turnip, celery, or any desired vegetables, and 2 c. water or soup stock. On top of the liver lay 2 or 3 slices of bacon or fat pork. Cover closely and bake slowly for 2 hours. Remove the cover during the last fifteen minutes of baking, to brown the meat. Remove to a hot platter, surround with the vegetables, and thicken the liquid to serve as gravy.

The Thrifty Housewives First Choice

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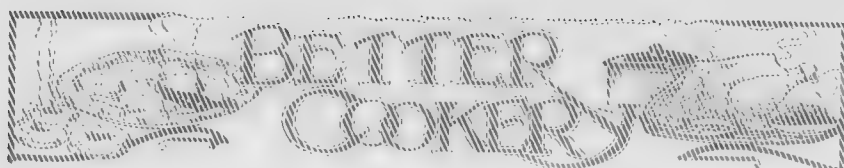
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Featuring Favorite Foods

By Richard S. Bond

WHEN one is young, certain foods are listed as favorites. Their appearance on the table is the signal for youthful applause and smacking of lips. Have you ever noticed that these dishes are almost invariably the dishes you feature on special occasions thirty or forty years later when you are responsible for the meals?

Tapioca was always a favorite with me. If I had done something that particularly pleased my mother, she knew that I would be repaid a hundred fold if she had tapioca cream, perhaps with fruit, for dessert that night. Mother always gave me tapioca when I was sick, and really sometimes I did not mind being just a wee bit ill because I knew my favorite dish would appear at least once each day.

As the years passed and I began to study foods, I realized more and more the wisdom of our old family doctor when he prescribed tapioca for me, even when a baby. It is a food that adds greatly to one's strength and hastens recovery, without placing the least tax on the digestive organs. Being rich in carbohydrates, it combines wonderfully well with other foods which supply a proper proportion of protein, fats and minerals, so that a well-rounded, easily-assimilated meal is provided.

A quick-cooking tapioca must of course be used here.

Escalloped tapioca is easy to make and will be a change from the usual meat course. Canned tuna fish, minced ham, or any left-over meat or fish may be used in this attractive dish.

Escalloped Tapioca

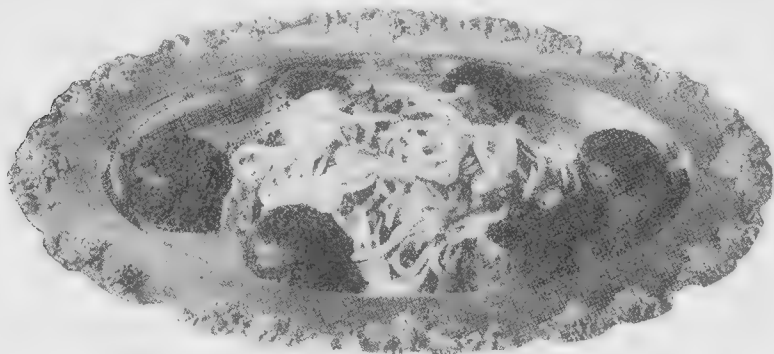
¾ cup hot milk
½ cup hot water
¾ cup cooked fish or meat
1 egg
¼ cup bread or cracker crumbs
3 level tablespoons quick-pudding tapioca
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper

Heat the milk and water in a double boiler, add the tapioca, and cook for ten minutes stirring frequently. Add the chopped fish or meat and cook for five minutes more.

While this is cooking, beat the white of egg until stiff, add the yolk and beat again, then add it to the tapioca and season to taste.

Remove from fire and put into a well-buttered baking dish, cover with bread or cracker crumbs and bits of butter, and bake until brown—about forty or fifty minutes. Serve hot.

If not convenient to bake, add one level tablespoon more of the tapioca and cook in the double boiler only. This



Spaghetti and Italian Sauce, served with Spinach Souffles

Tapioca flour by the way, is the finely ground tuberous root of the cassava plant. The quick-cooking tapioca so largely used, and which I did not have when a child, is the result of baking and grinding tapioca flour and water dough by the most modern and sanitary methods. This quick-cooking tapioca eliminates the long period of soaking that our mothers and grandmothers found necessary with the old style pearl.

Probably it is due to the advent of this new form, that tapioca is being used a variety of ways in the daily menu—for not only are tapioca creams and puddings common now, but also tapioca soups, stews, rabbits, omelets and cereals.

Especially for the kiddies, tapioca in any form is a blessing. Growing rapidly, and active all day long, children need a well-rounded diet to keep them physically fit. Muscle-building and energy-supplying foods are essential.

Milk answers the purpose for the baby, but as he grows older he needs other foods which combined will give as well-rounded a diet as the milk did in his infancy.

Fruits and vegetables take care of the necessary minerals. There is little danger of being short of protein if beef, eggs, fish and macaroni are eaten frequently. Starchy foods furnish carbohydrates—potatoes, bread and bananas often being forced to carry most of the load. It is here that tapioca steps in as a food rich in carbohydrates and one that appeals to the kiddies' taste.

For instance, children relish cooked cereals all the more when tapioca is added, and by adding it to the cereal you not only make it more appetizing but more nutritious also. Equal quantities of cereal and tapioca should be combined and the whole cooked the usual time allowed for the cereal alone.

recipe is especially good with tuna fish or left-over ham. The above quantities will make a dish for six people.

Another healthful dish for the children is tapioca potato soup, easily prepared, nutritious and certainly tasty:

Tapioca Potato Soup

2 potatoes—medium size
1 onion
2 cups hot water
1 level tablespoon butter
1 level tablespoon quick-cooking tapioca
3 cups hot milk
Salt and pepper

Pare and cut potatoes and onion into small dice. Add water, butter, salt and pepper and cook until potatoes are soft. Just before serving add the tapioca which has been cooked in milk fifteen minutes in double boiler.

This dessert will meet with the approval of the whole family.

Peach Tapioca

1 can peaches
¼ c. powdered sugar
1 c. tapioca
Boiling water
½ c. sugar
½ tsp. salt

Drain peaches, sprinkle with powdered sugar and let stand one hour. Soak tapioca one hour in cold water to cover. To peach syrup add enough boiling water to make three cups. Heat to boiling-point, add tapioca drained from cold water, sugar and salt; then cook in a double boiler until transparent. Line a mould or pudding-dish with peaches cut in quarters, fill with tapioca and bake in a moderate oven thirty-minutes. Cool slightly, turn on a dish and serve with cream or cream sauce.

In fact, tapioca may be used with dishes for any course of any meal. It is by no means something that is to be whipped up occasionally into a tasty dessert and then neglected until another tapioca dessert is thought of. Try it in soups, rabbits and omelets and you will add delectable dishes to your list.



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The Weight of Women

By Mary I. Barber

Reducing

IT is so hard to diet. I want to reduce, but I get hungry and just have to eat."

How can women avoid that hungry feeling and yet not over-eat? The first step in reducing is to find out what is the normal weight for a woman of your age and height. Then get weighed—this is sometimes a shock!

When you have decided how many pounds you are going to lose, list on paper the approximate amount of food you have eaten for the last few days and see where you can best make some readjustments. Usually the first cut is in the amount of food you eat. And this is what sometimes causes a feeling of emptiness—often wrongly called hunger. A glass of water will relieve this to some extent. Get in the habit of drinking water, or a cup of bouillon, when you have this sensation—but don't let any food accompany your beverage.

The foods which are considered most fattening are bread, butter, nuts, candy, sugar, rich cake, and pie—all things we like! It will not be much of a hardship, though, to make substitutions, if you really have a will to reduce.

Eat bran bread, or bran muffins, instead of white bread, and be very sparing of the butter. A thought which may give you encouragement is the smaller butter bill at the end of the month. Eat dried fruits, dates, prunes or figs, instead of candy. Learn to like tea, coffee and cereals without sugar. Choose sponge and angel cakes instead of butter cakes.

Prepared cereals are excellent "fillers." Eaten dry, they necessitate chewing and a smaller quantity will produce a feeling of satisfaction than when they are combined with milk.

Choose green vegetables rather than the more starchy ones such as potatoes, beets, corn, and carrots. Eat fresh fruits for dessert instead of pastry and puddings. Drink plenty of water and keep your diet laxative.

Suggested Menu for Overweight Person:

Breakfast
Crumbled bran with orange juice (instead of cream)
One egg (not fried)
One slice bran bread, toast, or muffin
Coffee

Luncheon
Vegetable Salad
Whole Wheat Bread Sandwich
Soft Custard

Afternoon Tea
Tea

Dinner
Spinach Cabbage Lean Steak
Sliced Tomatoes Brown Bread Crackers
Fruit

Gaining Weight

THERE is a vast difference between being "slender" and being "thin." The former state is desirable, the latter is not—because everyone wants the marks of health. Well rounded corners, clear skin and shining eyes are indicative of a well-regulated body.

Underweight is not as serious in an adult as in a growing child, but the ideal condition is to be neither too fat nor too thin.

If you are underweight:

1. Get weighed and find out how many pounds you should gain.
2. Consider whether you have any symptoms which indicate disease. If so, consult a physician.
3. Change your personal habits, if necessary, so as to
 - (a) get 8 or 9 hours sleep every night
 - (b) relax as much as possible
 - (c) spend an hour or more each day in the fresh air
 - (d) exercise regularly
 - (e) eat plenty of good food.

Food for the Underweight Person:

Cereals are the most economical source of fuel. The breakfast cereals eaten with cream, and bread spread with butter, are doubly valuable.

Fats such as cream, butter, oil, bacon and cheese should be used freely.

Milk may be added to each meal or eaten between meals.

Regulating foods are essential. All Bran will keep the intestines in good condition. Fruits and vegetables stimulate the appetite as well as supply minerals, vitamins and roughage. Whole grain cereals and dark breads are also regulators.

Suggested Menu for Underweight Person:

Breakfast
Baked apple with cream
Krumbles with cream
Scrambled eggs and bacon
Bran muffins Cocoa

Mid-morning Lunch
Milk and Graham cracker

Luncheon
Cream of vegetable soup
Peanut butter sandwiches
Cookies Milk

Afternoon Tea
Dinner

Dinner
Meat
Baked potatoes Buttered carrots
Bran bread
Hearts of lettuce
Russian dressing
Caramel custard

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT TABLE

WOMEN

Ages	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-60
5 ft. 0 in.	113	114	117	119	122	125	128	130	131
5 ft. 1 in.	115	116	118	121	124	128	131	133	134
5 ft. 2 in.	117	118	120	123	127	132	134	137	137
5 ft. 3 in.	120	122	124	127	131	135	138	141	141
5 ft. 4 in.	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	145	145
5 ft. 5 in.	125	128	131	135	139	143	147	149	149
5 ft. 6 in.	128	132	135	137	143	146	151	153	153
5 ft. 7 in.	132	135	139	143	147	150	154	157	156
5 ft. 8 in.	136	140	143	147	151	155	158	161	161
5 ft. 9 in.	140	144	147	151	155	159	163	166	166
5 ft. 10 in.	144	147	151	155	159	163	167	170	170

MEN

Ages	15-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-54	55-60
5 ft. 2 in.	124	128	131	133	136	138	138	138
5 ft. 3 in.	127	131	134	136	139	141	141	141
5 ft. 4 in.	131	135	138	140	143	144	145	145
5 ft. 5 in.	134	138	141	143	146	147	149	149
5 ft. 6 in.	138	142	145	147	150	151	153	153
5 ft. 7 in.	142	147	150	152	155	156	158	158
5 ft. 8 in.	146	151	154	157	160	161	163	163
5 ft. 9 in.	150	155	159	162	165	166	167	168
5 ft. 10 in.	154	159	164	167	170	171	172	173
5 ft. 11 in.	159	164	169	173	175	177	177	178
6 ft. 0 in.	165	170	175	179	180	183	182	183
6 ft. 1 in.	170	177	181	185	186	189	188	189

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The Home Doctor

Two Portals of Health

By Emma Gary Wallace

A GREAT deal of most excellent work has been done in the last decade, yes, in the last five years, in behalf of clean, and sound teeth. This work was more than necessary, and there is a tremendous field yet for the efforts of dental hygienists.

Nevertheless, while this work is being so ably pushed, we should not forget the equal importance of a clean and healthy nose and throat. Every year sees many epidemics and the regular recurrence of diseases which have their ingress through the nose and throat. Some of them are termed the "foul air diseases," and others are of both the contagious and the infectious varieties.

Both nose and throat are portals of entrance which should be carefully guarded in the interests of good health. Nature has done a great deal for us by giving us two intakes of this character. Each one acts as a safety-second to the other. If the nose is not working properly, the throat does extra duty, and vice versa.

If we had been given by Mother Nature, a dozen intakes of this kind to keep clean and healthy, we might feel that the task was burdensome, but with only one nose and one throat, we should be able to exercise reasonable measures of precaution.

The keynote of medicine today is "Prevention." It used to be "Cure," but now we have learned the importance and value of preventing illness, or those conditions which encourage ill-health of any character.

When we take a ride on a railway train, the motive power of which is steam developed through the burning of coal, we have demonstrated the soot and dust which are soon taken in through the nostrils. A great deal is also taken in through the mouth and throat. We do not take that into consideration nearly as much, however, because we swallow it and do not see it. There are certain cities in the country where a great deal of soft coal is burned, and where the lungs of people living in the smoky districts are said to become thoroughly permeated with black deposits.

We see this sooty material which is a residue of coal smoke, but we are not particularly impressed with the dust and floating particles and germs which we breathe in regularly. These particles are commonly of a grayish or whitish character, and escape attention. The germs are too minute to be visible to the naked eye.

Most people act on the principle that, "What we don't know about, we do not need to worry about!" But there is cold comfort in that stupid saying when we see a loved one struggling with diphtheria, or in the throes of pneumonia. There is little solace either for the sufferer and crippled convalescent from poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis, or for the one frequently suffering from bronchial troubles, tonsillitis and colds.

There are those among the medical fraternity and other scientists who have investigated the matter, who feel that a large percentage of the diseases caused through the breathing in of impure air, often germ-laden, might be prevented by the daily use of an efficient soothing antiseptic solution, thrown into the folds and crevices of throat and nose, by a hand spray of suitable character.

The time was, and not so many years ago, when tooth brushes were not the common article they are today. Hundreds of thousands lived and died and never saw one. Some only used them when they went visiting, and even when tooth brushes became quite common, it was not considered necessary for children to use them until after the second set of teeth was complete. For everyone to use a tooth brush, one, two or three times a day, would have been considered an outrageous proceeding.

Now our magazines teem with tooth brush ads, having various claims of prophylactic excellence, and tooth pastes and tooth powders clamor for attention. They have become simply legion, and have been considered worthy of the most careful laboratory research, to develop something which would clean, sterilize, and preserve.

The next step is the atomizer on the bathroom shelf, for at least twice-a-day use. This is surely not too high an ideal, and carries with it nothing of faddery. It is plain common sense, and carries "Prevention" up one step higher.

These atomizers fortunately have been worked out so that they will throw an aqueous or an oily preparation in a fine spray or mist, several feet. The mechanical problem has been entirely solved.

The metal tips may be sterilized in hot water, or by passing through a flame of heat. The best way is the hot water, removing the rubber bulb while the metal part is being cleansed. The glass reservoir is easily kept clean. A spray of this character will last almost indefinitely, as the rubber bulb may be replaced when it deteriorates, although that will be a long time.

Naturally, the ideal is for each member of the family to have his own atomizer, with a suitable solution within which is used whenever the tooth brush is used. The result of doing this is worth observing.

First of all, the same fine sense of cleanness and comfort follows the use of the atomizer spray, that follows the use of tooth brush and tooth paste or powder.

Second, irritated or inflamed surfaces, or sensitive mucous membranes from which many people suffer, especially during cold weather, are soothed and healed.

Third, germs do not find ready lodgment and immediate opportunity for access to the blood, when the surface is sound and unbroken, and the membranes free from inflammation. This means that danger from germs is more remote if nose and throat are clean and healthy.

Fourth, the regular use of an atomizer spray with an antiseptic solution, searches out the germs which may have been breathed in, and destroys a large number of them—perhaps all.

It seems reasonable to suppose that in ten years, we will look back with astonishment that we could have neglected so obvious and vital a matter as the regular and daily care of throat and nose.

There are some who may question whether the regular use of a spray of this character, would not be disagreeable, and possibly accompanied by some danger. Many recall unpleasantly, the sensation experienced when water is drawn into the nose, and the smarting feeling and inclination to strangle.

As a matter of fact, an atomizer spray causes no such feeling at all. The solution is broken up into globules so tiny as to form a mist as fine as a bit of silver cloud, and this spray can be directed into nostrils and throat without the least discomfort and with no more likelihood of injury than breathing moist air on a lovely June morning. The spray reaches even where a gargle might not go, for it is breathed in and carried on the air, or breath of inhalation and exhalation.

Ear troubles are frequently traceable to catarrhal inflammations, having their origin in throat and nose, and the satisfactory manner in which such distressing afflictions frequently yield to regular spray treatment of throat and nose, must be experienced to be appreciated.

All of this brings us to the one and only sane conclusion. It is, keep clean. It is the only safe thing to do, and in doing it, do not neglect the daily care of those two wonderful portals of the body—the nose and the throat!

"The Highest Quality
for Health"



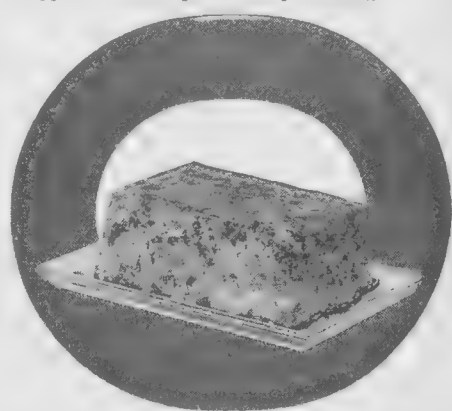
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Wash ½ cup rice; cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and ¼ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan one cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add this to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak ½ envelope Knox Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 10 minutes; dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold. One cup chopped nuts or Grape-Nuts may be added.



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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Fifty Rules of Conduct

SOME time ago, one of the great business corporations to the south, called a convention of its employees and in the convention hall placards were displayed which contained in brief form some excellent advice not only for the occasion but for any young man who is interested in forging ahead.

The substance of the charts is presented here in rearranged form.

PHYSICALLY—

1. Simple food, quality, quantity.
2. Regularity in eating and sleeping.
3. Masticate; do not hurry.
4. We are a part of all we have eaten.
5. Exercise, five minutes, three times daily.
6. Air—most important.
7. Sunlight, artificial light.
8. Water inside and outside.
9. Loose clothing.
10. Early to sleep; get plenty.

MENTALLY—

1. Think sanely.
2. Learn from mental superiors.
3. Learn to listen attentively.
4. Read best newspapers and books.
5. Improve the memory.
6. Concentrate.
7. Don't worry unnecessarily.
8. Be systematic.
9. Weigh both sides.
10. Avoid inferior minds.

MORALLY—

1. Right is right, wrong is wrong.
2. Be truthful.
3. Ignore precedent if wrong.
4. Seek elevating recreation.
5. Don't deceive yourself.
6. Learn to say "no."
7. Live up to your principles.
8. Avoid temptation.
9. Form good habits.
10. Have a constitution.

FINANCIALLY—

1. Increase my earnings.
2. Decrease unnecessary expenses.
3. Save money; savings banks.
4. Money makes money.
5. Invest—don't gamble.
6. Make family budget.
7. Hard work.
8. Study the business.
9. Pay cash for everything.
10. Increase credit balance.

SOCIALLY—

1. Avoid bad associates.
2. Select helpful friends.
3. Think alone.
4. Learn to be happy alone.
5. Family best company.
6. Work out, alone, my problems.
7. Avoid so-called society.
8. Entertain economically.
9. Stand well with neighbors.
10. Do some welfare work.

Making the Best of It

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

IN these lines Longfellow points the way to worthy effort. These are glittering days and there is a temptation to leave the steady task in the search for new things and keener excitements. Yet there is often great work to be done in humble surroundings. Keep at it and do as well as you can the thing that has to be done. "If I lived in a swamp," says George W. Matthews, "I would do my best to make that swamp the best swamp in the world."

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

—Frances S. Osgood.

Four Essentials

ON the occasion of a visit to the United States, Viscount Grey was called upon to address a gathering of American students and he chose to speak of happiness.

To be happy, he said, one must have four essentials:

1. Some moral standard to guide all action.
2. Good relations with one's family and friends.
3. Some form of work that makes for good citizenship.
4. A degree of leisure, occupied by interesting pursuits.

One of the marks of the present age is the tendency to shorter hours of labor but it is important that the time thus saved for personal use is invested to good advantage. In an address before a body of educators, Dr. Robert Fletcher, Deputy Minister of Education for Manitoba, said recently that he thought one of the great problems facing modern education was that which involved the advantageous use of leisure time. Men may combine to secure fewer working hours, and legislatures may decree that a man may stop work at five where previously he worked until six, but the problem is not solved there. The important question is: How is the spare time to be used?

How to Study Literature

FROM Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, publishers of educational books at 11-15 Union Square West, New York City, we have received an attractive, cloth-bound, pocket manual entitled "How to Study Literature," one hundred and fifty pages, eighty-five cents.

This is one of the most useful and entertaining books of the author, Benjamin A. Heydrick, who is well known as a teacher of English in New York City. I have met several men of affairs who think it the thing to have on their shelves books by the great writers and poets but who really derive little enjoyment from them because they have not learned to establish points of contact with the authors.

Mr. Heydrick's little book contains outlines for the study of all the great divisions of literature, including narrative poetry, lyric poetry, dramatic poetry, fiction, the essay, and the oration. He shows how the study of the work should be approached and then by a series of interesting questions he develops in the mind of the reader a train of reflections that might otherwise be altogether absent.

"With very few exceptions," says Mr. Heydrick, "authors put their own personality into their works, so that it is possible to infer from any book some of the characteristics of the man who wrote it. In answering the questions below, do not expect to find indications of all or of many of the characteristics enumerated. Some will probably be apparent at once, others will disclose themselves after a little study.

Judging from the book alone, would you infer that the author was:

- "Earnest, sympathetic, broad-minded, philanthropic?
- Flippant, cynical, prejudiced, misanthropic?
- Cheerful, optimistic or grave, pessimistic?
- Independent, original, a reformer?
- Conventional, conservative?
- A man of high ideals, patriotic, devout?"

A very valuable section of the book is that which contains a list of recommended reading. The author says that in compiling this list he subjected every selection to a twofold test: first, that it be a classic work; and second, that it possess sufficient interest to make its reading not a task but a pleasure. The selections are excellent and are carefully arranged under appropriate headings.

Good literature is a boon to any people but it is particularly acceptable in a country that is in the making. The Canadian who has a shelf of good books and Mr. Heydrick's little book to guide him in the study of them can indeed make friends of books.

A Golden Rule

IN a recent issue of the Gregg Writer is printed the following golden rule of the great author, Charles Dickens. It contains some suggestions that ought to have particular value for Canadians in their efforts to build our country on a sure foundation.

"I never could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order and diligence—without the determination to concentrate myself on one subject at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels. Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small I have always been thoroughly in earnest. I have never believed it possible that any natural or improved ability can obtain immunity from the companionship of the steady, plain, hard-working qualities, and hope to gain its end."

On Study

THE man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of a twelve month.—Bulwer Lytton.

A Dinner Provided

ACCORDING to Samuel Smiles, it is said that Lord Treasurer Danby, thinking to buy over his old school-fellow, Andrew Marvell, whose control was sought by a British government of the seventeenth century, called upon Marvell in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer slipped into his hand an order on the Treasury for one thousand pounds. Marvell, looking at the paper, called after the Treasurer, "My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called.

"Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?"

"Don't you remember, sir? You had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from the woman in the market."

"Very right, child. What have I for dinner today?"

"Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to broil?"

"Tis so, very right child, go away."

"My lord," said Marvell, turning to the Treasurer, "do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper. I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the Ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

Ten Thoughts of Time

"TIME is the herald of truth."—Cicero.

"I wasted time, and now time doth waste me."—Shakespeare.

"Time is the greatest remedy for anger."—Seneca.

"The great rule of moral conduct is, next to God, to respect time."—Lavater.

"One always has time enough, if one will apply it well."—Goethe.

"Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."—Franklin.

"A fig for Time! Use him well, and he's a hearty fellow."—Dickens.

"Short as life is, we make it still shorter by the careless waste of time."—Victor Hugo.

"Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby, that we must take time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once passed there is no recalling it."—Swift.

"There is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish as of time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous, since without it we can do nothing in this world. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst."—William Penn.

NO. 5—The fourth section of this short course dealt with the paragraph. This month we are introducing the subject of effective business letter writing.

It is said that the fundamental qualities that the reader demands in every letter are clearness, conciseness, completeness, correctness and courtesy.

A business letter contains six parts:

1. The Heading, which includes the name, business, and address of the sender, together with the date.
2. The Address, giving the name, street address, city and province of the person to whom the letter is sent, usually known as the addressee.
3. The Salutation, the term of politeness with which the letter is introduced.
4. The Body of the Letter, which is the communication itself.
5. The Complimentary Close, which usually should be chosen to agree with the salutation.
6. The Signature, which is subject to a variety of treatments.

"Let your letter be written as accurately as you are able,—I mean with regard to language, grammar, and stops; for as to the matter of it the less trouble you give yourself the better it will be. Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them just what we should say to the persons if we were with them."—Chesterfield.

Question: Is the following sentence written correctly?

"The package was shipped to you by express on June 20th, and we can prove this fact by the express receipt that we hold, but in accordance with your wishes we shall ask the express company to trace the shipment, and as soon as we hear from them we shall get in touch with you."

Answer: Long sentences consisting of many statements connected with and's and but's are to be avoided.

"The package was shipped to you by express on June 20th. We can prove this fact by the express receipt that we hold. In accordance with your wishes, however, we shall ask the express company to trace the shipment. As soon as we hear from them we shall get in touch with you."

Article No. 6 will appear in the April issue and will present a complete letter illustrating the six parts listed in this article.

Marjorie's Little Shack

Continued from page 31

little person should write such wild and stirring tales of Australian sheep-stations, etc. I remarked that there were five books of Miss Lancaster's listed in the public library; and Miss Pickthall exclaimed: "Imagine *having* five books to list." Thinking of her words now, one is reminded of those pathetically prophetic words of Charlotte Bronte: "To what children am I not a stranger?" for Marjorie Pickthall did not live to see her own five brain children launched upon the sea of literature.

Three books, I think she had to her credit when that remark was made:—"Little Hearts," a novel; "The Drift of Pinions," a book of verse; and the "Lamp of Poor Souls," verse also, and containing many of the poems printed in the previous volume. It is from the last-mentioned book that all the quotations included in this article are taken.

"The Bridge" came out just before her death; and "The Woodcarver's Wife" in the following year. But the latter brought her at least a measure of fame during her lifetime, for I think I am right in believing that she referred to that drama, one day, when she said to me: "I am feeling quite cheerful today. I have just had a telegram from Montreal saying that a little poetry play of mine which was put on last night, was very well received."

"Angels' Shoes" published a year or so ago, brings the number of her published works up to six; but if one considers "The Lamp of Poor Souls" as merely an enlarged edition of "The Drift of Pinions," one might say there are but five.

It was seldom that she referred to her own writing; though always willing to discuss writing in general, and editors in particular. There is bound to be this sort of shop talk wherever writers foregather; and it was perhaps on my last visit to her little shack that I referred to a letter I had just received from an editor, and the peculiar reason he gave for not accepting a certain story. Said Miss Pickthall "The reasons that editors give for not accepting contributions, are among the strangest things in the world."

I think I have never known anyone who had a simpler, more natural manner than Marjorie Pickthall; and though certainly reserved, and perhaps even shy in public, these characteristics were never in evidence when with one or two friends, or even new acquaintances. Indeed from my second meeting with her, she always addressed me by a nom-de-plume which I had mentioned using in a paper which printed both her and my own earliest efforts at writing. I think this simplicity and friendliness was characteristic. She was absolutely incapable of pose or ostentation.

On that last visit, when I asked if I were disturbing her, she said inspiration lagged that day, and she was glad of an interruption; and certainly she looked tired, and as if her head ached. I believe that during that whole last year in Victoria, she scarcely knew a well day. Yet she never really looked ill, her bright color precluded that. What a lovely face she had—eyes so soft and brown, the sweetest of expressions, and masses of dark hair crowning a well-shaped head; nature showed no niggardly hand in fashioning Marjorie Pickthall; yet from the melancholy note which pervaded all her writing one can scarcely imagine her happy.

On that day in March, 1921—she gave up her shack shortly after that—the garden surrounding her little retreat was bright with little blue scillas. She asked if I would like some, and picked me a handful, the bulbs of several of them coming up with the flowers. These bulbs I planted, and every spring they send up pretty spiked blossoms to remind me of Marjorie and her little shack, and of her many

"April hopes which blossomed but to close."

HOME

The rain with icy finger-tips keeps beating on the pane;

The wind in frenzied struggles dies only to rise again;

The leafless trees bend to the storm, stripped bare by chilling blast,

But we are warm, and snug and safe, for we are home at last!

Dolly M. Mitchell.

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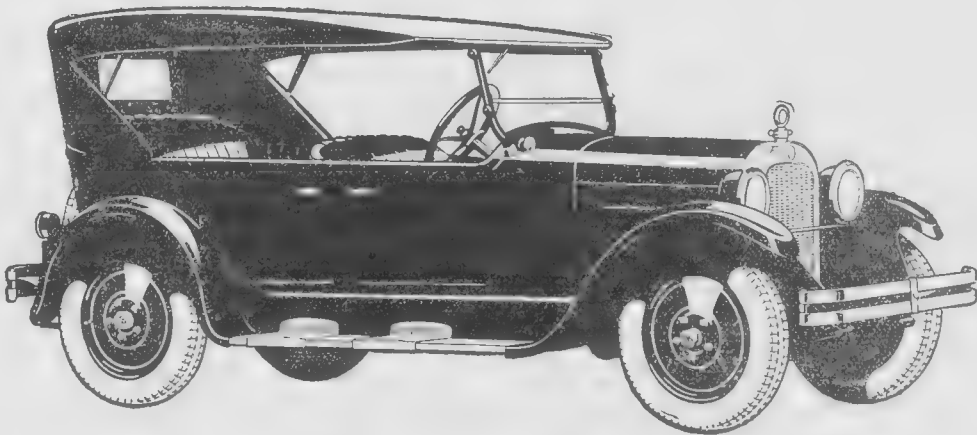
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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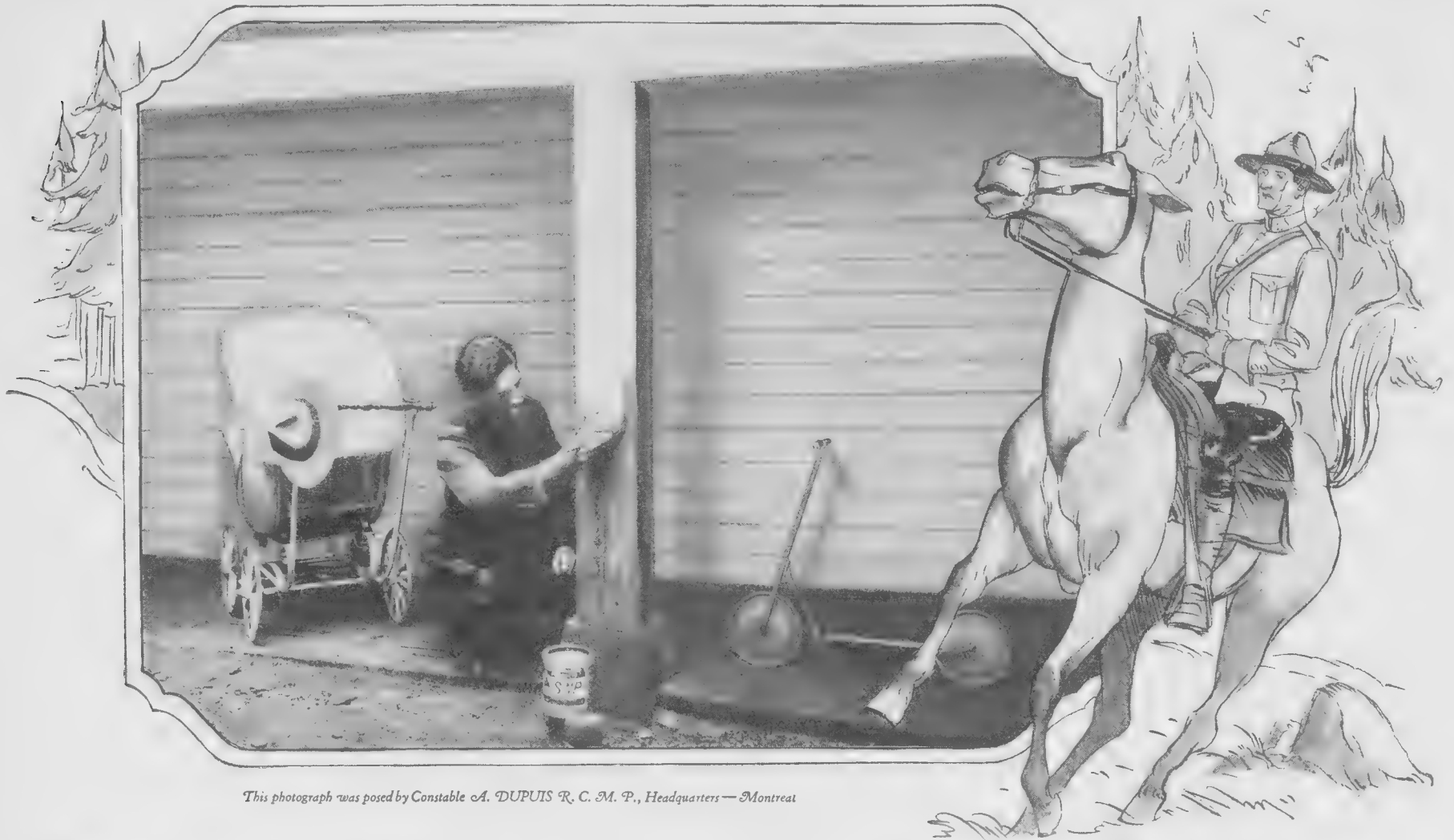
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This photograph was posed by Constable A. DUPUIS R. C. M. P., Headquarters—Montreal

From Patrolling to Painting

SO VARIED are the types of Canadians who like to paint, it was not surprising to learn that even some members of the R. C. M. P. are devotees of the paint brush when off duty. But, after all, for one whose duty it is to protect, what more natural than to protect his own home—and what could be more effective for this purpose than S W P, Sherwin-Williams Paint prepared.

With the approach of Spring, you just naturally think of painting. You may not have a whole house to paint—nor a whole room. Perhaps it's the outside porch, a set of furniture, a kitchen cupboard, or your automobile. But whatever it is, you will insure yourself against mistakes by referring to the HOUSEHOLD GUIDE. If you haven't one in your home now, ask your Sherwin-Williams Dealer for it or write to us for one.



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FOR PAINTING, VARNISHING, STAINING AND ENAMELING

IMPORTANT:—Each of the products specified below bears our name and trade mark

	TO PAINT <i>Use product named below</i>	TO VARNISH <i>Use product named below</i>	TO STAIN <i>Use product named below</i>	TO ENAMEL <i>Use product named below</i>
AUTOMOBILES.....	S-W Auto Enamel: for the man who paints his own car	S-W Auto Finishing Varnish: a clear varnish		S-W Auto Enamel: assorted colors
AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS.....	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
BRICK.....	SWP House Paint: a full oil gloss S-W Concrete Wall Finish: dull finish			Old Dutch Enamel: full gloss for outside exposure
CEILINGS, Interior.....	Flat-Tone: the washable, flat oil paint Decotint; water paint	Scar-Not Varnish: for woodwork only	S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new hard wood Sher-Will-Lac: varnish and stain combined, new or old wood	Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors
Exterior.....	SWP House Paint:	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE.....	S-W Concrete Wall Finish: a paint, resists weather			Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors
DOORS, Interior.....	SWP House Paint: S-W Family Paint:	Scar-Not Varnish: gloss Velvet Finish Varnish: dries to a dull finish without rubbing	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new wood only	Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors
Exterior.....	SWP House Paint:	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting spar varnish	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory. For interior and exterior use
FENCES.....	SWP House Paint: Metalastic (iron or wire only) S-W Roof and Bridge Paint: for rough work		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:	
FLOORS Interior (Wood).....	S-W Inside Floor Paint: stands repeated scrubbing	Mar-Not Varnish: water resisting, heel-proof	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	S-W Inside Floor Paint: the enamel-like finish
Concrete.....	S-W Concrete Floor Paint: wears well; washes well			S-W Concrete Floor Paint: high-gloss; durable
Porch.....	S-W Porch Floor Paint:			
FURNITURE, Indoors.....	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: the decorative enamel	Scar-Not Varnish: stands hard usage	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect S-W Enamel: assorted colors
Porch.....	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors S-W Enamel: assorted colors
HOUSE OR GARAGE, Exterior	SWP House Paint:	Rexpar Varnish: weather resisting	S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	Old Dutch Enamel: enduring gloss
LINOLEUM.....	S-W Inside Floor Paint: stands repeated scrubbing	Mar-Not Varnish: protects the pattern	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	S-W Inside Floor Paint: the enamel-like finish
RADIATORS.....	Flat-Tone: flat oil paint S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint		Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: assorted colors S-W Enamel: assorted colors Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors
ROOFS, Shingle.....	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint: Metalastic: Ebonol: black coal tar paint		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain:	
SCREENS.....	S-W Screen Enamel:			S-W Screen Enamel
TOYS.....	S-W Family Paint: assorted colors Sher-Will-Lac Enamel:	Rexpar Varnish:	Sher-Will-Lac: (inside use) a varnish and stain combined	S-W Enamel: assorted colors Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: assorted colors
WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard).....	Flat-Tone: the washable, flat oil paint SWP House Paint: a full oil gloss Decotint; water paint		Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined S-W Oil Stain: for new wood	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect S-W Enamel: assorted colors
WICKER.....	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: high gloss assorted colors	Rexpar Varnish: durable, elastic	Sher-Will-Lac: a varnish and stain combined	Sher-Will-Lac Enamel: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
WOODWORK, Interior.....	SWP House Paint: gloss Flat-Tone: flat oil paint S-W Family Paint: assorted colors	Scar-Not Varnish: high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish Velvet Finish Varnish: dries dull without rubbing	S-W Handcraft Stain: penetrating spirit stain for new hardwood S-W Oil Stain: for new soft wood Sher-Will-Lac: for new or old wood: a varnish and stain combined	Old Dutch Enamel: white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss; aristocrat of enamels, specified by leading architects S-W Enamel: assorted colors

NOTE:—Best results can only be had by following the carefully prepared directions on labels



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EXCESS OVER PREMIUMS PAID 1080

Policyholder had option of continuing policy as a fully paid-up participating contract for \$5000 and withdrawing surplus \$1665; or applying surplus in purchasing a participating bonus addition of \$3220.



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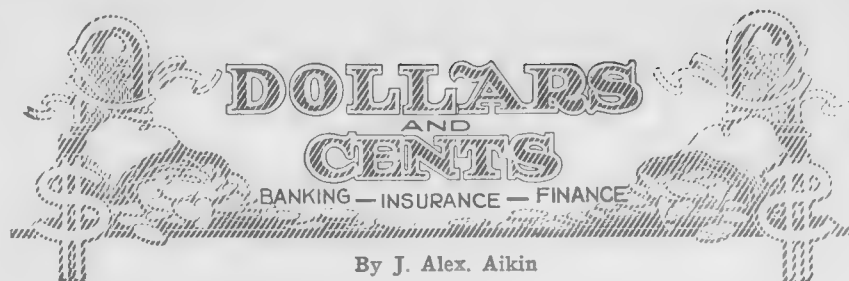
If so, "Motor in Canada" can be of real service to you.

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WINNIPEG,

MOTOR
IN CANADA

MAN.



By J. Alex. Aikins

Improvement in Public Finance

NATIONAL public finance presents more hopeful features in 1925 than have been evident for a decade. Notwithstanding the extreme attitude of some critics the national and provincial finances of Canada offer sound reasons for gratification.

The federal estimates for the fiscal year beginning April 1st, 1925, call for \$342,636,597, which is almost \$7,000,000 less than for the current year. The Province of Manitoba was able to show a surplus of \$133,395, for the year ending August 31st, 1924, the first surplus in years. Estimates for the Province of Ontario indicate the deficit for the coming fiscal year will be reduced to \$3,000,000, as compared with \$15,000,000 in 1923.

Federal supplementary estimates will increase the amount asked for by \$7,500,000 for capital investment in railways. While that sum is not so large as was asked for a year ago, it is impossible longer to defer capital expenditures for worthy objects in a young country which is re-entering a stage of development. However, it is stated the reduction in the total estimates for federal purposes will be much greater than the \$7,000,000 indicated.

Looking over the figures for 1925-26 there is a net decrease in uncontrollable expenditure of \$3,839,672, the chief factor in reduction being interest charges on national debt of \$2,375,196. Decreases in controllable expenditure amount to \$3,839,672 and include \$708,500 on immigration; \$103,500 on agriculture; \$3,106,345 on capital expenditure and \$3,429,525 on miscellaneous services.

On February 28th, 1925, the net national debt was \$2,412,196,407, being an increase of two million over a year ago. Ordinary revenue shows an approximate decrease of \$60,000,000 as compared with a year ago, while ordinary expenditure is down only about \$5,000,000.

Canadian Transportation Problems

THE burden of railway and steamship deficits is heavy. All theories aside, Canada is paying dearly for public ownership. The C.N.R. and C.G.M.M. are in arrears for \$168,599,706, a sum which includes some bond issues for betterment, in addition to deficits. It is surely questionable if the government guarantee for railway equipment, investments in branch lines, etc. will ever be released. That has been the experience in past years with Canadian government railways.

If at any future day the policy should be adopted of selling or leasing the C.N.R. system to a responsible corporation, the question of valuation would immediately arise. And if the property were kept up that investment should yield a fair return in any deal. These bond issues may not then be fairly be regarded as lost money, yet it is very doubtful if it is fair to speak of any surplus in federal finance which does not take account of this liability. The country must be prepared to pay for development but let us not be deceived.

Comparative Railway Returns

THE returns for the two railway systems of Canada for 1924 afford material for reflection and for some gratification. The gross returns of the C.P.R. show a decline of \$13,000,000, with net earnings of \$37,227,242 as compared with \$37,479,010 in 1923. For the C.N.R. the decline was \$17,547,000 in gross, with net revenues of \$17,244,251 for 1924 as compared with \$20,430,649 in 1923.

It should be recognised that the C.N.R. executive has displayed capacity in a year of heavy decline in traffic by cutting down operating expenditure from \$232,704,838 in 1923 to \$218,343,931 in 1924.

When the fixed charges are added for the entire system the deficits will amount to approximately \$85,000,000. The fixed charges for all the government lines, the

Inter-colonial and National Transcontinental, are merged in the national debt and do not appear in the annual statement of the C.N.R. system. The same is true of advances and deficits in the years prior to taking over the C.N.R. lines, when for ten years the federal treasury was regularly called upon for help. Surely under such conditions to further reduce freight rates is a procedure which calls for careful consideration.

Looking at the C.N.R. returns by regions it is seen that for the Central region there was a net revenue for 1924 of \$16,433,446, and for the C.N.R. lines in the United States a net revenue of \$5,480,162. For the same year the operating deficit in the Atlantic region was \$3,545,004 and for the Western region the operating deficit was \$1,124,353. This latter operating deficit is associated with the smaller grain crop last year than normal. Dense traffic at lower rates in the Central and U.S. regions makes possible the favourable return shown.

More Favourable to Gold Payments

AMONG the notables in finance who spoke for a "managed" currency as compared with the gold standard was Rt. Honorable Reginald McKenna. He still holds that the "superhuman wisdom which so delicate a handling of the machine would need is, I am afraid, only to be found in theory." He still sees immediate dangers for Britain in returning to gold, but he also states that these are as nothing to the permanent benefits which would follow.

Mr. McKenna claims a return to gold payments would stimulate or depress commerce according to whether the world's output of gold at the current value was above or below the world's demand. There was constant need for expanding credit to cope with the larger population and increased demands. He inclined to think the Bank of England had been a bit severe in the use of authority in post-war years in contracting credit and reducing inflation, which in turn had hindered the real revival in trade which had been hoped for. That opinion has been expressed in another form by leading Canadian bankers within the past year.

Estimating the annual world production of gold at £80,000,000 par value, Mr. McKenna is inclined to regard the demand as unlikely to be as great as the supply, even allowing for what countries like Germany, India and Australia might need. The United States has £300,000,000 in excess of required legal amount in the Federal Reserve, so the prospect as seen by Mr. McKenna is not dark.

He is quite unable to see the way to free movement of gold for local circulation in Britain. Before the war the amount in circulation in Britain was over £120,000,000, which at to-day's higher price level would have to be increased to about £200,000,000. To attempt to meet such a demand would surely depreciate the value of gold and add to the burden of the British people. But with the gold supply well ahead of demand all minor matters are only of temporary importance. "We have to look behind market conditions to a long period of upward trend of values. If we do so I believe a reversion to gold will eventually end in an influx of gold and an improvement in trade."

By No Means Unless

It would not be easy to find a more exacting test of a foreigner's mastery of English than his ability to write correctly from dictation the following sentences that Tit-Bits quotes for the purpose:

As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue came up to Hugh and said, "Have you seen my ewes?"

"If you will wait until I hew this yew to use in my fireplace, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes," said Hugh.

Who Will Represent Your Estate

when it has to be administered according to your Will?

A personal friend

who has no experience in this work; who will require to take the time from his own business affairs to attend to yours; who may have no knowledge of the complex duties of estate management; who might not even live to complete the task, or

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These are two great Raspberries.
Wild Plums, fine trees, 3 ft., ... 4 for 60c
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Very Best Red Rhubarb, per doz. \$1.50
Hybrid Plums, on wild plum roots, 3ft. 75c
Compass Cherry, on wild plum roots 3ft. 75c
Hardy Hybrid Apples, 3ft. 50c
Transcendent Crab, 3ft. 50c
Caragana, 1 to 1 1/2 ft. per 100 \$3.00
Peonies, Red and White 50c
Golden Iris, 20c
Lilac, 2ft., 25c Honeysuckle, 3ft., 50c
Maple Seedlings, 12 to 14in. per 100 \$1.00
Russian Willow Cuttings per 100 70c
Russian Poplar Cuttings per 100 75c

Come to my place on Monday, come on Sunday, come any day all summer long and see these beautiful plants loaded with red, ripe fruit. What a perfect delight. Isn't that just lovely? Plant a few and grow your own plants. Send for printed directions and price list. I pay all mail and express charges.

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Write for price list or further information

The "Good Morning" Spirit

Continued from page 27

"Have you ever heard the story of the collars?" he asked his audience. "My people tell me that it is true and it will give some idea of our standards of service. It seems that a passenger out of Montreal for the Pacific Coast discovered on the second day of his trip that he had started out without any clean collars. The train was then up in the North Woods of Ontario, and the towns ahead were all so small that he had no hope of buying collars until the next day in Winnipeg, and then, only, if the train arrived before the stores closed. The passenger made out the best way he could until Winnipeg was reached.

"Just as he was preparing to leave the train at the Winnipeg terminal, a messenger handed him a package bearing his name. Opening it, he found half a dozen new collars, 'with the compliments of the Canadian National Railways.' The sleeping car conductor, without the passenger's knowledge, had obtained the size and style of collars required, wired the information ahead to Winnipeg, with the result that collars were waiting when the train arrived.

"That illustrates the way our men take the word 'Service' to mean everything they can do for the comfort and pleasure of passengers. And they try just as hard to please our shippers, because they understand that a satisfied patron means more business for our lines."

Sir Henry naturally cannot keep in touch with his entire system without a great deal of travelling; for, in addition to his office at Montreal he has offices at Winnipeg and Vancouver, where questions pertaining to the welfare of the system in areas contiguous to those cities are dealt with. As frequently as possible he visits those cities, spends a short time in his offices there and acquaints himself with local conditions and requirements. With his force of 100,000 employees scattered over the length and breadth of Canada, to say nothing of those on the American lines of the company, personal contact with such a body would be impossible; so he adopted the newest science, radio, with which to maintain that personal contact that he considers so necessary in the successful operation of such a system. By means of radio stations over the whole breadth of Canada, he and the members of his executive are able to talk to employees at regular intervals.

RADIO in the home has included radio in the railway employees' homes, and also in the trains of the Canadian National Railways system. As part of the activities of the System radio broadcasting is done from stations at Moncton, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton and Calgary, and Vancouver will shortly be added to the list of cities where Canadian National stations are either owned or operated. From these stations entertainment programmes are broadcast, but sandwiched in between the entertainment are talks to railway workers, by Sir Henry or one or another of his officials.

"What I want," said the Canadian National president in a recent interview, "is a personal, sympathetic, man-to-man contact with our organization. I want them to feel that they are more than mere employees performing drudgery. I want them to know that each one is contributing an important and useful part toward making our railway a success; I want to give a soul to our job together. To get this contact; to put some soul into our job, I use whatever instrument may be available. The radio is one of them."

In his radio talks Sir Henry addresses the men and women of the Canadian National Railways staff—and whoever else may be listening—just as he would talk to his board of directors. He tells them about the earnings for the month, compares them with the record for the corresponding month of last year and discusses the reasons for gain or loss. And, above all, he stresses the fact that everyone in the business must hustle for new business and must do his share

Continued on page 54

The Terms astounded Henry McDonald~

When the terms of the North American Life 20 Year Endowment Policy were explained to Henry McDonald, he was at first astounded—then enthusiastic.

"Why you are really selling me \$5,000 in cash!" he exclaimed. "The annual payment on this policy is only about half the interest any bank would charge me on a \$5,000 loan."

"If I should die at any time during the life of the policy, you guarantee to hand my widow a cheque for \$5,000."

"No form of saving is more convenient and none so sure or profitable."

Henry McDonald was right. As a safe, profitable investment, you cannot equal an Endowment Policy. Yet you create an estate for your loved ones the instant you pay your first premium.

The attached coupon will bring our booklet "Twenty Years Ahead." It will interest you.

Agents in every important
centre in Canada

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office—Toronto, Canada.

Send me your booklet,
"Twenty Years Ahead"

Name
Address
Age
Occupation



Spring is Here!

In the morning the sun is shining. The air is fresh and cool. The snow is gone; the grass is green. We feel joyous as in the bare old apple tree we hear a robin sing. In our general exuberance of spirit, however, we must not let such mundane things as subscriptions be ignored, and do you not think that the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY which has been such a companion to you during the dark winter evenings, should be welcome in the spring and summer days that follow? Let us not forget our old friends! Note the coupon below.

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG.

Date

Enclosed please find \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

NAME

ADDRESS

Radiola

IIIa four tube set

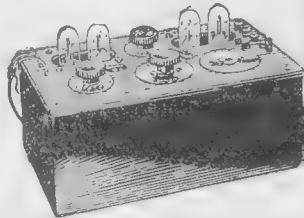
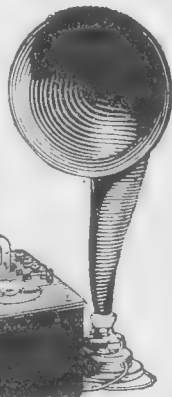


THIS model is an ideal set for all who wish to enjoy maximum radio reception at a minimum of expense. A selective circuit may be switched on instantly in order to obtain reception from distant stations while near ones are operating.

UV-199 RADIOTRONS

The UV-199 Radiotron, which has heretofore been used only on more expensive models, is now installed on Radiola Models III and III-A, built by C.G.E. The UV-199 uses from 30 to 35% less battery power than other dry cell tubes.

Radiola III-A, everything except antenna and batteries..... \$98.00
Same as above but without loud speaker..... 74.00



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Please send me illustrated Booklets
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RL10

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What Kind of a Radio Fan Are You?

PICKLES and radio fans have one thing in common—there are 57 varieties of each.

No one has ever yet taken an exact census of the number of radio users in this country, but it is estimated, probably rather accurately, at three million. But it doesn't require a census to disclose how many kinds of fans there are.

Ask any radio manufacturer or dealer—he knows!

Their reasons for building or buying sets range all the way from a desire to hear opera and sermons to listening in on jazz and prize fights. From curiosity to loneliness, education to entertainment; from scientific interest to a desire to keep up with the Joneses, run the reasons for taking up the new utility. And when they have once started the types of fan which they become are as numerous as the motives which lured them into radio.

Distance hounds and brass pounders, crystal-set Charlies and one-bulb Bills; buyers and builders; jazz fiends and lecture bugs; the natural mechanic who is never happy without a screw driver or a pair of pliers in his hand, and the literary or professional man who "hates anything mechanical;" young people, old people and those between; male and female; rich and poor; attic manufacturers and parlor enthusiasts—these are some of the 57 varieties of fans.

Radio doesn't standardize human nature and abilities; it gives a new outlet for the expression of individual characteristics and capacities.

The effect of the new art on modern life is little short of profound. Many men who in pre-radio days didn't know anything more about electricity than they did about Assyrian art now talk freely and intelligently of ohms, resistance, inductance, and low-loss amplifying condensers.

Radio has enriched even the homes most remote from urban centres with music, entertainment, religious services, public addresses, news of the hour, and other cultural resources with which the air is throbbing today.

Radio owes very much of its development to the experiments of amateurs who have built their own sets, tried out various kinds of circuits, arranged and rearranged them, obtained remarkable results in broadcast reception, had a lot of fun, learned a lot, and saved money while doing it. One company which manufactures parts and dominates the transformer field began at the outset to give practical aid to the man or boy who wished to build his own set. It published a handbook on set building with Reflex circuits. This was entitled "Amplification without Distortion," and has become a sort of radio bible for thousands of fans. The company's foresight was rewarded by a growth in its business from an almost negligible amount to a \$2,000,000 annual output. Furthermore it built up a good will among its public which is the talk of the fans and the radio industry everywhere.

And there are girl fans galore. The number of girls and women radio enthusiasts constantly increases. The female of the species is as interested as the male. They not only fall for ready-made sets with handsome cabinets or sets installed in articles of expensive furniture, but many build their own. This is easily possible because of the clear, understandable directions furnished with parts by such concerns as the one mentioned above, and because sets of certain types, the Acme 4-tube Reflex for example, are easy to assemble, operate with a single control, and with a loop and loud speaker.

One girl of the writer's acquaintance who announced two or three years ago that she was going to build a set herself, narrowly escaped having her parents send for an alienist. But she built the

circuit, put on her father's overalls, climbed on the roof and put up the antenna herself, and the set worked 100 per cent. from the beginning.

The New York service station of a parts manufacturer in Cambridge, Mass., recently reported that a girl in the Borough of the Bronx had recently built her fourth set for herself and friends.

No wonder there are now three million sets in the country, and the number is growing all the time. Radio is a utility of the people by the people and for the people—the greatest all-round source of interest, diversion, education, culture, and practical usefulness of any invention in this generation.

The "Good Morning" Spirit

Continued from page 53

toward maintaining service to the public if success is to be attained.

A short time ago someone asked Sir Henry how he knew that his employees heard these radio talks. "We get floods of letters and postcards to tell us so," he said. "Over 75,000 letters and cards from radio listeners in Canada and the United States tell us that our broadcasts are listened to. We answer all of



D. R. COATS

*The genial announcer of C.K.Y., Winnipeg.
You have all heard his voice and now
you can see what he looks like.*

these, giving the listeners some further information about our system and our country, its resorts and resources, and we have traced considerable new business to this source."

That is something of the man in whose hands Canada, through her government, placed the destinies of her immense publicly-owned railway system. A short time ago, when his voice bridged the Atlantic ocean from Moncton, with a message to radio listeners in the British Isles, he blazed a new trail in Inter-Empire communication and brought Canada before the eyes of the radio world.

Thirty years ago he was an assistant draughtsman in the offices of the chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad; in 1914 he sailed for England and the Great Eastern Railway presidency; then during the war successively a lieutenant-colonel, colonel and brigadier-general; and down in Logansport, Indiana, chests puffed out as people began to talk of having gone to school with Sir Henry Thornton, Knight of the British Empire. Then Canada and the Canadian National Railways, and the 1924 financial statement issued a few days ago, covering a period when business all over the American continent suffered an unexpected falling off, showed net revenues of more than \$17,000,000.00, despite a loss in gross receipts of \$17,547,305.00 as compared with the previous year, when net earnings were in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000.00. Prevailing business conditions and lighter crop yields brought about the reduction in gross revenues, but operating expenses were brought down to correspond, with the result that a reduction of \$14,360,907.46 left the net earnings within three millions of the previous year.

The Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR

The Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR AND

A Tray Cloth Stamped in Three Colors

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I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and Stamped Tray Cloth.

Name.....

Address.....

"Marya"

Continued from page 18

when I left home—and they do not dream of getting in a panic because they have not selected—or been selected by—husbands. 'Plenty of time, when we are twenty-six,' they say coolly. My father cannot understand it though. He sits and shakes his head. My mother is a woman of thirty-nine only and already she is bent and grey. All her life she has been a beast-of-burden. She married at twelve and has had thirteen children."

Wondering whence she had developed the vocabulary and the rhetoric as evidenced by the foregoing, we asked Marya what she had been reading.

"I have read all of Dickens' works," she said, simply. "I am now studying Stevenson and Poe."

It nearly bowled us over!

"Do you know that you are a very wonderful girl?" we asked her, then.

She shook her head and in her wistful blue eyes there was ineffable sadness, loneliness beyond the power of words—and still that unquenchable fire, that divine discontent, which had carried her on and on and up and up, an ignorant immigrant girl, whose only assets had been health and boundless ambition.

Just then a little flaxen-haired girl broke away crying from a noisy group in the playground and ran up to the teacher. After a little whispered admonition to the child, Marya sent her on a hastily-thought-up errand and turned to us again, shaking her head, with a troubled little sigh.

"That's Gertrude Schwartz, our only German pupil," she explained. "She is Gertrude Brown now because the Germans out here, as you know, have Anglicized their names—at least a good many have. I have daily trouble because of Gertrude. The others call her a Hun and, as you can see, she's rather a nice little thing and sensitive. Just now they wanted to play bombing a town and they wanted Gertrude to submit to being crucified on the pump over there—all in pretence, of course. They said they'd give her a taste of Kultur and the poor child is nearly terrified out of her wits. They have drawn serpents in her geography and her grammar and written 'Kultur' underneath and already I've punished two of the boys for yelling 'Kamerad!' at her in school time."

"So you have to be a diplomat as well as pedagogue!"

"I have to be all things to all people," said Marya, smilingly. "One has to in a remote settlement such as this."

"It must seem a very long time since the old biscuit-shooting days?"

"What is it that someone has said about not scorning the stepping-stones by which we arrived? Not that I consider I've arrived, by any means," said Marya. "There's a long trail yet to travel."

But Marya will travel it. She will reach the utmost goal, because there is that in her which will continue to spur her on. She is one of those who are marked for a high place and some day she will reach it and find her life work and her happiness either as supreme head of some institution such as a Ruthenian Girls' College or as the wife of some young Ruthenian professor, who is likewise giving his life to the betterment of his own people here in our midst.

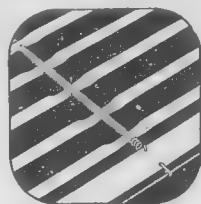
Marya is not an idealized symbol. She is a flesh-and-blood girl. Are there many native-born Canadians of twenty-one who can measure up to her? Are there many native-born girls of that age who have read all of Dickens' works to the neglect of "throbby" fiction imported from New York? Above all, where could one find another girl with the radiant beauty of Marya who has so consistently avoided at least the minor temptations of flaunting herself and attracting attention? For Marya today in the height of her physical charm is as sweetly unconscious of it, is as simple and as sincere and as straightforward and unassuming as the day she slapped Demetrius for daring to kiss her and turned her back on the old narrow life to enter upon the new.



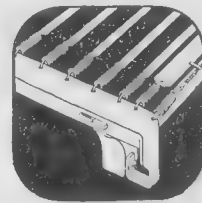
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SIMMONS

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FRESH air and exercise are often out of the question, with the result that many minor ailments frequently assert themselves. In such cases nature is unduly handicapped and needs assistance. The morning glass of water sparkling with a "dash" of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the sedentary worker's best friend—it keeps the system free from impurities in a perfectly natural way. Your druggist sells ENO'S.

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The Home Garden

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Sweet Peas Maintain Their Popularity

CONSIDERING the ease in growing and the extreme decorativeness of the sweet pea, it is well worthy of a place in every garden. The choice of color and variety covers a vast field, and the graceful form coupled with fascinating color effect should appeal to the artistic sense of everyone.

A rich and moist soil should be chosen for the bed and preferably it should be a soil in which some well rotted manure has been incorporated and the digging being deep. Of course these operations should be done in the fall so as to give the soil a longer period to get into condition. However, if the above preparation has not been made, it is still worth while to sow the peas in the next best location even if not under ideal conditions.

As soon as the ground can be put into the proper condition in the spring the seed should be sown, and experience has proved that the trenching system is an advantageous method to employ. This trench should be a few inches deep and the seeds are dropped at the bottom of it and covered with soil: as the little plants grow, the soil is raked just a little at a time as they come up and eventually the trench becomes filled. The advantage of this method is that the sweet peas attain a stronger root hold than they would have if planted shallow at the actual surface of the garden.

Sweet peas make a very pleasing vase bouquet and a great deal of pleasure may be derived from selecting the various blendings of color and giving the dining room a different kind of bouquet from time to time. For instance, a very fine effect can be produced by gathering a few sprays of gypsophila together with some of the darkest varieties of sweet peas and placing them in a vase for the centre of the table, with sufficient water to keep them in fresh condition. The blooms will last long enough indoors, when kept in fresh water, to make them well worth raising even if only for cut blooms.

In regard to the arrangement for the garden, it is a good plan to have them grow in the form of a hedge by training them on horizontal strings that are stretched between stakes. It is unsatisfactory to have them crowded on to a low piece of wire netting as they require plenty of room to grow upward and when they are clustered so much and too close to each other they just form a tangle. Plenty of space, plenty of sun, and plenty of water will bring good results. Sweet peas produce a very abundant supply of bloom and it benefits them to pick frequently.

It would take a considerable list to enumerate some of the best varieties, but here are ten good ones:

Decorator (rose, salmon shade)
Nora Unwin (pure white)
Lady Grisell Hamilton (pale lavender)
Mrs. C. W. Beardmore (creamy white, pink edge)
Elfrida Pearson (salmon pink)
Rose du Barri (rich rose)
Queen Victoria (primrose)
Captivation Spencer (red, tinged purple)
Charles Foster (pink, mauve and rose)
Florence Nightingale (deep lavender)

Currant Culture

CURRENT bushes are among the hardiest fruit-bearing plants to be found in the West and even where other kinds of fruit will not prosper, they will succeed. This means a great deal to the farmer who has settled in a new and untried country. The fruit is delicious and the three different kinds, viz., red, black and white offer a good

range to suit a variety of tastes. This fruit may be used either fresh from the bushes, or it may be made into sauce, in pies, or made into jam to relieve the diet of the winter. On many an occasion a jar of black currant jam has been well worth the making when used as a reliver to sore throat.

The bushes are shallow-rooted and prefer heavy clay loam, well drained, cool and moist or with a northerly exposure. If the soil is not rich, work in well rotted manure to supply the necessary plant food. The above conditions of course are the ideal, but other conditions do not exclude the possibility of the growing of currants.

The bushes may be propagated by means of cuttings, made in late summer from the season's growth and planted at once four inches apart in rows three feet apart. The cuttings should be eight or ten inches long, and should be planted so as to leave only one or two buds exposed.

In placing the plants, plenty of space should be given, as it induces better growth. A good system that is recommended is to place them four feet apart in the row, and the rows being six feet apart. Strong one-year-old plants are the best, but two-year-old ones are more reliable. The plant should be set an inch deeper than it was in the nursery row.

On account of the shallow root system, the cultivation should be shallow. It is advisable to cultivate frequently to conserve moisture and also to keep down weeds.

A currant bush should consist of six or eight stems forming a fairly open bush, therefore, in pruning, see that no older wood then four years is kept. Red currants and white currants bear most of their fruit on two or three-year-old wood. Black currants bear most of their fruit on one-year-old wood. If the old wood is removed by degrees year by year, the bushes are kept prolific for many years.

As these bushes are entirely hardy, they do not need any winter protection other than that which is provided by shelter belts around the orchard and the usual amount of snow mulch which covers all vegetation on the Western prairies. If the soil appears to be getting poor, it is advisable to apply a mulch of good manure around the bushes in the fall and work it into the ground in the spring, being careful not to injure the roots of the plants during the operation.

It is considered that half a dozen plants is enough to supply fruit for the average household. The average yield per acre is placed by authorities at one hundred and fifty bushels.

Among the most suitable varieties of currants are the following:

White: Large white, white cherry, white grape.

Red: Red cross, red dutch, raby castle, cumberland red.

The black currants are, on the whole, stronger growing and more vigorous than the others, and the following varieties are recommended: Magnus, climax, eagle, kerry and eclipse.

Currants ripen during the latter part of July.

A Striking-Looking Garden Plant

HEMP, when used as an extra ornamental plant for the garden makes a most striking appearance, and resembles the bamboo. Wherever grown it attracts considerable attention and comment; its very tropical appearance often mystifies the beholder. Its palm-like and very dark green foliage makes it quite out of the common from the usual plants grown on the prairies and, in addition, it will serve as a very useful windbreak for a garden.

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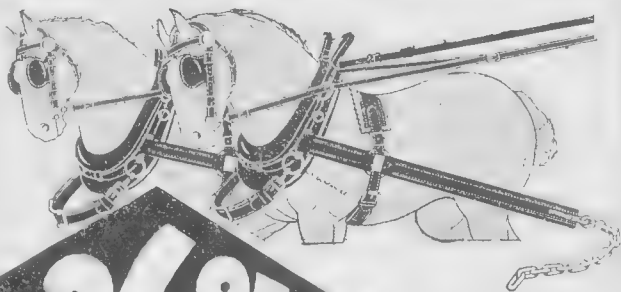
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BRIDLES—¾ in. cheeks with concord binds and ¾ in. round winker braces. Good weight crown and throat latch. Standard bridle bits supplied. BACK PADS—4 in. wide harness leather pad lined with English felt, billets are double and stitched. LINES—1 in. wide, best quality of back leather, full length. BREAST STRAPS—1½ in. wide, double at buckle end, first quality leather. BELLY BANDS—1½ in. wide, folded. HAMES—Best make of 2 piece steel bolt hames. If you



can break these hames, we will replace them. These hames will stand up under a load of 30 tons. HAME STRAPS—1 in. wide. SNAPS AND SLIDES—All furnished free. PACKING—This harness is nicely packed in a wooden box, so will arrive neat and clean, and in perfect condition.

152A1—SUNBEAM FARM HARNESS
—complete as above, less collars, per set for 2 horses. **26.95**

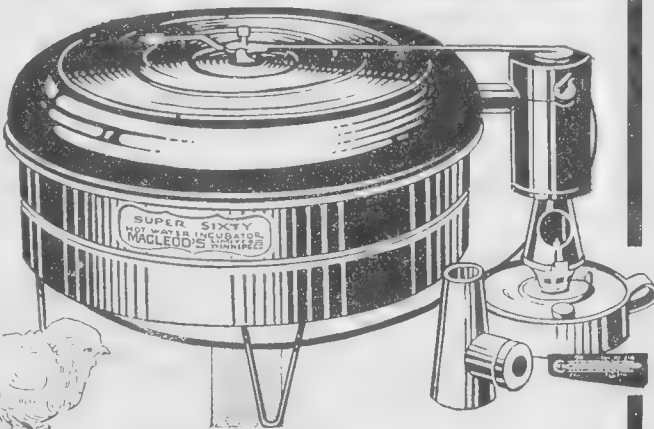
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Name

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PROV. 152

MACLEOD'S LIMITED WINNIPEG
COR. MACDONALD & MAY ST. THREE BLOCKS EAST OF C.P. STATION



The Beautiful Home of Aros

Continued from page 38

latter is an immense stretch of glass houses, covering nearly one acre of ground.

The sea frontage of this property is about half a mile long. It faces northeast onto the waters of Boatswain's Bay, which lies just south of Cherry Point at the mouth of Cowichan Bay. The residence is built on high ground standing about 400 yards back from the sea front, and commands what is probably one of the finest views in the world. This view is to the southeast, looking in this direction, the point of the Saanich Peninsula can be seen at the far side of a 3 miles stretch of deep blue water, and rising in all its snow clad grandeur behind this dark green point Mt. Baker comes into clear view, then to the left of the Peninsula more blue sea with Piers Island in the foreground and Moresby Island in the distance. Farther to the left is the bold, rugged, rocky Cape Keppel, which forms the southwest point of Salt Spring Island.

This residence is considered pretty rather than imposing. Its chief claim to beauty lies in the fact that it harmonizes completely with its surroundings; it does not attempt to dominate the surrounding beauties of nature, but rather to blend with them in making a complete picture of rural peace and quiet beauty. Mr. Stewart-McLeod designed the house himself, and he so arranged it that nearly all the materials used in its construction came from the place itself. It is a two-storey house with a spacious basement; the walls of this basement and also the

shows him that he is not in the British Isles, is a mounted fox head or two, "sine qua non" of such a room in an Old Country Manor house. The rest of the house, although conveniently planned, gives the visitor just that touch of unexpectedness, which is usually a delightful feature of such a house in the Old Country; the upstairs passage, out of which the bedrooms open, has abrupt turns with odd corners and cupboards everywhere, also the slope of the roof is apparent in the outside walls of many of the rooms; this picturesque irregularity makes it not merely a dwelling house, but, as Ruskin would express it, "a joy for ever." Most of the panelling in the house was done by Mr. Stewart-McLeod himself and he also made a considerable proportion of the furniture, which has just the same appearance as if it had been made by a professional cabinet maker. Mrs. Stewart-McLeod has done most of the papering and painting in the house herself, and this also has quite a professional finish about it. The house is heated by a hot air furnace, and is supplied with electricity throughout by its own plant; a happy combination of modern conveniences with old fashioned architectural features. A new hydro-electric plant is now being installed.

The house is bordered on three sides by about half an acre of pleasure gardens. These are managed entirely, with occasional help in the rough work, by Mrs. Stewart-McLeod. They, just as in



Southeast aspect of "Aros"

main floor are built of large blocks of blue-grey stone, all this stone having been hewn out of a quarry on the place. The upper storey is of ordinary frame construction, shingled on the outside and painted a quiet shade of red as is also the roof, in fact this storey is built more or less in the roof. The effect of this latter construction is to give the house that low and quiet appearance, which makes it harmonize so perfectly with its surroundings; also ivy and creepers cover its walls thus completing the harmoniousness of the picture.

Passing on now to the interior of this pleasing house: the front door opens directly from a sylvan porch into a spacious and artistically appointed hall livingroom. This room at once strikes the visitor with the note, which the rest of the house swells and completes. An Old Countryman can easily imagine himself in one of the smaller Manor houses of England or Scotland, as he stands in the living room and looks around him. On the ceiling oak beams are brought into sharp relief, these beams were hewn from the trees, which at one time adorned the house site; a huge stone open fireplace occupies the centre of one side of the room; the walls are panelled and hung with old oil paintings and the heads of monarchs of the chase, which Mr. Stewart-McLeod himself has shot in all parts of the world. The only thing an Old-Countryman misses here, which

the case of the house, have been designed not to clash with the rough nature which surrounds them, but to gently tame it, and to act as a bridge between the bush and the house. As the land is all on a gentle slope, the gardens have to be terraced. This terracing is carried out with cedar logs, or with rocks, picked off the surrounding land. Garden seats are made from the limbs of fir trees and tables are made from slabs of wood. The flower beds are small and unpretentious, placed here and there according to no set plan, yet exactly fulfilling the purpose for which they were meant. Large stretches of green lawns are the chief feature of these gardens.

The vegetable gardens are all piped for overhead spray irrigation, and are exceedingly well cultivated. The glass which, if in an English country house garden, would probably have been used for the growing of grapes and pineapples and other tropical delicacies for the table of its lord, are here run as a business: they supply over a ton of tomatoes per week, in a good season, to the Vancouver market. A large flock of hens is also kept on this estate.

This estate employs seven hired men all the year round as well as keeping the son of the house very busy indeed, therefore, besides being a beauty spot and a link with the great traditions of our race, it is also a valuable asset to the district in which it lies.



My Life Work

The finest shaving cream you will ever know
Let me send you a tube to try

By the Chief Chemist

Gentlemen:

You have your own ideals and aims in life. Mine is to excel in a shaving cream. I devote myself to soap chemistry.

One of our creations is Palmolive Soap—the world's leading toilet soap. Now in less than 4 years, Palmolive Shaving Cream, too, has gained top place. Its success is a business sensation.

Will you do us the courtesy of trying it? Men literally are flocking to it. When we started, we little dreamed so great an improvement could be made in a shaving cream.

We asked 1,000 men

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. All of them agreed on four things.

But one requirement, and the greatest of all, is something no man mentioned. They were not scientists. They did not know the prime requirement in a shaving soap. That is, strong bubbles which support the hairs for cutting.

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We made up 130 formulas which we discarded. Each was better than the one before. But none, in our opinion, reached the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Then we attained, by many times over, the best Shaving Cream in existence. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream is monarch in its field. It is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

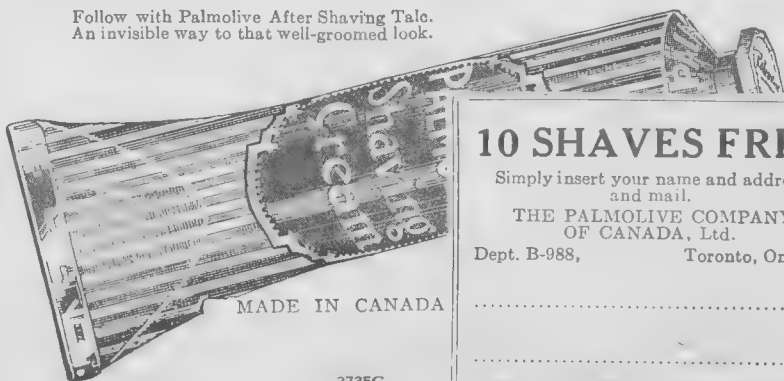
Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

5
New Delights
Five Remarkable Results

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc.
An invisible way to that well-groomed look.



10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail.

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MADE IN CANADA

The Last of Leprosy?

AMONG the triumphs of medical science which in increasing number are giving ground for increasing hope that eventually effectual means will be provided for coping with all the diseases that afflict humanity was announced by Sir Leonard Rogers, of the Medical Service in India, at the recent meeting of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association in London. For eight years he has been carrying on a serum treatment against leprosy, and his announcement is that the cure has now been tested sufficiently long to warrant the belief that it is permanent. "Such an announcement," says the London Times, "delivered at a time when at least 300,000 victims of leprosy exist within the Empire and when a campaign for stamping out the disease has been opened with subscriptions from the King and the Prince of Wales is very heartening." Leprosy, that most horrible and hitherto hopeless of diseases is mentioned in records more than three thousand years old. Most of the considerable cities of Europe once had their leper-houses, and it lingered on in Great Britain until the nineteenth century. Now it has been driven to the outposts of the world, where among vast, ignorant populations segregation is difficult, and the possibility of treating sufferers in the first stages of the affliction is comparatively rare. We in this country are fortunate in knowing of leprosy, as we know of many other afflictions and misfortunes and disastrous visitations from which the great numbers of our fellow human beings suffer, only as things which are felt in parts of the world remote from us. True it is that a place for the segregation of any lepers found in Canada has been maintained by the Dominion Government at Tracadie, in Nova Scotia. But there have never been more than a very few lepers in that remote settlement, of whose existence not one out of a thousand Canadians has known anything.

A Colored Porter's Remark

IT happened one day last month that The Philosopher was travelling on a train, and began chatting with a colored employee of the railway company, whom he had noticed reading in a weekly published in the United States which is very widely circulated both in the States and in this country a story about colored people by a writer who has written many such stories, mostly about sleeping car porters, and all most amusing. When he was asked what he thought of these stories, the colored man said that, of course, they were very funny, but that they were unfair in picturing the negro as being always and unfailingly ludicrous. He said that all colored people did not think and behave in every waking moment like "nigger minstrels," or "blackface comedians." He said no more than that about it, but his words caused The Philosopher to do some thinking. Writers of stories about negroes either treat them as members of a minstrel troupe, or else treat them sentimentally as old black mammies, or Uncle Toms, or Old Black Joes, taking towards them the attitude one takes toward a faithful and beloved animal. What writer treats them as human beings, in their capacity for joy and for suffering? What writer has put himself inside a negro's skin and looked out on life through a negro's eyes? But, it may also be asked, how many writers have treated white people with true and complete insight into their inner lives and thoughts and feelings—the things that really make them "even as you and me?"

Canadian Unity

AWRITER in The New York Times makes some statements about this country and its people which are so extraordinary that it is hard to believe he has any actual knowledge at all about this country. "Canada is not a geographical unit," he writes, "and Canadians are not a separate people either politically or culturally, and never can be." He announces that "geographically and socially" this country and the United States are virtually the same. "There is a different flag waving from the public buildings, that is all," he says. He prophesies that "the Canadians are destined, whether they think so now or not, to lose their national identity." The gentleman is as wild in writing about the future of this country as he is inaccurate in writing about its present. His utterances are simply laughable. If it were not that, no doubt, he is as ignorant of Canada's past as he is of the Canada of today, The Philosopher would like to ask him this question: "Could any of the greatest men of Canada an hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, have predicted truly what Canada is today?" Canada has outgrown her greatest statesmen in the past. Canada will continue to outgrow her greatest statesmen. What is the span of one human generation in the life of a nation? That our country is destined to be great we may be sure. Canada won in the Great War a proud place among the nations of the world and no one who knows anything at all of the Canadian spirit can for a moment believe that Canadians will ever throw away their national identity.

The Philosopher

Gold Can Now Be Made

THE entire world-wide structure of modern trade and commerce is built upon a metal and a belief. The metal is gold, the belief is that gold is valuable. A sudden destruction of the world-wide belief that gold is valuable would disarrange very seriously the whole world-system of business and finance. But that is not going to happen. Gold is not going to be plentiful and cheap. For more than three hundred years the alchemists, who were the scientists of those centuries, tried without cessation to make gold. They believed that there was some magic talisman, some "philosopher's stone" which, if only they could find it, would convert the "baser" metals into shining precious gold. Finally all the sensible men in the world gave up that idea as useless and empty. And now, after another two centuries, the secret of making gold from a "baser" metal has been discovered accidentally by a German scientist, Professor Adolf Miethe, in his laboratory in the Charlottenburg Technical College, near Berlin. Like most of the greatest discoveries of science it was come upon when its finder was searching for something altogether different. Professor Miethe was not trying to find the "philosopher's stone." Far from it. He was making researches into ultra-violet light. To obtain that light in sufficient intensity, he used a "quartz" bulb containing mercury, which is familiar to everyone under its other name of quicksilver. Through the mercury he passed a powerful current of electricity which vaporized it. In time a black film was deposited on the inner surface of the bulb. He analyzed the film and found that it yielded a minute quantity of gold. The process has been repeated with the same results in laboratories both in Europe and in this continent. But, to "make" gold in that way from quicksilver costs thousands of times as much as it would to buy the same quantity of gold!

Why the Distress in Germany?

MONTH after month, week after week, day after day, wails of distress have been coming from Germany. There are heart-rending accounts of destitution among the masses of the German people, and especially of the injury that is being suffered by the millions of German people on account of their lacking proper nutrition. No feeling heart can fail to be moved in pity and sympathy with suffering. A great deal is being done by people living in other countries to relieve the distress of sufferers in Germany. But there is a side of the German situation which must be kept in view steadily. While it is true that there is lack of food and other necessities among large classes of the German people, it is equally true that other smaller classes in Germany are luxuriating in wealth and plenty. The distresses in Germany are mainly the result of the course deliberately followed by the rulers of Germany since the close of the war in destroying the German currency by a vast flood of paper money. In the years before the war the world was continually being informed from Germany that German brains were the best under the sun, that in no other country was there so much intelligence and capacity and ability as in Germany, that no other country had such genius for business and political organization and efficiency. But the world has never had such a spectacle of blind incompetency as Germany has presented since the armistice in the failure to manage rightly its currency. Partly in order to defraud Belgium and France of the reparations rightly due them for the devastations wrought by the German armies, partly because of the greed of certain profiteering interests in Germany which disregarded blindly and heartlessly the welfare of the German people as a whole, and partly out of sheer moral, intellectual and political impotence, the currency which in every country is the very life-blood of its daily economic life, has been weakened into worthlessness. The assertion made quite casually by a prominent friend of the ex-Kaiser's, that "Germany might starve, with bursting barns," is a simple assertion of fact. The grain harvest was abundant in Germany last year; but the German farmers have not felt disposed to give their grain away for worthless paper money. Post-war German statesmanship has failed to solve the problem of how to get the food to the people. And many leading Germans complain loudly that what has happened is the result of foreign ill-will and injustice to Germany; and some people outside Germany, giving way to mushy, sentimental thinking, regard this pernicious nonsense as true. Germany must deal competently with the problem it has created for itself by making its currency worthless; by so doing it will be helping more than in any other possible way, the increase of good will on the part of the rest of the world.

The Idea of a Variable Dollar

"KNOWLEDGE is power," is a saying which The Philosopher remembers as standing at the head of one of the pages of the copybook in which he did his first writing, when he was learning to write at school. It is a true saying, of course; but like many another true saying it requires to be understood in all its bearings before its full meaning can begin to be grasped. The knowledge which is no more than a knowledge of facts, dates, statistics and details has its value. But real power comes from a person's ability to make use of the knowledge he has accumulated in his mind. There are many problems in the world today which require a great deal of knowledge if we are to understand them; the power to solve them can only come from deep insight and understanding. One of the most profoundly difficult world problems at the present time is the problem of the gold standard, which is only one of a complicated network of problems in regard to monetary reform, credit, the stabilizing of currency and the fluctuations of international exchange. An immense amount of theorizing is being done about all these problems. Learned professors and economists of high standing appear to have convinced themselves that there should be a variable dollar, which should fluctuate in value according to the fluctuation in value of a certain list of commodities. The Philosopher must admit that he finds it is difficult to understand how such a scheme could be carried on, any more than he can understand why it would not do equally well to have the dollar stay fixed as a measure of value, and have the bushel, gallon, quart, pint, pound, foot, yard and other measures of commodities altered at certain times by a government board, or an international commission.

The Best Safeguarding Against War

THE one manifest, undeniable fact in connection with war is that no international agreement can convert it into a chivalrous outdoor sport carried on by all participants under humane rules and regulations. The only difference between war in the future and war in the past will be that science will make war in the future more devastating and destructive than it has ever been in the past. The wisest course to be taken in the interests of humanity is to plan all possible safeguards to prevent the beginning of war. The roots of war are hatred, greed, ignorance and misunderstanding. These are the poison gases against which there is need of providing preventive measures. The League of Nations has accomplished already much more than many people suppose towards the achievement of that all-important purpose. It has done so both directly and indirectly. The most valuable service the League of Nations renders is that it keeps world attention fixed on the need of prevention of war. It strengthens and establishes more and more firmly the international habit of talking over international differences that arise and so preventing their becoming disputes. Thus it promotes the removing of international misunderstandings and improves international understanding and good will. It secures increased use of the procedure of referring international matters to an international tribunal. It associates citizens representing different nations in work for the general betterment, such as the checking of disease and vice and the alleviating of famine. The more there is introduced into international relations this benevolent, constructive spirit and work, the less danger there is of war. The more nations combine against the common enemies of mankind, the less they will be inclined to turn on each other with weapons and appliances of destruction. In this is the hope of peace. International co-operation in the promotion of the purposes of civilization is the best security against war.

Habits

THERE was an account in the newspapers a little while ago of a brother and sister in one of the Maritime Provinces who had lived on the same farm for half a century, and during all that time had not been farther than twenty miles from home. For thirty years the woman had not been to town, five miles away. It is not that either one of the two was physically disabled in any way or was in appearance or otherwise, so far as the casual observer could see, different from other people. Their way of living had simply become a habit. The case of these two people should go on record as a striking proof of how habits of life can become prison chains. It is a good plan to break one's habits occasionally, to see if it can be done. To maintain even the best of habits too rigorously tends to ossify existence. It makes one stiff. It is narrowing and cramping. Of course, one must do some things the same, or nearly the same way, in order to learn to do them well. But, once having acquired from repetition the necessary skill, it is well to break away from the routine once in a while and do it some other way. It is better even to make some blunders and to get some knocks in making experiments, than to travel in a deepening groove of habit until freedom ends. The surest way of putting an end to development is to become a slave to habit. Nothing is more deadening to mental growth and freedom than fixed and settled and unchanging ways of thinking.

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No adjustments
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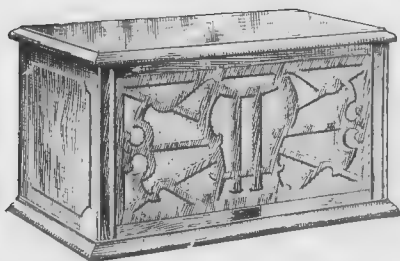
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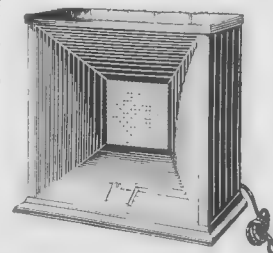
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Model VIII, Mahogany Cabinet
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Bell



4733-4727. Ladies' Costume. Blouse 4733 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt 4727 cut in 6 inches; hip measure, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43 and 45 inches. To make this costume for a 38-inch size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Two separate patterns.

4652-4572. Ladies' Costume. Blouse 4652 cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure. Skirt 4572 cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. To make the dress as shown in the large view will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. To make the dress with long sleeves will require $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Two separate patterns.

4808. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 yards of 40-inch material.



4810. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

4815. Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 32-inch material. The Guimpe of contrasting material requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40 inches wide.

4711. Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material.

4910. Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of one material 32 inches wide.

4967. Child's Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Without the long sleeves $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard will be required.

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That Owe
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to Their Extraor-
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Reg. App. for

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TWO Most Fascinating
Silks Artifice That Make
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In Size 36, re-
quires 3 1/2
yards of "ROL-
LO-KREPE" or
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ONE of the notable
features of the "ROL-
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Pattern
No. 5434
(Tunic)
No. 5638
(Slip)

In Size 36, requires
for tunic and slip,
5 yards of "ROL-
LO-KREPE" or of
"CORDELENE."



Butterick
Pattern
No. 5704

In Size 36, re-
quires 3 1/2 yards
of "ROLLO-
KREPE" or
of "CORDE-
LENE."



Butterick
Pattern
No. 5727

In Size 16, requires
2 1/4 yards of "ROL-
LO-KREPE" or of
"CORDELENE."

*Half the world
is half asleep*

It is terrible to feel all dragged out—to live from one day to the next in a constant state of weariness. Yet thousands do, because constipation is destroying their energy—even their interest in life. Only Kellogg's ALL-BRAN brings sure and safe relief from this disease.



Fired because he was always tired

"Drowsy Bill," they called him—a lifeless, eternally tired old-young man. He tried hard enough, but his energies always sagged before the job was done. One day Bill was missing . . . fired.

In every walk of life you'll find men and women who are fighting constipation—the dread disease which robs the body of its energy and strength. But thank goodness, there is pleasant, safe, permanent relief from constipation—Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is what doctors call a bulk food. As it journeys through the body, its fibre remains unchanged. Therefore, it can sweep the intestine clean. ALL-BRAN also absorbs and carries moisture through the intestinal tract, thus stimulating regular healthy action. ALL-BRAN urges nature to act normally—something that habit-forming pills and drugs can never do.

Serve Kellogg's ALL-BRAN with milk or cream, sprinkled over other cereals or cooked with hot cereals. Delicious with fruit. Also use the many recipes given on every package. If eaten regularly, Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is guaranteed to bring permanent relief or the grocer returns the purchase price. Eat two tablespoonfuls daily—in chronic cases, with every meal.

Be Careful! Only ALL-BRAN brings sure results. Be sure to get Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. A part-bran product is only partially effective—maybe not at all. Kellogg's is the original and only ALL-BRAN. All grocers sell it. Served in leading hotels and restaurants. Buy a package today.

The original ALL-BRAN—ready-to-eat



**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN**



The Age of Adventure

Continued from page 9

Wilson. She looks so sweet and I believe she is all alone."

Mr. Wilson. Then they were not married! The old lady's imagination worked wildly. She was convinced that she had not misinterpreted the look in the girl's eyes. She was in love with that young fellow, Mrs. Farquhar was sure of it. But then who?—what?—why...?

The waiter interposed between her and the couple in which she was so much interested, and solicitous for her welfare, compelled her to concentrate on a choice of food.

MRS. FARQUHAR had not enjoyed an evening meal for years as she did that one. Tired after her journey? Not a bit of it! She wandered off into the lounge for coffee, and when presently the girl with the wedding ring came in all alone, Mrs. Farquhar moved slightly, as if to indicate that there was room on the Chesterfield beside her.

The girl smiled with engaging friendliness.

"I saw you at dinner," she remarked, sitting down beside the old lady. "You are all by yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes," with a nod. "And you?"

"I'm all by myself, too."

"Forgive an old lady for saying so, but you're much too pretty to be staying alone at a seaside hotel. What is your husband thinking of?"

The girl's ears grew pink.

"He is in the navy. On a submarine, off Malta. So, of course, I can't be with him."

She drew a long sigh and Mrs. Farquhar glanced sharply at her.

"Tell me what he's like," she suggested, persuasively.

"Oh, er... how can I tell you what he is like? It's so difficult to describe people."

"Yes, yet I think I could describe that young man who was dining with you."

"Mr. Wilson? But then, you see, he is not my husband."

"Is that his name?" asked Mrs. Farquhar, guilefully.

The girl nodded.

"My name is Mansfield," she volunteered. "Mrs. Richard Mansfield."

"Richard is such a nice name," murmured the old lady. "It was my dear husband's name, Richard Farquhar. He wouldn't allow any of the boys to be named after him."

Mr. Wilson came into the lounge just then and the girl introduced him. The old lady lost her heart to him at once. He had a frank and courteous manner that was wholly delightful.

After five minutes or so, he asked the girl if she were ready to go and turning to Mrs. Farquhar, explained:

"We're going to the Regent to dance, Mrs. Farquhar. I suppose you wouldn't care to come and watch?"

Prudence struggled with desire in the old lady's mind and finally won.

"But do ask me another evening and I'll come," she smiled. The girl turned at the door and gave a final wave of the hand.

"Jane Farquhar, what has come over you?" she asked herself when she prepared for bed. "Here you are, deliberately encouraging a flirtation between a young man and a married woman. I wouldn't have believed it of you."

As she laid her head on her pillow, candor compels me to admit that old Mrs. Farquhar was not in the least penitent.

MRS. FARQUHAR had taken on a new lease of life. Instead of sitting still in her comfortable easy chair, thinking over her aches and pains, and musing on memories of the past, she was watching the progress of the friendship between Sylvia Mansfield and Roger Wilson.

They called each other by their first names now, and Mrs. Farquhar was not in the least shocked. She had come to certain conclusions and decisions and was merely waiting the course of events.

The old lady had no time to give to thoughts of the life she had left. She had written a long letter to Jarvis, tell-

ing him that she was well and happy, but mentioning nothing of the interest that she was taking in the affairs of a young couple, who, as she put it to herself in the modern language taught her by her grandchildren, intrigued her greatly.

She received a few lines in reply.

"So glad you are enjoying yourself. We miss you very much. When are you coming home?"

Mrs. Farquhar laid aside the letter and reflected. It is human to want to be missed, but precisely what did Jarvis mean by her being missed? Was it just that an article of furniture to which everyone had become accustomed was not in its usual position?

Mrs. Darcy, a fussy, middle-aged person, with garments that floated and swirled, bore down on Mrs. Farquhar. She seated herself by her side and opened fire.

"Isn't it disgusting to see a young married woman carrying on like that Mrs. Mansfield?" she began.

Mrs. Farquhar's eyes strayed in the direction of the tennis courts. Sylvia, in white jumper and pleated skirt, was playing a single against Roger Wilson, and putting up a good game against him, too.

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, absently.

Mrs. Darcy clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth impatiently.

"I said Mrs. Mansfield," she repeated, a little louder.

"Oh." The old lady was non-committal.

"Someone ought to speak to her."

"Someone seems to be speaking to her," murmured Mrs. Farquhar as, the set finished, Roger strolled up to the net and started an animated conversation with Sylvia, who smiled up at him engagingly.

"There, do you see that? Isn't it positively revolting? I wish her husband would turn up."

"Perhaps he will," replied Mrs. Farquhar, gently.

"If he doesn't come soon, he'll be too late," commented Mrs. Darcy, viciously. But she was all smiles a moment later when the tennis players came up to receive Mrs. Farquhar's congratulations on their game. The four chatted together for a few minutes at the end of which Mrs. Darcy carried off Sylvia on the pretext of asking her opinion of a new frock that had just arrived from the dressmaker's.

"Now I wonder..." Mrs. Farquhar was thinking to herself, but did not get any farther, for Roger, on the grass at her feet, his hands clasped round his knees, looked up at her and observed:

"Mrs. Farquhar, I'm the happiest man in the world and the most miserable."

The old lady waited. She was just loving this, but she did not want to spoil it all.

"You see how it is with us," went on Roger.

"Roger," asked the old lady, "how long have you known Sylvia Mansfield?"

"How long?" he repeated. "Why, I've been here ten days. Yes, I've known her ten days. She was here when I arrived and we danced together at the Regent that same evening. Dancing partners are all very well, but when the only girl in the world fits your steps as if it explained your very existence that you were born to dance together, why..."

He broke off, twisting up grass stalks, and snapping them off.

"And when," asked the old lady softly, "did you first realize that Sylvia was—er—married?"

He groaned.

"Don't rub it in," he begged. "I saw the ring, of course, but I didn't know at first what was happening to me. Mrs. Farquhar, I'm sure that chap isn't good to her."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, she won't talk about him. Changes the subject, directly I begin asking any questions. I believe he's a perfect brute. I've found out that he's years older than she is."

"How did you ascertain that?" Mrs. Farquhar was much interested.

"Sylvia admitted as much. I believe her people forced her into the marriage."

And she's such a child. Do you know she's only nineteen? And so fresh and— and—dewy, there's no other word for it; I have to keep on reminding myself she's married, and even then I can hardly believe it. What am I going to do?"

"You know of course what I ought to advise you to do, don't you?"

"Go away and not see her again, I suppose you mean. I've tried, and I can't do it. I actually packed my things the day before yesterday, and had the deuce of a time getting out a clean shirt again in time for dinner."

The old lady laughed. Suddenly she leaned forward and kissed his forehead.

"You're a dear boy, and I'm going to help you," she said.

Mrs. Darcy coming out alone, with an air of triumph on her face, a quarter of an hour later, was astonished to see old Mrs. Farquhar and Roger Wilson, deep in conversation of a most engrossing and personal nature evidently, for neither perceived her. She stood stock still as the young man seized both hands of the old lady, and kissed her on the cheek.

Tapping her tongue discontentedly against the roof of her mouth, Mrs. Darcy hurriedly retired indoors again.

SYLVIA'S bedroom adjoined that of Mrs. Farquhar, and her windows led to the same verandah. The old lady, retiring to her room for purposes of reconstruction, caught the low sounds of sobbing.

She stood for a moment hesitating, then stepped on to the verandah. Sylvia's window was ajar, and through it Mrs. Farquhar perceived the girl lying on the bed, one arm flung across her eyes.

A moment later, the old lady was beside her.

"Oh, I can't tell you, I can't tell you," sobbed Sylvia.

Mrs. Farquhar waited. She knew that it would be only a matter of a few moments before she heard more.

Sylvia sobbed unrestrainedly.

"I'm going away tomorrow," she announced presently, between her sobs.

"And what about Roger?" asked the old lady placidly.

Sylvia turned over on her face and Mrs. Farquhar had to stoop low to catch the words.

"I shall never see him again. I mustn't. Not even to say good-bye."

"That's rather hard on Roger, isn't it?"

Sylvia sat up suddenly and threw her arms around the old lady's neck.

"You're a dear," she declared impulsively. "So different from other people. I don't believe you've ever had an uncharitable thought. I'd like to tell you everything, if I only could."

She began to cry again, only more softly this time.

"I don't suppose even you can understand the monotony of doing the same thing every day, day after day, seeing the same people, having the same things said to you..."

"Can't I?" interrupted the old lady.

"I once saw a man selling squirrels in the street," went on Sylvia. "Each one was in a cage that had steps and went round and round. The squirrel kept on going upstairs, up and up and up, but all the time the cage was going round and round, only the squirrel didn't know it. He thought if he only climbed long enough, he'd get out. Well, that was just like my life. I'm not excusing myself, only explaining. I wanted an adventure."

"Yes?" The old lady was listening breathlessly.

Sylvia closed her eyes.

"At this moment, I'm supposed to be staying with an aunt at Bognor, helping her to look after her children," she said, bitterly. "At Bognor."

"There are worse places than Bognor," commented the old lady.

"Oh, yes, I don't say there aren't. But I wanted to be free. I haven't told you that I live with a great-aunt in the country. That is the real truth, not an invention. For I'm going to tell you the real truth now, even if you despise me ever afterwards. I'm not married, and as far as I know, there's no such person as Richard Mansfield."

"I know," nodded Mrs. Farquhar. "I knew some days ago."

Continued on page 64



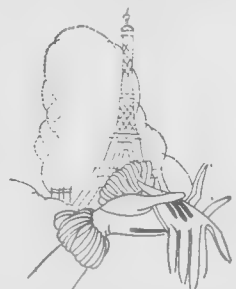
The glove of a distinguished Russian *émigrée*, with reverse cuff and scalloped edge.

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Double ruffles give this glove inimitable charm.

Model 665—Price \$2.00



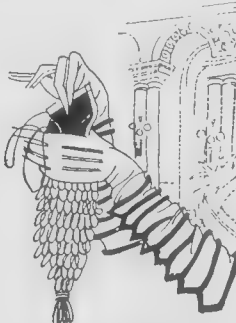
As she sauntered up the Rue Royale these shirred gloves were distinctively smart.

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This model, with single ruffle, was worn by a noted American just up from Cannes.

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about SILK GLOVES

Gloves Gay, Like Spring Flowers

"Nothing is so smart as the ornamented cuff" the edict of Paris

WHAT joy the new gloves have brought to the hearts of les Parisiennes—and now to les Canadiennes! Paris in the Spring! This year the flower vendors have competition in multi-colored, decorated gloves.

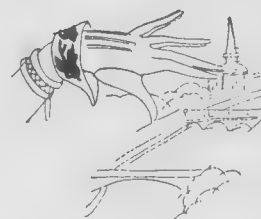
A riot of lovely cuffs . . . embroidered, piped shirred, cut in different shapes, some drooping, some with saucy contrasts in colors . . . daring, yes, but *très chic*.

Kayser observers in Paris sketched the coming models and cabled us. Now in your own shops, as if they were snuggling along the Tuileries Gardens on the Rue de Rivoli or on the Rue de la Paix, you can find Kayser's latest creations, faithful copies of the favorites in Paris.

Kayser alone sets the pace in transmitting *le dernier cri* in gloves to Canada. See them at once. In many shades, many styles—Spring-weight silk at prices which delight the slim pocketbook of the smart Parisienne. So buy several pairs, remembering that the ungloved hand is quite *passé*.

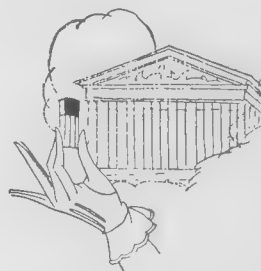
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GLOVES - UNDERWEAR - HOSIERY
ALL MADE IN CANADA



Appropriately enough, we noted this flower embroidered reverse cuff as the wearer emerged from a lovely garden.

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As she turned out of the Rue St. Honoré, we noted a diplomat's wife, wearing this glove with its scalloped cuff.

Model 602—Price \$1.50



A new gauntlet model with handkerchief flaps in contrasting colors.

Model 555—Price \$2.00

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The Age of Adventure—Continued from page 63

Sylvia gasped.

"You knew," she echoed blankly. "How could you know?"

Mrs. Farquhar smiled.

"Old people's eyes are sometimes sharper than the young folks think, dear," she replied. "I felt certain, the first day I saw you, when I thought things over, that you weren't married and never had been. Then I remembered, what you perhaps forgot, that there was such a thing as a navy list. After that, it was easy to find out that there was no such person as Richard Mansfield—not in the navy list, anyway."

Sylvia took both the old lady's hands. "And I thought you were such a sweet, unsophisticated old dear," she said reproachfully and kissed her.

Mrs. Farquhar chuckled. "If you only knew how I've enjoyed this little comedy," she said.

Sylvia's face clouded over.

"It's no comedy to me," she sighed. "It's a tragedy. If you knew the things that horrid Mrs. Darcy said to me—but the tragedy is, that I must go away, without even saying good-bye to Roger..."

She broke down.

"You can't do anything of the sort," protested Mrs. Farquhar.

"How can I tell him that I've been acting a lie all this time? What reason can I give him for having pretended I was married?"

"You haven't told me what your reason was," suggested Mrs. Farquhar.

"Why, I thought it would be an adventure. And I didn't think I could stay alone at an hotel without being married. Great-aunt Patience always said I could not. So I invented a husband. How could I tell I was going to meet Roger?"

"Officers on submarines sometimes meet with accidents," mused the old lady. "You might kill off the supposed Richard Mansfield."

"No," replied Sylvia, shaking her head with decision. "No more lies for me. Roger is too good, too straight. He deserves the truth, but I haven't the courage to risk telling him. So I must go away and never see him again."

Her lips trembled. "I'm glad you're tired of untruths, because that makes it all so easy," declared the old lady calmly. "And you won't have to tell Roger that you are not married, because he knows."

"He knows?" faltered Sylvia.

"Yes, I told him, just now, downstairs. And the dear fellow has been waiting all this time..."

Sylvia sprang from the bed and began sponging her face with cold water.

"Tell him I'll be down in a minute," she murmured from the depths of the towel, as Mrs. Farquhar prepared to depart.

As she stepped on to the verandah, something gold flashed past the old lady, flying seawards over the parade.

It was the last relic of Richard Mansfield.

* * *

"I'm delighted to find you looking so well, Mother," her son Jarvis told Mrs. Farquhar, next day. "I felt I must run down and see whether you were all right. You look ten years younger. It has done you good to get out of the rut."

"Yes, that's it," nodded the old lady. Her eyes wandered towards a young couple sitting a short distance away, engrossed in each other and oblivious of everything else. "Monotony ages one so. I feel as if I had the roving foot, Jarvis. I am thinking of going to the Riviera for the winter."

The Height of a Man's Heart—Continued from page 11

As she went out her eyes fell on her knitting. She would take Mrs. Alson's yoke and do some of it on the beach. It would be rent day next week and the money would be needed. She stretched out her hand for her work.

"No you don't," said Pat quickly, and his hand closed over hers and made her drop it. She laughed a girlish laugh of enjoyment, but his face had flushed a deep crimson.

"You'd better be going, it'll soon get chilly," he said roughly, and without more bidding she went.

It passed all too quickly, that wonderful hour of stillness and enjoyment. The low chuckle of the water as it lapped lazily on the beach was companionable, and the sunlight that compassed her round was wonderfully cheering. The hour passed quickly, but it was with a new cheerfulness that she returned to the block.

As she passed along the passage way Mrs. Wilton was standing at her open door, talking to Mrs. Cates who occupied the next suite of rooms. Both had their hair still painfully imprisoned in steel pins, and both stood with arms akimbo carrying on their conversation in loud tones. Lucy remembered that it was rumoured in the block that Mrs. Wilton's Ann was to be married to Pat Carey in the summer. "She's a lucky girl!" thought Lucy, and the heartiness of her congratulatory thought gave an added warmth to her greeting to Mrs. Wilton as she passed.

But there was no reply. Instead a silence fell between the two gossips, and Mrs. Wilton's eyes fixed themselves on an invisible point above Lucy's head, whilst there was no mistaking the enmity with which Mrs. Cate's glance rested on her feet. Puzzled and troubled Lucy passed on. The evening seemed suddenly to have turned cooler, the sunshine to have become less brilliant.

SHE found Pat puffing vigorously at his pipe, and her father pulling feebly at a cigarette with which he had just been provided.

"Had a good time Lucy?"

"Yes Pat. It was very pleasant on the beach."

"You'd better do it every evening. It's as easy for me to read my paper here as in my own room, and the rest will be good for you."

But Lucy was busy laying the cloth for supper and apparently did not hear for she returned no answer. Pat did not repeat his suggestion, but hoisting his big limbs out of the chair, bade her "goodnight" and left.

All that evening Lucy was very thoughtful.

The next morning Mrs. Wilton was engaged in forcefully shaking her mats over the railing as Lucy came along the passage. She did not seem to notice the

little figure in black waiting to pass, and at last Lucy ventured to speak her name in an interval of energetic shaking.

Mrs. Wilton assumed a ponderous air of wonder, as if marvelling at hearing her name breathed upon the air. She might have been understudying Joan of Arc listening to her voices. At last her eyes turned slowly towards Lucy.

"Oh it's you Miss Basset," she remarked with chilling hauteur; but she did not step aside, or move the pile of rugs that blocked the way.

"Father's asleep for a few minutes so I thought I'd just run round to the butcher's for a bit of meat for dinner. I can't leave him when he's awake," explained Lucy, rather timidly, but still the portly figure, barricaded behind the pile of rugs, barred her way.

"I'm sorry indeed to detain you Miss Basset. But I've no young man to do my work for me—and my poor girl is lying fretting on her bed without the heart to help her poor old mother. Pining, Miss Basset, that's what she's doing!"

"I'm sorry to hear that, but what is the matter?" Mrs. Wilton's formal repetition of her name chilled her, and made her feel that in some way she was the guilty cause of the pining. Her question opened the floodgates and a stream of angry words flowed out.

"Oh you can't hoodwink me, my girl. There wasn't a more promising couple than her and Pat till you angled him away. Now he hasn't time for more than a 'good-evening'—it's always you as has to be waited on. Not a show has he asked her to for over a month, but he's plenty of time to waste fetching and carrying for you. It's breaking her heart, that's what it's doing!" Mrs. Wilton ended her tirade with a sniff, and an angry shake of a rug that covered Lucy with its dust. She stepped back a few yards and waited in silence till the rugs were finished and the door had closed behind Mrs. Wilton with an angry bang.

Her face was very white and she trembled as she hurried on her errand. All that day she pondered on what course of action she should take. Pat's visits had come to be very bright spots in her lonely life, must she give them up? There would be no more sitting on the beach in the evening. Well, that she would hardly miss; but how dreary the days would be without his morning call to fill her scuttle and fetch her wood, and the evening chat when he came in with the parcels. Still, if Ann was pining—and if he was promised to Ann!

Lucy's head dropped on her arms. She understood with a sudden terrible comprehension what the pain of losing Pat would be. Long she lay with her face buried in her arms, her fingers interlocked, her body motionless. Before her mind rose memory after memory, and

each struck her heart a double blow—of happiness past, of present loss.

AT last the sound of a man's footfall reached through the darkness that seemed to encircle her. Her outstretched hands twitched convulsively, and as the steps grew louder and nearer, she rose hastily, and with her back to the door busied herself over the sink.

"Evening Lucy. Getting ready for your hour's holiday?"

For a moment she did not answer. The revelation of her heart was too new, the sound of his voice too dear; and for a second she dared not trust her voice. Then without turning she spoke.

"I'll not be going tonight Pat."

"And why not? Sure it's a lovely evening!"

"I'm not very well—I've a bad headache," said Lucy still addressing the taps. "I think I'd be better alone here."

There was a little gap of silence. "That means you don't want me about! Well I can take a hint as well as any," said Pat, in a voice that hurt by its coldness. "Goodnight!" and the door was closed, but quietly, on account of the supposed headache.

Mr. Basset called from the next room, and his daughter went quickly to him.

"Where's Pat? I want Pat!" he said querulously in his poor thick voice.

"Pat isn't coming in tonight, dear. I'm busy and can't do with him."

Can't do with him! Did the Recording Angel smile sadly to himself as he wrote "extenuating circumstances" beside the entry of the pathetic little lie?

Early next morning Lucy crept downstairs and filled her coal scuttle and brought up her wood. At the usual hour Pat came to her door before going to work.

"Any shopping to be done today?" he asked, and his voice lacked its usual heartiness; almost there was a sound of uneasiness in it.

"No thank you Pat."

"Well, hand me out the scuttle and I'll get your coal." The uneasiness was still more marked.

"Thank you Pat, I filled it myself."

A silence fell, cold and deadly; then without a word Pat turned on his heel and walked away.

Never in all her life had Lucy lived through such a day. Longing for evening and the sound of Pat's footsteps; dreading that he might come to the door as usual—fearing with a still colder dread that he might not.

Evening came. She heard him come along the passage, heard him stop at his door—open it—and shut it behind him; and at that sound it seemed to her as if a grey pall of years of lonely silence fell over her heart. But perhaps that was how Ann had felt when she had heard him pass her door to go to her's. Lucy's!

Continued on page 66

Thousands Have Banished Gray Hair with this Clean, Colorless Liquid

The Original Shade Quickly Returns



Is gray hair to become a thing of the past? Is the time coming when anyone can easily avoid the appearance of age which grayness brings? Thousands and thousands of men and women who have used the clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak would gladly answer "yes." These people have seen their hair change from gray to its original shade, surely and quickly. They have thus seen their youthful looks return. No wonder that many of them have written letter after letter in praise of Kolor-Bak. If everybody who is turning gray would do as these thousands of people have done—use this remarkable liquid—we would see few gray heads anywhere.



Positive Results in One Week

It seems almost unbenevolent that a liquid, having no color in itself, can cause the former shade to return to gray hair. However, we have the most convincing proof of the amazing properties of Kolor-Bak in the reports which have been coming in for several years from people who freely relate their experiences with it. These reports form a flood of evidence that in Kolor-Bak we have found the way not only to get rid of grayness, but to give the hair the uniformity of shade so essential to a natural appearance.

To appear young is to have such a tremendous advantage in both social and business life that nobody wants to show even a trace of gray, and of course everyone wants to restore his or her "own shade." Ask the woman who has seen the triumph of younger looking rivals; ask the man who, prematurely gray, has been refused advancement or even employment because regarded as "too old"—ask them what grayness means, and you will realize the joy which this remarkable liquid brings to those to whom gray hair has come.

Scientists will tell you that hair becomes gray because through age, illness, shock or disease the tiny cells in the scalp, called follicles, whose business it is to supply the pigment or coloring matter to the hair, have become inactive. They no longer produce this pigment, and naturally the hair must suffer—it must turn gray.

But no matter what the cause of the grayness, it is amazing to see the results when Kolor-Bak is used. It is the most satisfactory substitute for the natural pigmentation. It makes no difference what the original shade was—brown, black,

red, blond—this clean, colorless liquid will restore it.

You not only see the former shade return, but you find also that the hair has not a "dyed look," nor does it appear streaked or faded. It takes on new "life," lustre and softness.

Used by Thousands

Kolor-Bak has proved its remarkable power for people of all ages and for hair of every color.

From everywhere come words like these:

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"It restored the natural shade to my hair."

"My hair began to return to its original shade in a few days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now same as in youth."

"My hair, which was all gray, is now a nice brown again."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"Kolor-Bak restored the former shade to my hair. It has also removed the dandruff from my little girl's head."

For Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Not only does Kolor-Bak restore the original shade to the hair and give it the beauty it had in youth—it banishes dandruff and keeps the pores of the scalp from becoming clogged with scurf and scale. It stops falling of the hair and promotes a strong, healthy growth. It also brings comfort, not only by giving cleanliness, but by stopping itching of the scalp.

Kolor-Bak gives a cool, refreshing sensation to the scalp—makes it clean and makes it feel clean.

It is not sticky, greasy, mussy or unpleasant to use. It is just a clean, colorless liquid which contains ingredients known to be beneficial to hair and scalp. It is as easy to use as water.

My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original shade. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak."

(A Typical Letter)

Ask Your Dealer for Kolor-Bak

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that druggists and dealers in toilet supplies everywhere always have it in stock. You do not need to furnish a sample of your hair, or to make tests to obtain a solution of the right strength.

The one clean, colorless liquid is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If it does not bring the desired result, your money will be instantly refunded.

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with Money-Back Guarantee

For Sale in Canada by the following druggists:
T. A. Brownlee, 265 Bank St., Ottawa.
Cochrane Drug & Chem. Co., Ltd., Cochrane.
Drug Trading Co., Ltd., 6 Ontario Street, Toronto.
Dupuis Frères, Ltd., Montreal.
Leonard Fysh, Ltd., 24 High St., W. Moose Jaw.
The Hanna Drug Co., Peace River, Alta.
Higginbotham Drug Co., 124 Eighth Avenue, East Calgary.
J. D. Higginbotham & Co., Ltd., Lethbridge.
The Hull Drug Co., Peace River.

Gaston St. Jacques, 186 Laurier Ave., W. Montreal.
J. D. Kaine, 504 Fourth Ave., West Calgary.
Kelly Drug Co., Regina.
Kinley's Ltd., 499 Barrington St., Halifax.
Lyon's Cut Rate Drug Store, Ltd., 8 Bleury Street, Montreal.
MacFarlane Drug Co., 1327 Douglas Street, Victoria.
E. Burton Meally, Cor. King and Mary Streets, Hamilton.
M. H. Robertson Ltd., 82 Dalhousie Street, Brantford.

Saskatoon Drug & Stationery Co., Ltd., Saskatoon.
Service Drug Stores, Ltd., 101st Street and Rice, Edmonton.
Messrs. Sharp Bros. Druggists, Shaunavon.
Simpson—Druggist, Bassano.
Messrs. G. Tamblin Ltd., 120 Richmond Street, Toronto.
Vancouver Drug Co., Ltd., 456 Broadway West, Vancouver.
Bryson's Ltd., Cor. St. Catherine and Peel Streets, Montreal.
Shaunavon Drug Co., Shaunavon.

Davidson & Holmes, Cor. 101st St. and Rice, Edmonton.
Johnston's Drug Store, 104th and Jasper, Edmonton.
Logan Drug Store, Yorkton.
Owl Drug Co., Ltd., Vancouver.
Standard Drug Co., London.
The White Drug & Book Store, 25 Main St., Galt.
W. K. Buckley, 93 Dundas St., E. Toronto.
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Dressmaking Lessons

Continued from page 36

Sleeves

THE sleeves of a dress or any other garment are as important as the dress or garment itself. If a sleeve does not fit or set properly the whole appearance of the dress or garment is spoiled.

Sleeve patterns require fitting and altering to suit the different types just as the rest of the pattern. Fit the sleeve pattern on the wearer and pay particular attention to the top of the sleeve. If it is too high and narrow place a small tuck across the narrow part of the sleeve at the top. This makes the sleeve lower at the top and makes it fit into the armseye without any fullness showing. Then measure length of sleeve. If too long, for a bell sleeve or a sleeve with a cuff, place a tuck in the centre of the sleeve to make it the length desired. (See Sleeve Diagram 1.) For a plain, tight-fitting sleeve, the elbow is the most important part and must not be interfered with. To alter the sleeve without interfering with the elbow, place two tucks instead of one, one above the elbow and one below. Make the first tuck half way between the elbow and the top of the sleeve and the second one half way between the elbow and the bottom of the sleeve. Make both tucks the same size. (See Sleeve Diagram 2).

If the sleeve is too short, cut the pattern in the same places where tucks would have been lifted and insert paper to make the sleeve the length required. (See Sleeve Diagram 3).

To change the width of the sleeves: If the sleeve is too wide, place a tuck down the centre of the sleeve pattern the size required. If too small, cut the pattern down the centre and insert paper the width required. By this method sleeves can be altered without spoiling the shape in any way. (See Sleeve Diagrams 4 and 5.)

The stout woman has more difficulty with her sleeves, as they are usually the right size from elbow to wrist and too small from top of sleeve to elbow. To enlarge the upper part of the sleeve without interfering with the lower part, cut the pattern in the centre from the top of the sleeve to one inch below the elbow, and insert a v-shaped piece of paper from one to two inches at top, according to width required. (See Sleeve Diagram 6.)

Some Ancient Customs of Good Friday and Easter

Continued from page 24

Easter Tuesday that she had to perform this curious duty; wearing a large round crown made of china of which the points were really cups. When it is understood that in the space between each cup a candle was stuck for the occasion by means of a piece of moist clay, the size and weight of the crown can easily be imagined. When the unfortunate belle was ready to walk around the hamlets the cups were filled with a famous Welsh beverage made of malt, called "bragod." The bragod bearer was soon surrounded by the village swains, whose endeavor it was to drink from the cups on the damsel's head without burning their noses or spilling the precious liquid. "Stocsio," another old Cymric Easter custom, lingered in North Wales in the early part of the last century. Men and boys on Easter Sunday carrying wands in their hands would go to the top of a mountain and, holding a mock parliament, would proclaim the Easter laws, which seem to have been to this effect: All men under sixty were to be out of bed and out of doors on Easter Monday before six a.m.; those under forty, before four a.m.; all under twenty to stay up all night. In the early hours of the Monday morning these officious folk searched likely houses for those who were still in bed, and, having found their victims, they dragged them to the stocks, where they kept them fast until they had heard a lecture on the sin of slothfulness. Finally, having thoroughly tormented their victims, and reduced them to a miserable condition, they released them to enjoy as they might the remainder of their Easter holiday.

The Height of a Man's Heart—Continued from page 64

THE days passed on. But oh! so long and so empty. Two things only broke their dread monotony. The sound of Pat going to work in the morning; and the sound of his return at night. She had never seen him since he had turned away from her door that night. The happy companionship was over. The light it had brought into her life was extinguished—and by her own act. She had set him free to return to Ann. Only one thing remained; the mingled joy and pain of footsteps going and returning; out never returning to her.

Then one evening her heart gave a great bound. The returning footsteps paused at Pat's door. She heard him speak to Sunbeam, his prize canary—then come on and knock at her door. With trembling limbs she opened it and stood framed in the doorway; a tiny pathetic figure with white face and dark rimmed eyes.

Pat gave her one look, then turned his eyes hastily away.

"Good evening," he said. "Forgive me intruding, but I'm leaving here tomorrow and I'd just like to say goodbye to you and the old gentleman, and to ask you if you would be good enough to give a home to Sunbeam?"

He paused and held out the cage, but Lucy took no notice; her eyes were fixed on him; wide with unbearable pain.

"Going way?" she whispered. "You!" "Yes, I'm going to try my luck in the States. I'm not much of a success here!" He spoke roughly and with a tinge of bitterness.

Lucy's world reeled, and she caught at a thought to steady it.

"But you wouldn't go and leave Ann? It would break her heart."

He looked frankly puzzled.

"Leave Ann? But why not? I don't know what she's got to do with it."

"But—I thought you was going to marry Ann?"

"Marry Ann! I should say not! There's only one person I want to marry—and her name's not Ann."

"But Mrs. Wilton said that—"

"Oh, that old cat! She certainly did her best to get Ann and me to run together in double harness, but Ann's as good as engaged to Will Smithers, only she don't want her mother to know yet. The old girl is down on Will on account of his having been out of a job so long. He lost an arm in the war, and it's hard for him to get work, but I hear he's landed something at last. I'm glad, for the girl has been fretting a lot about it."

Lucy leaned breathlessly against the door. She felt sick and very tired. It had all been for nothing then! She need never have turned Pat away, never have gone through those dreadful days.

Then Pat spoke again, and his voice trembled with eagerness.

"Tell me Lucy! Was it on account of Ann that you shut the door on me?"

Lucy nodded, and gave a shaky little laugh. "But I never shut the door on you," she protested.

Pat set the canary down with a bump, and drew her inside the room. Then he pushed the door to, and took her in his arms.

"Your head is the level of my heart—the right height for a man's wife they say! And you're going to be my wife Lucy Basset, before you're many days older." There was no pleading in his voice now, only absolute finality, and a great tenderness.

Lucy gave a little sob of sheer happiness. Her joy was frightening in its intensity; it dazzled her, and she sought for a commonplace with which to veil it—and found one.

"You've left Sunbeam in the passage; he may come to harm."

But Pat laughed.

"Sunbeam can wait a few minutes. I've waited weeks for this—and thought I was never going to get it."

Then Lucy struggled no longer but tearing all veils away bared her heart to the golden rays of happiness and the dark days that were passed were forgotten in its golden light.

Marie

Continued from page 12

Ruth! That is what hurts, 'the tie that binds'. Always before there was a hope of freedom—but now—” She stopped as if further speech would choke her, but finally went on in a dead emotionless voice that chilled one to hear it.

“My mother was German and my father a French trapper. He had a friend who trapped with him, a Swede by the name of Johnson. Some say he was wanted in the States; I always feared and hated him.—A Hudson Bay driver was robbed of a load of furs by two men. I know now the two men were Johnson and—my father. The driver was discharged and one day Johnson was found face downward in the snow with a bullet wound in his shoulder. My father-in-law, 'Big Jim Rombelieu,' carried him to his cabin and managed to revive him for a few hours. Johnson gave him a letter to the Hudson's Bay Company confessing the robbery—and my father's part in it. Shortly after he died, but Big Jim never delivered the letter. He was too shrewd for that. He kept the letter as a sword over my poor father's head. I often wondered why Dad pastured old Rombelieu's horses and why his squaw and children had the run of our berry patch. I know now. Well when I was seventeen I came home from Grand Prairie for Christmas holidays. I went to a skating party and Jean was there. He suddenly decided he wanted me and guessing that Big Jim had something on Dad he told him so. Then Big Jim appeared and said if I did not stop snubbing Jean that something would happen to my father. Of course I was terrified and told my father and to my surprise, he was equally terrified. I went back to school but Big Jim put the very fear of death into Dad. Oh, the torture of those weeks after my father confessed to me! Letters begging me to marry Jean to save my aged father from punishment, from the vengeance of the 'Red Coats.' Letters in broken scrawling English from Jean telling of his love for me, and begging me to marry him. Letters of frenzy from Dad reproaching me for driving him to the very doors of prison. What was I to do? Unable to stand it any longer I wrote to Jean and he came to Grande Prairie with my father's written permission to the marriage! How glad I am that my mother never lived to see that day!—But Big Jim kept his promise; he destroyed the letter and went to British Columbia. My father was at peace, but he was a broken man. He lived just three months after my marriage. Well I've tried to wait patiently, for in spite of his manner of courtship I know Jean loves me and I feel sorry for him. But I have always clung to the hope of freedom—a new start somewhere, sometime, but that is gone now. There is nothing left to make life worth living.”

“Oh, but Marie!” I protested, “What of the future?”

“I do not know,” she answered bitterly, “and sometimes I do not care. But it helps greatly to have you know and sympathize. I wonder why?”

I was spared an answer by the sound of an approaching whistle. Marie sprang to her feet and started to brush back her disordered hair. And by the time Jean came into sight we were picking berries and chatting about the neighbors.

As we walked back to the clearing I wondered what Jean would have thought of our chat.

Marie was not confidential again but always seemed glad to see me whenever I called that winter. But she was strangely apathetic. She said she could not keep her mind on reading and of course was in no condition for outdoor sport. Once when I offered to help her with the extra sewing, she shivered and turned pale but accepted my offer with an air of relief. When she saw the dainty finished garments her eyes filled with tears as she thanked me. “But you really shouldn't have put so much embroidery on them, Ruth. It's hard on the eyes.”

Continued on page 68



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The Western Home Monthly

Winnipeg

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ONE cold December day Mrs. MacDonald informed me that after a "passage perilous" a baby girl had arrived at Marie's. The next day after school I went over. After a warning not to excite her I was allowed by the fussy neighbor woman to see Marie and the wee daughter. I found Marie looking very pale with white lips and pain-shadowed eyes. But there was a note of pride in her voice when she said, "Look at Baby Ruth, dear; Jean named her for you." Baby Ruth proved to be no more wonderful than most day-old infants, but the basket in which she lay I recognized as some of Jean's clever handiwork. I did not stay long and as I bent to kiss Marie she whispered, "Isn't it strange that I should feel proud of my baby after all?" And I was secretly exultant as I answered, "Not at all strange."

As my term ended at Christmas I was busy for the next few days and could not manage a visit to my new namesake. However Jean came over for me one evening saying Marie especially wanted to see me. He assured me that there was nothing to worry over; Marie just wanted to see me.

I found her sitting up with her baby in her arms looking very maternal and very happy. Her first words were, "Oh

Marie

Continued from page 67

Ruth! He didn't know! He didn't know!"

"Who didn't know? Didn't know what?" I demanded. Marie was so excited that the words just tumbled out. "Oh Jean didn't know! He didn't know about the letter! He didn't know about—about Dad! He didn't know Big Jim threatened him! He never knew I was forced to marry him! And he offered me my freedom! Oh Ruth wasn't that fine of him when he loves me so?"

Finally I managed to get a coherent story from her. Jean had never known of the letter by which Big Jim, his father, had forced Marie's father to obey him. He—Jean—had never known that Marie had married him to save her father until he overheard our conversation in the cranberry patch. He had decided to wait until after the baby's birth and then give Marie the freedom she desired. And now—wonder of wonders!—Marie refused it!

"Leave Jean and her dear wee daughter? Jean who loved her so well and valued her happiness more than his own? Leave the baby—her child and Jean's—after nearly allowing her to come

into the world unwelcome? Why! How could I think of her ever doing that?"

Looking down into Marie's flushed happy face I realized the truth, that there is no love like mother-love. I envied her—the wife of an Indian and the mother of a half-breed. I envied her the priceless mother-love which could smooth out the difficulties of her life and make a hitherto impossible existence worth while. I envied her the clinging baby fingers which bound her to an Indian husband, an undisputable tie that binds, but a tie against which the wearer does not chafe. I envied her her newly-acquired faith and respect for the man whom she had misjudged, a faith which could see through a dark skin to a decent soul within.

Marie writes to me regularly; her last letter contained a snap-shot of little Ruth and her baby brother taken on the porch of a comfortable new home. Jean has turned his wood lore to good account and is making a financial success of fur farming. A photo of Marie shows her to be looking slightly older, but there is no wistful droop to the corners of her mouth and the lines on that face are not lines caused by discontent. If you were to ask me the name of the woman of my acquaintance most to be envied, I would unhesitatingly answer—Marie!

A Story of the Pilot Mound Institute

Continued from page 32

sion Service, upon the subject of gardening and the cultivation of small fruits in Manitoba. We look back upon this as one of the most valuable meetings of the year, because in this way we were able to render a service to so many people who, in the ordinary way, we are not able to reach. Our large hall was well filled with interested men and women and they listened to an illustrated lecture which from the standpoint of practicability was valuable in the extreme. It seemed rather a coincidence that during this week, our president had received a generous sack of picaninny corn from Mr. Leslie of the Experimental Station, at Morden, a variety claimed to be at least two weeks earlier in maturing than any other. This corn was distributed in small quantities to each one present, and so closed what was considered to be a most interesting and profitable agricultural week.

From the beginning of the year a special committee had been looking into the matter of the purchasing of a suitable building for a Rest Room. Pilot Mound is the business centre of nine rural school districts. The Rest Room Committee, after interviewing councils, etc., submitted the following plan for financing the project. Each school district was to be invited to contribute to the amount of \$50.00. The village council promising a donation of \$375.00 should the school districts measure up and the municipal council promising a yearly grant of \$25.00.

It was with pride that the Rest Room Committee reported at the April meeting that all their plans had been successfully consummated and the Rest Room was an established fact, the transactions having been on a strictly cash basis.

We found afterwards that this scheme had some features which rendered it of peculiar value—During the late fall and winter each school district staged a community evening in order to raise funds for the Rest Room. There were concerts, dances, bazaars, all advertised in the local paper as efforts in aid of the Rest Room Fund. The result was an interested public and a public ready and anxious to make use of the Rest Room from the moment of its opening with the comfortable feeling that they shared with us in its establishment. A silver tea, on the day of its opening and a generous donation from Mr. J. L. Brown, our Federal member, placed our finances in a good healthy condition, and we find that this year the school districts are responding generously once more for the purpose of its upkeep.

Our rest room has served many purposes aside from the chief one which, of course, is the convenience of rural women and children.

We have our circulating library there. We hold many of the smaller meetings, such as executive or committee meetings there. It made quite a satisfactory setting for the Health Conference which was held in June, and lastly, it is a convenient place for the weekly meeting of the local Trail Rangers and Tuxis groups, whom we are glad to serve.

In May we had the pleasure of entertaining the neighboring organization of Clearwater. The visitors put on an interesting program for us, their subject being "Athletics for Women."

In June we were given the honor of entertaining the District Convention, it proved a success in every particular. A splendid crowd of delegates and visiting women were present during the afternoon sessions and a real community gathering of men and women was present at night. The local branch provided a community supper for all.

The Health Conference also took place in June, under the direction of Dr. Day of Winnipeg. Local nurses and others rendered valuable assistance. Some forty juveniles were examined and the whole proceeding was pronounced to be a "howling" success.

The July meeting was given over to reports from the Provincial Convention. Miss Playfair was also present at this meeting and gave a brief but pleasing account of her visit to the Women's Institutes of Great Britain.

In August we enjoyed a real treat. We journeyed by car to the home of one of our country members and there, in a pretty grove of maples, we enjoyed a demonstration on "A Picnic Lunch," given by the members under the headings; Preparation, Packing, and Equipment for (1) the hike, (2) the family picnic, (3) the roadside lunch for automobile trip, and lastly, the community picnic, and best of all, we were allowed to sample the delightful, appetizing dishes which were before us.

September was given over to a thorough study of the year book as prepared by the Federated Institutes of Canada. This study was a source of real inspiration to our organization. The fact that seventy thousand women are with a signal unity of purpose travelling toward the common goal of better schools, better health, better citizenship, better homes and a happier and more contented people, cannot fail to inspire the individual organizations which go to make up this magnificent whole, to greater effort.

October was our educational meeting. One meeting each year is devoted to this subject and for some years Inspector Gordon of Manitoba has addressed us on this occasion. We find his discourses a

decided benefit, forming as they do a connecting link between the mothers of the community and those who are in charge of this very important factor in child life, and this brings me to October, the goblin month again. This year we co-operated with the local movie picture man in securing a special children's comedy featuring Wesley Barrie, the freckled-face boy star, and again held a community night in the hall, which answered the double purpose of entertainment and keeping the kiddies out of mischief.

In all our activities we enjoy the support of our local press, our editor being a real district builder with the interest of the community at heart. One cannot over-estimate the assistance which such backing lends to any enterprise.

The Music Committee arranged for two items of music, each month, other than community singing. A junior member is usually called on to contribute one of the numbers: this gives them an opportunity of developing self confidence in public.

Light refreshments are served at the meetings. This affords an opportunity for pleasant social intercourse.

Selecting New Wall Coverings

Continued from page 23

noticeable in hot weather. We know that blue and green and those tones of grey that are without a yellow cast, are "cool colors," and that they, along with any color that is very intense, and all the strong dark colors, decrease the light in a room. Any color that has yellow in its make-up, on the contrary, adds light, so we choose every tone of it, from ivory to the warm buffs and tans, to create a feeling of more light and warmth in the room with a northern or an over-shadowed exposure. (The most familiar demonstration in proof of the life-giving quality of certain colors, is afforded by the very general use of gold and pumpkin and orange and rose, in lamp shades. It is quite amazing to note how much better some rooms look in the evening—yet a moment's thought would reveal this warm glow of color as the reason—a hint to the wise owner that the trouble in the day time is probably a lack of just this element of warm, glowing color.)

Of course, we do not confine the use of these bright, light-giving warmth-giving colors to the cold or ill-lighted rooms. We need some of them in every room, or it will refuse to come to life, no matter how exquisitely it is furnished. But where in one room we will use the bright yellow or orange or rose color just as accents—in the lamp shades, in an occasional cushion or the covering of one or two small chairs or pricking out notes of charming color in pattern surfaces—across the hall we may reverse all this, and cover our walls with a golden buff, swinging the whole color scheme so that the warm tones predominate and the quieter colors furnish the relief.

PATTERN, too, has to be given just the same consideration in relation to the various features of the room. Nothing results in such a sense of confusion, as too much pattern. A room that has a figured wall, cretonne side curtains, perhaps a rug with an all-over design, can never appear to be the result of anything but a hit-or-miss selection. To swing too far the other way is not good, either, for just as we want a variety in color, so do we feel the need of variety in design. Of the two errors, too many plain surfaces are easier to bear with; true, they result in monotony, in the absence of the pleasure that we get from a true harmony of colors and a pleasant contrast in forms. But that is greatly to be preferred to the restless effect, the positive annoyance, that comes from too much pattern. It crowds in upon one, blurs things together in a sort of chaotic mass, and completely cuts off the effectiveness of any object that may possess real beauty, because nothing stands out with any clearness.

So we strive for a pleasant contrast, that is not so sharp that one surface may not blend into its neighbor. If our curtains have already claimed their right

to pattern, then the wall that recedes as a graveful back ground, its color an echo of the colors shown in the hangings, will neighbor them most pleasantly. If the rug is very strongly patterned, the plain wall will look best above it, too, although there should be the same attempt to establish some relationship, through color. Do not let me give the impression that a plain paper must be used if there is any pattern in the carpet. It is only the particularly bold design that, perhaps unfortunately, asserts itself so strongly on the floor that it seems to offer direct opposition to any other design which leaves us without an alternative. The popularity of the Oriental type of design that has been so much adopted by other rug makers, for instance has been in a measure due to the way it fits into various furnishing plans, without too great an insistence upon its own design.

WHEN curtains, on the other hand, and perhaps the rug and chair coverings as well, are none of them strongly patterned, we may allow our wall covering to bring more design into the room, and in doing so, will see to it that it achieves certain other things at the same time. For instance, we may have a very low ceiling. To increase its apparent height, we may decide to use a paper with a stripe in it, or at least with a design that runs chiefly up and down. If our room is too high, we will work in the opposite direction, panelling, perhaps, to break the height, or using a border at the top, or a dropped ceiling. For a small room, we will select a small pattern, knowing that a large one will make it shrink very perceptibly. Sometimes it is possible to get patterns that have an effect of receding, seeming to add depth and distance in the cleverest way. Such a paper is a real find, if one is decorating a small room.

There is one more element that should enter when the question before the house is "pattern—or no pattern?" Is the wall to provide background for many objects? The first we think of are pictures; but sometimes there will be carved and elaborated furniture, many art objects, a pattern created by the whole furnishings of the room. When that is the case, the wise choice is always the plain paper. And usually the color is better to be neutral, as well.

With so many points to be considered when a wall is to be re-covered, is it any wonder that the plan of coming to a basic decision at home, is advised? It requires not a little time, observation and thought, to decide just what one will go out to look for! One is then in a much better position to go into a shop and locate, from its hundreds of papers or its wide range of paints, just the one that will have the desired affect when it joins the ranks of one's other possessions.

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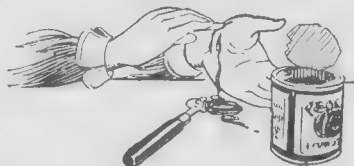
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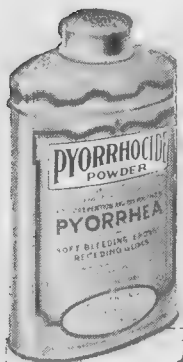
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Catching the Mighty Tuna

Continued from page 26

hook for bait), for several hours only to lose it at last.

As we sat there chatting the surface of the calm East Jordan Bay was cut up by black fins and tails that rose and fell. It made me think of flocks of ducks diving and rising. Many schools of great Tuna were chasing the herring up the bay. They chase them right into the long trap, a string of poles driven into the shallow water, hung with a net and left with open end "fishing" in the tide, and get caught.

Mr. Grey was telling me of four big tuna that had entered the net and had been killed by the trap tenders. A necessary tragedy of butchering the five to six hundred pound fish with lily iron (spear) and big spiked killing stick.

The bodies are hauled ashore, the huge heads cut off and the fins cut out. (That back fin fits into a groove better made than any great knife-handle. It folds down in there with the greatest economy of space. The older I grow the more I marvel at the works of the Creator.)

The exquisite taper of the tail is a marvel. These great fish are exact counterparts of the slim, shapely mackerel. I once had some mackerel from the Aleutians. These were striped like a perch and called Alki Mackerel from the name of the Alki Pass.

Strange to say one of the bodies of these mighty fish, headless, tailless, boxed in ice, showed signs of life when the box was opened at Boston, four hundred miles south and forty-eight hours later.

Zane Grey went out the next day and we were delighted to see, as he returned several hours later, the houseflag of the motorboat flying—that meant he had caught his big fish. It truly was a monster. He estimated it as weighing well over seven hundred pounds. He should win out. A man who so thoroughly outfits that Laddie and I estimated that his first fish must have cost him over five thousand dollars. deserves all the success we can wish him.

The Fire-Warden—Continued from page 5

"You see," he said, "it was started to sweep the vlaie to the pine timber. The wind changed, and held it until the fire was quenched at the shore."

"I see," she said.

He touched his horse, and they pressed forward along the bog's edge.

"Here," he pointed out, "they fired the grass again, you see, always counting on the west wind: and here again, and yonder, too, and beyond that, Miss Elliott—in a dozen places they set the grass afire. If that wet east wind had not come up, nothing on earth could have saved a thousand acres of white pine—and I'm afraid to say how many deer and part-ridges and woodcock..... It was a savage bit of business, was it not, Miss Elliott?"

SHE sat her horse, silent, motionless, pretty head bent, studying the course of the fire in the swale. There was no mistaking the signs; a grass fire had been started, which, had the west wind held, must have become a brush fire, and then the most dreaded scourge of the north, a full-fledged forest fire in tall timber. After a little while she raised her head and looked full at Burleson, then, without comment, she wheeled her mare eastward across the vlaie towards the pines.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, pushing his horse forward alongside of her mare.

"The signs are perfectly plain," she said. "Whom do you suspect?"

He waited a moment, then shook his head.

"You suspect nobody?"

"I haven't been here long enough. I don't exactly know what to do about this. It is comparatively easy to settle cases of simple trespass or deer-shooting, but, to tell the truth, Miss Elliott, fire scares me. I don't know how to meet this sort of thing."

She was silent.

"So," he added, "I sent for the fire-warden. I don't know just what the warden's duties may be."

"I do," she said, quietly. Her mare struck solid ground: she sent her forward at a gallop, which broke into a dead run. Burleson came pounding along behind, amused, interested at this new caprice. She drew bridle at the edge of the birches, half turned in her saddle, bidding him follow with a gesture, and rode straight into the covert, now bending to avoid branches, now pushing intrusive limbs aside with both gloved hands.

Out of the low bush pines, heirs of the white birches' heritage, rabbits hopped away: sometimes a cock grouse, running like a rat, fled, crested head erect; twice twittering woodcock whirled upward, beating wings tangled for a moment in the birches, fluttering like great moths caught in a net.

And now they had waded through the silver-birches which fringed the pines as foam fringes a green sea: and before them towered the tall timber, illuminated by the sun.

In the transparent green shadows they drew bridle: she leaned forward, clearing the thick tendrils of hair from her forehead, and sat stock-still, intent, every exquisite line and contour in full relief against the pines.

At first he thought she was listening, nerves keyed to sense sounds inaudible to him. Then, as he sat, fascinated, scarcely breathing lest the enchantment break, leaving him alone in the forest with the memory of a dream, a faint aromatic odor seemed to grow in the air: not the close scent of the pines, but something less subtle.

"Smoke!" he said, aloud.

She touched her mare forward, riding into the wind, delicate nostrils dilated: and he followed over the soundless cushion of brown needles, down aisles flanked by pillard pines whose crests swam in the upper breezes, filling all the forest with harmony.

And here, deep in the splendid forest, there was fire—at first nothing but a thin, serpentine trail of ashes through moss and bedded needles; then, scarcely six inches in width, a smouldering, sinuous path from which fine threads of smoke rose straight upward, vanishing in the woodland half-light.

HE sprang from his horse and tore away a bed of green moss through which filaments of blue smoke stole; and deep in the forest mould, spreading like veins in an autumn leaf, fire ran underground, its almost invisible vapor curling up through lichens and the brown carpet of pine-needles.

At first, for it was so feeble a fire, scarcely alive, he strove to stamp it out, then smother it with damp mould. But as he followed its wormlike course, always ahead he saw the thin, blue signals rising through living moss—everywhere the attenuated spirals creeping from the ground underfoot.

"I could summon every man in this town if necessary," she said; "I am empowered by law to do so, but—I shall not—yet. Where could we find a keeper—the nearest patrol?"

"Please follow me," he said, mounting his horse and wheeling eastward.

In a few moments they came to a foot-trail, and turned into it at a canter, skirting the Spirit Water, which stretched away between two mountains glittering in the sun.

"How many men can you get?" she called forward.

"I don't know; there's a gang of men terracing below the lodge—"

"Call them all; let every man bring a pick and shovel. There is a guard now!"

Burleson pulled up short and shouted, "Murphy!"

The patrol turned around.

"Get the men who are terracing the lodge. Bring picks, shovels and axes, and meet me here. Run for it!"

Continued on page 71



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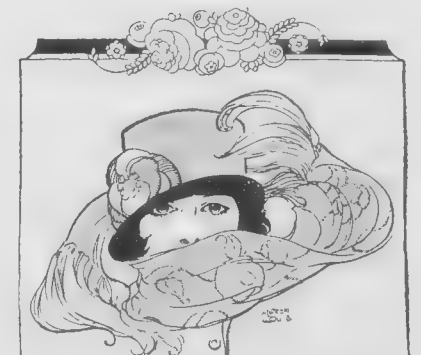
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The Fire-Warden

Continued from page 70

The fire-warden's horse walked up leisurely; the girl had relinquished the bridle and was guiding the mare with the slightest pressure of knee and heel. She sat at ease, head lowered, absently re-tying the ribbon on the hair at her neck. When it was adjusted to her satisfaction she passed a hat-pin through her sombrero, touched the bright, thick hair above her forehead, straightened out, stretching her legs in the stirrups. Then she drew off her right gauntlet, and very discreetly stifled the daintiest of yawns.

"You evidently don't believe there is much danger," said Burleson, with a smile which seemed to relieve the tension he had labored under.

"Yes, there is danger," she said.

After a silence she added, "I think I hear your men coming."

He listened in vain: he heard the wind above filtering through the pines; he heard the breathing of their horses, and his own heart-beats, too. Then very far away a sound broke out.

"What wonderful ears you have!" he said—not thinking of their beauty until his eye fell on their lovely contour. And as he gazed the little, clean-cut ear next to him turned pink, and its owner touched her mare forward—apparently in aimless caprice, for she circled and came straight back, meeting his gaze with her pure, fearless grey eyes.

THERE must have been something not only perfectly inoffensive, but also well-bred, in Burleson's lean, bronzed face, for her own face softened into an amiable expression, and she wheeled the mare up beside his mount, confidently exposing the small ear again.

The men were coming, there could be no mistake this time. And there came Murphy, too, and Rolfe, with his great, swinging stride, gun on one shoulder, a bundle of axes on the other.

"This way," said Burleson, briefly; but the fire-warden cut in ahead, cantering forward up the trail, nonchalantly breaking off a twig of aromatic black birch, as she rode, to place between her red lips.

Murphy, arriving in the lead, scanned the haze which hung along the living moss.

"Sure, it's a foolish fire, sorr," he muttered, burrowing like a mole gone mad. "Rest aisy, Mither Burleson, we'll scotch the devil that done this night's worruk!—had cess to the dhirty sent!"

"Never mind that, Murphy. Miss Elliott, are they to dig it out?"

She nodded.

The men, ranged in an uneven line, stood stupidly staring at the long vistas of haze. The slim fire-warden wheeled her mare to face them, speaking very quietly, explaining how deep to dig, how far a margin might be left in safety, how many men were to begin there, and at what distances apart.

Then she picked ten men and bade them follow her.

Burleson rode in the rear, motioning Rolfe to his stirrup.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I think, sir, that one of those damned storms did it—"

"I mean what do you think about the chances? It it serious?"

"That young lady ahead knows better than I do. I've seen two of these here underground fires; one was easy killed, the other cleaned out three thousand acres."

Burleson nodded. "I think," he said, "that you had better go back to the lodge and get every spare man. Tell Rudolf to rig up a wagon and bring rations and water for the men. Put in something nice for Miss Elliott—see to that, Rolfe, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And, Rolfe, bring feed for the horses—and see that there are a couple of men to watch the house and stables—"

He broke out, bitterly. "It's a scoundrelly bit of work they've done—and instantly had himself under control again. "Better go at once, Rolfe, and caution the men to remain quiet under provocation if any trespassers come inside."

Continued in May Issue



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Midsummer's Night

Continued from page 20

for a moment, then with a reckless laugh he flung his bow and arrows over his shoulder and took the trail in search of new adventures.

There were strange lights on the hills that night, and there was a great deal of laughter among the gods at Juno's expense.

"I thought you and Venus were invincible," laughed Cupid, "but with all your scheming you could not hold the youth when Pan's music called him. You see I mean to win that rose," he added meaningly.

June said little. She was disappointed, it was true, but she still saw the light of faith shining undimmed in a pair of blue eyes. Remembering this she smiled, and counted among her future possessions the finest of Cupid's arrows.

PART II.

THE years passed, slipping down the ages like great beads on the silken cord of a rosary, and gradually the world changed. The turrets and towers of vast castles reared themselves above the trees, and mortals took on the attire and manners of civilization.

The great Elizabeth reigned in England, gathering about her at the court a brilliant group of gallant men and fair ladies. The mecca of each gallant's energies was a place at court and the queen's favor. Consequently, great feats were performed at home and on the high seas, and England, having defeated the Spanish fleet under the brilliant Lord Howard, became indeed a mighty nation.

It was a May morning, and the palace grounds were a shimmering mass of brilliant green, shot with myriad sparkling gems where the dew lay like a crystal mantle over the grass. A faint perfume like the scent of incense offered at some pagan shrine rose from the opening flowers. Overhead a skylark soared into the dazzling blue of the sky, pouring out his tiny heart in a hymn of joy to his Maker.

The Duke of Suffolk strolled through the golden sweetness of it, unheeding. A confident smile curved his firm lips, a restless light lay in his dark eyes, as his thoughts turned to the game of bowls he had just played with the venerable Sir Francis Drake, and that charming young gallant who had won his way to fame and fortune through his cape, Sir Walter Raleigh. It was Raleigh's tales of strange adventures upon unknown seas, and thrilling narrations of the new land that had awakened the old restless longing for new adventure within him. It was always thus. Some strange power within him forced him to push on, no matter how fair his surroundings, nor what fruits opportunity offered him if he would stay. He remembered with a smile his resolution of the day before to give up his restless wanderings and settle down where he was. He had fully determined to grasp the really splendid opportunities that he knew were his if he remained at court. But now he knew that he would push on again. The old irresistible force within him had called and he must go, following madly where it led.

With these thoughts still in mind, he rounded a curve in the path he had been following and found himself in a garden, a fairyland of beauty. Stately lombardies shimmering in the sunlight cast long shadows over the smooth green sward, which sloped like a great carpet of velvet to a marble bordered pool set like a vivid gem among the rare beauty of its surroundings.

The sweetness of the garden closed around the Duke, shutting all else from his mind, and he uncovered his dark head, that the warm perfumed breeze might run riot with his curls. A deep sense of peace and well-being filled him, and his restlessness was forgotten. It was then that he realized for the first time that he was not alone. A beautiful girl with a taunting elfin face, framed in a mass of dark curls, was standing demurely before him. She looked, the Duke thought, as though she might be the guardian spirit of the

garden. Then suddenly she looked up at him out of a pair of eyes as blue as the soft spring sky overhead. The world reeled madly before his startled gaze. It was not—it could not be! Old half-forgotten memories flooded his brain, sending the blood leaping madly through his veins, and lighting the fire of love in his dark eyes. As for the girl, one glance at the vivid figure of the young nobleman, and she started forward with a strange name almost on her lips.

Juno and Venus stole from the garden, the light of triumph in their eyes, to taunt Cupid with his failure, to the glee of the other gods who were interested spectators.

"So, my pretty god," laughed Venus, "you think that Pan's magic having failed you will entice the youth over the seas by enlisting Posidon in your cause?"

"If we had not lured him to the garden at precisely the right moment you might have succeeded," added Juno. "But I am afraid now that he has seen his love again all your efforts will be in vain. I know which one of your arrows I am going to ask for," she teased.

Cupid said little, but in his heart he was afraid that she was right. He had a long conference with Posidon, the god of the sea, and set himself to wait with what patience he could the results of their plotting.

Time passed and rainbow-hued May tendered her a scepter to that elfin beauty June, who danced through the world on a carpet of roses and silver dew. The Duke and the Lady Elizabeth were together constantly since their meeting in the garden, and their love affair was the talk of the court. Many marvelled that such an ardent affair could have ripened so quickly, but the two most concerned kept what they knew to themselves. As for the Duke, his restless desire for adventure had completely left him. He was finding adventure enough in the Lady Elizabeth's coy glances. All of Raleigh's tales of adventure could not stir him as deeply as a certain pair of blue eyes.

Juno, sure of herself at last, taunted Cupid openly with his failure, and demanded that he set the day when he would present her with the arrow of her choice. Cupid remained strangely silent in answer to all this, and some time later Venus, who was spying on him, found him in Juno's garden inspecting the roses with a queer smile in his eyes. Being questioned he said, with a taunting light in his eyes and a sure confidence in his voice, that Venus did not like, that he was merely deciding which of Juno's roses to ask for.

Midsummer's night and a fete in the queen's gardens! The world a shimmering mass of silver moonlight, the air heavy with the perfume of hundreds of roses, the palace lights gleaming through the green mist of the trees; the throbbing of violins lifted in the high sweet song of the dance, summer gone mad, intoxicated with her own beauty!

Midsummer's night, and the Duke waiting at the top of the marble steps that stretched away, a mass of silver and mauve shadows, to the moon-drenched, flower-perfumed garden below. He was a striking figure in his white velvet doublet, with trunks and hose to match. Here one caught the gleam of a gorgeous jewel, there a bit of vivid embroidery wrought in silver and gold threads, the gleaming whiteness of his attire enhancing the vivid dark beauty of his face. There was the sound of light feet along the path approaching the garden, and Elizabeth stood before him, a vision of loveliness in silver brocade, her blue eyes alight with dreams. Silently the Duke took her hand in his and led her down the steps to where the garden lay, a thing of living vibrant beauty. Here it gleamed silver and green where the moonbeams fell, there a deep violet in the shadow, the little pool a blue star-studded mirror reflecting the skies above.

The Duke smiled down at Elizabeth. "Shall we begin now?" he questioned. She smiled her assent, and he placed his arm about her lightly. Slowly at first, but with more assurance as she went

through the unfamiliar steps with ease and grace, they began the first movements of a stately dance. For he had promised to teach her some of the new dances then in vogue at the French court, so that later they might introduce them at the fete. She glanced up at him laughingly, amazed at the fire in his dark eyes. They paused.

"Was there ever a night as beautiful as this?" the Duke murmured in a voice that trembled with unspoken emotions.

"One," whispered Elizabeth. "Oh, don't you remember? Listen!" Through the silver glory about them came a nightingale's song, and once more they heard the music of a rainbow-hued waterfall tinkling as it fell into a fairy pool. Memories, poignantly sweet surrounded them, removing them to another age. The Duke, no longer the Duke in Elizabeth's eyes, but a straight slim youth in a gorgeous leopard skin, and Elizabeth no longer the grand lady in the Duke's eyes, but a slight little figure in a gleaming grey fur pelt, a scarlet passion flower among her dark curls.

"Etha," he said, his voice husky with passion, "Etha."

"Ribe," she murmured, her lips trembling. "It has been so long since you crossed the mountains."

"It has been long," the Duke replied thoughtfully, "longer than you know. This is the first time that I have really been happy since that long ago night by the waterfall."

"You will not go away again?" she pleaded.

For answer he stopped and plucked a glowing red rose, thrusting it with fingers that trembled into her dark curls.

"That is my answer," he said slowly. "Roses are the flowers of love. The pink rose is love expectant, the white rose is love dead, but the red rose is love triumphant. Our love has triumphed over everything, as for the wander lore, it shall have no power to tempt me again."

The night grew even more lovely after that, if such a thing were possible, while the two clinging to each other in the garden murmured of love, and overhead the nightingale poured out his heart in a serenade of matchless beauty.

But the beauty of the night merged into a cold grey dawn, accompanied by a drizzling rain, which gave birth to a drab day. The queen departed early to attend a fete given in her honor at a distant castle, taking the Lady Elizabeth with her, and the Duke sought out the gardens as solace for his loneliness. But the mystery and glamor of the garden had fled with the night. It lay drab and dreary, the little pool a sullen, muddy reflection of the lowering skies overhead, the roses scattered and mutilated by the pelting rain. It was here that Raleigh found him, and it was in the garden that adventure called again in Raleigh's offer of a place among the gallant company of adventurers about to set off on another daring expedition over the high seas. One of the group had fallen suddenly ill, and as they had all plans made to leave at once, they could not wait for his recovery, and Raleigh knew of no better substitute than the Duke, whose daring and gallantry were known throughout France and England.

The Duke knew that half the court were mad for just such a chance, and the last of the fire fled from his dark eyes as he listened to Raleigh's low pleasing voice urging him to accept. The restlessness that had left him for so long came back in a rush. The song of the sea was in his ears, the salt tang of the sea breeze was in his nostrils. For just a moment, perhaps, he had the vision of a pair of sea blue eyes and a scarlet rose glowing ruby red among the dusky curls, but it faded before the picture of a great ship, with billowing sails riding gracefully at anchor. Elizabeth would soon forget, there were better men than himself at court, the wanderlust had seized him, it had called and he must follow.

They were to leave at once. Raleigh wished all on board at sundown so that they might weigh anchor at dawn. Some time later, the Duke, his belongings packed, sat at his table, a tender smile curving his lips, inscribing a note to Elizabeth. He could not bring him-

self to leave without saying good-bye, and this was the only means he had of doing so, as she would not return before he left.

He left the message in the care of a trusted servant with orders to deliver it into her ladyship's hands immediately upon her return. Then, his dark eyes alight with excitement, he walked out to meet Raleigh. A weird taunting music rode on the air. How often he had followed it, but never had he succeeded in finding its source! He only knew that he must follow madly where it led, even over the seas and beyond.

These events caused great excitement among the gods. Cupid was openly boastful. With the help of Pan and Posidon he had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. As for Juno, she was wrapped in despair. She had been so sure this time, and only the light of faith in a pair of blue eyes gave her the courage to hope that victory might yet reward her efforts.

PART III.

TIME passes quickly. It seemed but as yesterday that Raleigh set out with his gallant company in frail little boats, in search of adventure in the new land. Yet now great ships plied to and fro from continent to continent, and the new land had developed into mighty nations, teaming with great cities. So gradually from the dim mists of the storied past, our modern civilization was born.

Lieutenant Cavendish was having tea at the beautiful summer residence of the Thorntons' on Long Island, and at the same time was being urged by both his hostess and her pretty daughter to attend the great costume ball to be given midsummer's night at their Long Island home. It was one of the big society events of the season, and an invitation not to be lightly cast aside. He had but recently arrived in New York, a participant in a race by aeroplane from Los Angeles. He had arrived in his plane several hours before his opponent, thus breaking another record, and the thrill and excitement of the wild flight had set his blood on fire. He was anxious for another such test, and that day had received an invitation from a friend in the aviation to accompany him in a flight around the world, contesting with several other planes for a speed record. It had awakened in him a restless desire for fresh adventure, and he had no choice but to follow where it led. So he had called upon his friends to offer his regrets at not being able to accept their invitation, and to say good-bye.

But the firmer he was in his refusals, the more they urged him to accept. For if their invitation was not to be lightly thrown aside, neither were his regrets to be lightly accepted. Everyone knew the name of Cavendish, the youth who had entered the war a mere stripling, to come out one of the greatest of the aces, with a long list of daring exploits to his credit, the possessor of an enviable string of war medals, the highest that several nations could bestow upon him. Since the war his name was always coupled with daring speed tests, record breaking flights, and feats of unbelievable endurance. This, with his natural charm of manner and clean-cut good looks, made him a valuable asset to any gathering.

At last he rose to go, genuinely sorry at having been the cause of the disappointment written so plainly upon the faces of his friends.

"Well, Dick, if you will not accept our invitation, you can at least take a few moments to come and see that picture father brought back with him from Europe the last time he was over. I think it is one of the loveliest we have in the collection. Come along now," the girl invited laughingly. "The light is just about right to show it to its best advantage."

"Why I'd be pleased to," he said, rising with alacrity. "Your father has told me a great deal about it. I shall consider it a great pleasure to see it in person."

So saying he accompanied her from the room. They passed down the hall laughing and chatting merrily, but at the door of the picture gallery they fell

Continued on page 74

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Midsummer's Night

Continued from page 73

strangely silent, and entered the long room half awed, half expectant, as to what they might discover within. The late afternoon sunlight poured in a shower of gold over the walls, throwing into relief the rare old paintings which glowed like precious jewels in quaint settings against the dark plainness of the walls.

The new picture occupied one end of the room in solitary state, the rays of the rapidly sinking sun seemed to concentrate upon this one canvas, bathing it in a rosy glow that caused the pictured figure to seem startlingly life-like. It was the portrait of an Elizabethan court lady, in stiff silver brocades, her elfin face framed in masses of dusky curls, her blue eyes alight with a tender wistfulness that was charming. The one bit of vivid color was furnished by a scarlet rose, which nestled among the dark curls on her proud little head.

The room swam before the lieutenant's startled gaze, while strange thoughts and old memories surged through his brain. Once more he was standing in a moon-drenched flower-perfumed garden, thrusting a scarlet rose among the dark curls of a lovely young person in silver brocades, whose blue eyes were lifted to his, alight with love. The sound of his companion's voice called him back to the present with a start.

"You will have to pardon me," he apologized, "but I was so carried away with your picture that I did not notice you were speaking."

"I was just saying that it is the strangest thing, but a friend of mine, Betty Berckleigh, bears the most startling resemblance to that picture. Every-one remarks on it."

He turned to her, his dark eyes wide with interest, plying her with eager questions until she had told him all she knew on the subject.

"It is too bad that you will be unable to attend the ball," she said slyly, "as Betty is to be there. However," she added teasingly, "your invitation is still open, you know."

"If that is the case, I am going to take you at your word and accept," he laughed.

After he had gone, Mildred confided to her mother the strange events leading up to his sudden acceptance. Both ladies were puzzled but immensely pleased at the outcome. Their ball now promised to be an even greater success.

Meanwhile, Cavendish, sending his car at a mad rate of speed through the purple mists of the June twilight, let his fancies run wild. Old dreams and strange emotions filled him, such as he had not felt since that long ago night in an English garden. Half forgotten memories surged through his brain, lighting a strange fire in his eyes, nor was it the fire of daring or adventure.

Midsummer's night, and the world a riot of beauty, the night wrapped in a glistening mantle of silver moonlight, her blue black hair studded with a million shimmering stars. Midsummer's night, and the Thornton ball at its height, the grounds and gardens ablaze with hundreds of lights, vari-colored as the rainbow, swinging like fairy lanterns from every conceivable nook and corner. The air was heavy with perfume wafted from the rose gardens, which lay in the centre of the estate, the lawns sloping away, a mass of green frosted with silver, to where the sea slept, a sheet of shimmering loveliness in the light of the moon.

The loveliness within almost outshone the mystic beauty without. The great house was ablaze with light, and in the ball room the dancers in their quaint costumes, weaving in and out to the syncopated rhythm of the orchestra, presented a pageant of color and motion that was breath-taking.

Eyes were turned often in the direction of a tall slender figure in a white velvet doublet, with trunks and hose to match. Here one caught the gleam of a gorgeous jewel, there a bit of vivid embroidery wrought in silver and gold threads. The gleaming whiteness of his attire enhanced the beauty of his dark face. Of course he was masked, but all knew him to be the brilliant young

Cavendish. He made a vivid dashing figure. The designer of the costume, following the lieutenant's description, to the minutest detail, had excelled himself. But it was of none of these things he was thinking as he guided his partner skilfully through the dancing couples. He had not yet seen Miss Betty Berckleigh so far as he knew, and it was for this purpose that he had come to the ball. He had a vague notion that he would know her, no matter what costume she chose to wear. The dance ended, and having duly thanked his partner for the pleasure she had given him, he turned, to find himself face to face with Mildred Thornton.

"For goodness sake, Dick, I have been looking everywhere for you. Betty has only just arrived, and I know you would like to meet her at once," she laughed.

He followed her silently, filled with strange emotions. They stopped at last before a merry group, the centre of which was a slender graceful girl, in billowing skirts of silver brocade moulded after the fashion dear to the court ladies in the time of Elizabeth. Her elfin face was framed in a mass of curls, among which a solitary rose glowed like a great ruby against the dark setting of her hair. With a great effort Cavendish controlled himself and went through the form of the introduction. The music started just then, and she accepted his invitation to dance. They glided away across the floor and finally became lost among the dancers. Neither spoke until the dance was over and then in answer to a low voiced request, she nodded, and he led her out into the glittering brilliance of the night. They stopped at last in the midst of the exotic loveliness of the rose gardens. The faint murmur of the sea drifted to them through the soft silver night, blending with the tinkling of a fountain nearer at hand. With fingers that trembled he removed her mask, revealing a pair of eyes which rivalled in color the intense blue of the night sky overhead. In a dazed way he removed his own mask, his dark eyes suddenly reflecting the fire of the moonlight. There was no longer any doubt. Each stood revealed to the other.

"Etha," he murmured, "Etha. I was not sure it was you, I could only hope."

"Ribe," she said, her voice trembling with unshed tears of joy. "Oh, Ribe! I have waited so long. First you went over the mountains, and then the fates gave you back to me for a time before the sea called you, but I knew you would come back some day, some time. I have never lost faith in you Ribe."

A strange feeling stole over the man, as if something were changing within him. He only knew that he was filled with a wild joy, that he felt free, free for the first time that he could remember. How was he to know that with the declaration of her faith in him, the curse of the gods had left him forever?

The perfumed radiance of the night seemed to close in around them, shutting them off in a fairy world apart, while they clung together whispering of love.

Midsummer's night, and somewhere among the silver mists, upon the purple and gold peaks of the mystic hills, unseen by the eyes of mortals, Cupid tendered unto Juno the arrow of her choice.

Hear! Hear!!

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Out of the North—Continued from page 14

shrieking hell of freezing wind and blinding snow, when they encouraged each other to a dispassioned, dogged fight against tremendous odds, and won out. Was that long, bitter struggle with the elements to count for nought?

Bud's eyes quavered. And Blair laughed aloud although bitterly. And then:

"There's only one person I'm afraid of, Bud. And that's myself."

Bud nodded, understanding. "Same here, Blair," he said huskily.

They asked her that night. It does not matter how they managed to drag her away from the dance crazed crowd that thronged Benger's or just exactly what they said. Sufficient that they made their meaning plain enough.

"Why, you silly boys I'm not thinking of getting married to anyone yet. Maybe when I come back in the fall I'll give you an answer—"

"You're sure coming back, Coralie?" Blair said.

"Sure!" and she laughed softly. "You will both come and see me off!"

And sped away before they had time to tell her that they would. The coquette she was!

ALL Sawley Creek went to witness the departure of the first steamer south, and, amidst the babel and confusion consequent upon shipping passengers and luggage, Coralie held her court. Coming to Blair and Bud she gave them in turn the tips of two tiny fingers and a penetrating smile wherein they found a world of personal meaning. Like two love-sick mummies they stood watching the steamer warp out.

A heavy manilla rope fell with a splashing sound into the water as the ties were cast loose. The strip of water, that separated the steamer's hull from the shore, widened momentarily. A facetious captain played a fan-fare on the siren.

They craned their necks to catch a last glimpse of Coralie standing on the deck and blowing kisses indiscriminately into the air.

"A little dream she is," Blair muttered, waving his hat.

Bud coughed. A funny sort of cough! And the steamer shrank to an infinitesimal blob as it went rapidly down stream.

SAWLEY CREEK supplied the medicine for the alleviation of mental distress and dispensed it at Benger's. And it would have occasioned no surprise had Blair and Bud sought to eradicate their sense of loss by a bout of drinking. That would only have been commensurate with Sawley Creek's standards.

Doubtless something of the sort would have happened had not each feared to let himself go because of the obvious advantage it would afford the other. They wanted to be at their best when Coralie returned.

Yet they felt the need of something vital. Perhaps it was that their hurt was more physical than mental. However, be that as it may, the amazing thing was that they should seek solace in a frenzy of work.

It is not easy to understand, and certainly Blair and Bud understood it but dimly. The impetus that impelled them to tremendous physical exertion was primal. Natural instincts conspiring to elevate their bodies to the highest standard of physical fitness against a contest. For though they knew not the whence or the wherefore both realized in some vague way that the ultimate end would only be reached after a contest between them. That was inevitable. So they taunted their muscles and strengthened their wind by hard, unremitting work.

And because their lure was other than the gold lure, Fate, with unqualified perversity, chose to sprinkle at their feet quantities of the glittering, yellow stuff, so that the object for which they worked lost some of its elemental character in face of the desire for wealth; although, had they stopped to think about it all, they must have considered affluence an aid so far as their ambitions respecting Coralie went. It was additionally remarkable that they did not.

They spared themselves nothing, slaying from early dawn to dusk or until sheer exhaustion drove them to their shanty. Often they would return too dog weary to prepare the evening meal and would throw themselves, dressed as they were, upon their bunks to sleep for long hours. Benger's saw nothing of them during this time, and none save themselves and the astute bank officials at Bull Point knew how great was their success. By late summer they had cleaned up a pile.

With the fall came news of the last steamer before the close in, and they awoke to the full realization of what their labors meant. It was inconceivable that Coralie would refuse either of them seeing that both were wealthy beyond all dreams. But which?

Blair suggested that they have resource again to the cards, but Bud was all for waiting. (Something seemed to tell him that Coralie wasn't coming back after all. Perhaps more to his own disappointment than to Blair's his suppositions proved correct. Instead of the little wisp of feminine devilry they so blindly worshipped, came a letter.

It was Benger who got that and he read it aloud to a nondescript company in the forefront of whom stood Blair and Bud. A gay, empty, inconsequent epistle that told of her success in Seattle (she had got a peach of a job at the Cosmopolitan Dance Club). Beyond that there was little that could pass for news. And the letter ended with a naive postscript:

"Tell my friends that I'm looking forward to seeing them here. I wonder who'll be the first!"

Blair and Bud thought there was a deuce of a lot of personal meaning in those words, but nobody else did.

With the night came a shrieking hurricane and the freeze-up. It was the most sudden hardening there had been for years. Speculation ran high as to whether or not the steamer would get out or be frozen in, somewhere down stream, for the winter. Followed days of driving, blinding snow that covered the country in a pall of white and filled the gullies and valleys with deep, treacherous drifts.

Bud planned to "make out." Muffled to the eyes he fought his way through the whirling smother, calling upon men he knew to be the owners of dogs. By the time the blizzard blew itself out he had equipped himself with a full sled team.

Not until Bud was already a quarter of a mile down trail did Blair tumble to what was afoot. Then, cursing wildly, he started in to follow suit.

But there were no dogs left in Sawley Creek that could be bought. Those who had dogs declined to sell. Blair reckoned that his partner had put one "over him:" and rushed over to Bull Point in a fury of unreasoned hate. When he at last turned south behind a full team of dogs, Bud had two whole days start.

He drove recklessly with but the shortest intervals for rest, night and day mushing south, and at the end of the fourth day halted in a bluff counting the possibilities of success.

He reckoned Bud wouldn't be hanging on to the trail for such long hours as he had done. Bud hadn't his gigantic physical strength. Though he couldn't be sure, he calculated that he had gained about half a day at very most. And the dogs were already showing obvious distress!

That night he lay for long hours in his sleeping-bag thinking things out. Overhead, a cold moon lit up the waste of snow and pine. From the far distance came the howl of a timber wolf, making the dogs prick their ears and give voice to low growlings.

He'd got to catch Bud before he reached Dawson City! Afterwards it would be a race between boat and train. So he reasoned.

And knew that there was only one hope of success—to risk the ice!

Not even an Eskimo would have taken such a hazard so early in the year, before the second hard freeze rendered the river ice moderately safe. But such was the overwhelming force of his mad passion that he wrecked no consequences, no dangers, so long as he could beat Bud on the "make out."

Two hours before the dawn he rose and fed the dogs not sparingly, as before, but plentifully. He would have to stake all on the venture that would save valuable days if successful. When the dogs had eaten their fill, he went methodically over his pack: putting aside everything, every article of food that could be dispensed with and would tend to lighten the sled. Then he made a cache of the superfluous grub beneath a great up-standing pine and marked it with an upright branch.

"Someone else might happen along and find a use for it," he ruminated.

He hitched up the team and went down trail, down the defile for more than a mile; then swung off trail towards the east. At noon he halted for a breather at the edge of the frozen Yukon.

Slipping and sliding he went tearing south over the ringing ice.

His greatest fear was that some protruding obstacle would catch in the runners and bring the dogs down in a mad, fighting tangle. The ice was dangerous. Great fissures necessitated wide detours over the broad bosom of the river. He kept the team moving swiftly not daring to stop lest the ice be too weak to bear their concentrated weight and they be engulfed, man dogs and sled in a horrible death beneath the frozen surface.

Occasionally he sent the team to the bank when he made camp and snatched a brief rest. Then on again. For every mile over the tortuous snow-heavy ground he now made two, three—south, south, south!

Then, when almost within sight of his objective, the leader of the team put his foot into a hole, yelped, and slithered to his death beneath the ice, dragging the others after him. Blair cursed, and with a superhuman effort threw the sled over on its side and fell flat. Crack! Dog followed dog into a yawning abyss. Crack! Great fissures appeared everywhere as Blair began to roll, stretched out like a log, towards the bank.

It was all over in less than thirty seconds, and Blair stood in safety looking down at a swirl of muddy water. Of dogs and sled there was no sign.

"Hell!" he breathed.

And felt the ice cold hand of the lonely north fasten iron bands about his soul. No dogs, no sled, no food, and Dawson thirty miles away beyond the bend!

Hunching his broad shoulders resignedly he went mushing, south!

BUD drove south doggedly, along steep mountain sides, through groaning pine thickets, in and out of canons, and across wind swept wastes, when man and dogs were almost carried bodily away. It was tough, hard going that reached its zenith of hardship in the awesome whispering silence of Caribou pass. On and on, mile after mile trailed away behind. Day and night. Sleeping in brief snatches and defying the dangers from wolves and freezing cold; and, presently, well nigh spent, his legs dragging as if chained to leaden weights, he came to Dawson City.

Flushed with his success he went, after a long reviving sleep, to the National Bank, where he learnt that Blair had somehow got ahead.

He went racing south on the long journey to Seattle with a raging devil in his soul.

Seattle. If you've never been into the north you don't know what it feels like to come out. Blair Murchison did.

When he strode out of the terminus the sun was shining brightly, although there was a cold snap in the air. Standing on the curb he stared up and down the avenue at the streams of strange faces, at the alternating light and shade that cut the pavement into segments, at the busy rush and moil of everyday civilized life.

The truth was that Blair Murchison was undergoing some great change. It had begun, working in some subtle way into his soul, from the very moment he had entered that half-way house that separates civilization from the north—Dawson City. Thereafter, it had crept, an insidious warmth into his veins, with every league of his journey south until

Continued on page 77



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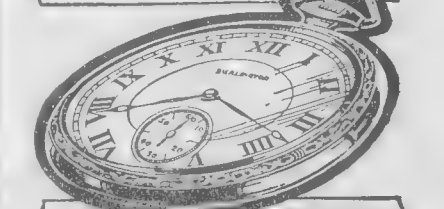
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Out of the North

Continued from page 75

it suffused him. He felt somehow inconsequential and his imagination was leaping about trying to find a true parallel of understanding.

The lure that had brought him in mad haste from Sawley Creek was dimmed by the wonders he saw about him. Such things that made him pause to wonder at himself, that he had been so blind, that his association with a crude environment had so contorted his outlook! He wondered, moreover, if he would have ever thought so much about Coralie had not his emotions been festered by Bud's desire.

He walked on, his eyes roving ceaselessly here and there; occasionally he sucked in a deep hissing breath as some new feature awakened memories of old associations. He never once thought of going to see Coralie. Coralie was all right up there in Sawley Creek, but compared with the bright-eyed, sincere daughters and wives of Seattle there was a difference; a gulf so wide that he had not the need for a sight of Coralie to complete his disillusionment.

And drifting aimlessly along, his eyes suddenly focussed upon a familiar figure.

Blair Murchison stood stock still, pushed his hat back from his eyes and plucked at the leather strap that served him for a waist belt.

"Well, if it ain't old Bud!"

"Say Blair—when did you arrive?"

"A while ago. Guess I've just been musing about— Guess it were about noon—!"

"Then I beat you. I got in last night."

"Aye, Bud, you won. Say, have you seen Coralie?"

Bud looked sheepish.

Blair nodded, understanding, and turned to watch a young mother who went by with a tiny, flaxen-haired little toddler, a sight that has been an ennobling influence for man since the very world began.

"Say, pard, it's a darned funny world!"

"Sure, pard!"

Daphne's Desperado

Continued from page 7

Pleasing address—well-educated—capable of assuming any disguise—five-feet-eleven—and the scar! What possible doubt remained?

IN the second-top drawer of the kitchen cabinet was an ancient revolver used by Mr. McGuffy when he wanted to decimate the gophers. With this weapon her dad had taught her to draw a bead on a mark at three hundred yards. Quickly now she possessed herself of it. She was quite cool and she knew just what to do. Hadn't she seen it done scores of times on the moving picture screen?

Holding behind her back the hand with the revolver in it she carried that buttermilk out to the desperado, who was leaning against one of the verandah posts gazing off at the drinking herd and the busy hired help. As he swung round and reached a hand out for the jug—

"Hands up!" she cried, whipping out the gun.

He gave a tremendous start and his mouth sagged open.

"What the—" he began.

"You are my prisoner!" she announced dramatically.

With a look of astonishment not unminged with fear he watched the weapon waver a moment and then rest steadily on a direct line with his belt.

"Very well," he said. "Up go my mitts. What next?"

"Back up and sit down on that bench!"

"Tense situation in the third reel—heroine covers villain till police arrive." He laughed ruefully but backed up and took the seat as per directions. "Say, what kind of a shot are you?" he asked with some anxiety. "Keep your fingers off the trigger and I'll be as good as gold. I'll do anything in reason, but I won't be slugged full of bird shot!"

"This," she said severely, "is a revolver."

"Oh, sorry. It looks rather like a blunderbuss of the vintage of '37. What, may I ask, are you going to do—put me in the calaboose?"

Continued on page 79

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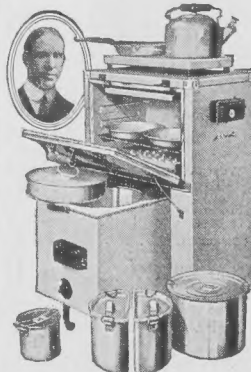
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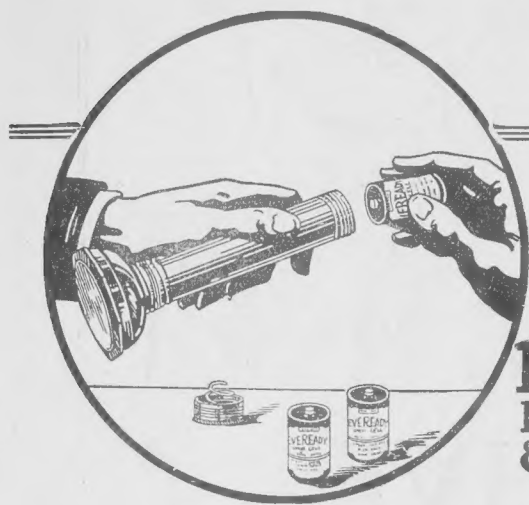
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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

Wishes

I wish I liked rice pudding,
I wish I were a twin;
I wish some day a real live fairy
Would just come walking in.

I wish when I'm at table
My feet would touch the floor,
I wish our pipes would burst next winter
Just like they did next door.

I wish I could whistle
Real proper grown-up tunes,
I wish they'd let me sweep the chimneys
On rainy afternoons.

I've got such heaps of wishes,
I've only said a few;
I wish that I could wake some morning
And find they'd all come true!
—Ross Fyleman.

SOMETHING TO DO

A "Contrary Garden"

BOBBY BURKE has a beautiful brand new idea for you. I don't know whether it is the lovely spring sunshine that gave it or the melting snow or the springy breeze, but anyway wherever it came from here it is, it has a name and everything. The name is the "Contrary Garden" (you know where that came from, from Mary, Mary, quite contrary) and this is what it is. It is the beginning of the SUMMER COMPETITION that we always give such nice big prizes for, and this year the prizes will be bigger and better than ever, as the circus man says. Now I'm going to give you a recipe for making a Contrary Garden. First—catch your garden. You do this by asking your father to let you have a small corner of his, he will probably have it plowed for you with the rest of the garden. Then you dig it well and break up all the lumps, hoe, rake and level it down. Then I think if it were my garden I would build a little fence of stones around it, or willow twigs or sharpened sticks. Then I would decide what I was going to plant (and I wouldn't plant too much) and then I would water and weed and take such care of that patch that I would win a prize for it, and besides that have a wonderful summer, watching things growing, and seeing that old brown Mother Earth cuddling the seeds, helping them to send up shoots that turn to leaves, and then to buds and then to flowers. I would watch the bees come and sip from the flowers that I helped to grow, and know that some one would eat the honey that came from those flowers! How does the Contrary Garden strike you? And there are other things to do too. April and May are the months for beginning gardens, so when it is all ready, and you know just what you are going to plant, write a letter to the "Cosy Corner" BEFORE MAY 8th, and tell all about the Contrary Garden you have planted. There will be a gold button for the best letter, and every letter will be kept and numbered, and in July there will be another letter and that will be kept, and then in August still another, and the best letters about the best gardens will win the big prize in September. Now here is something to keep you all busy. If you live in a city you can have a tiny corner of the back yard; if you live in the country you can have all the garden you want I am sure. There will be no hints in this Corner about what to put in your gardens, you may have flowers or vegetables, or both; you may grow sunflowers or sweet alysum, or pumpkin or pansies, but whatever you plant you must do all the work yourselves and write us a letter about the Contrary Garden, and I hope it won't be too Contrary, but have
"Silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."

SOMETHING RECEIVED

JANE SOUTTER, of 2222 Shakespeare St., Victoria, B.C., would like correspondents, either boys or girls. Milton Beattie of Fremington, Sask., sends us these two riddles:

Q.—What's as round as the moon and as black as a coon?

A.—A frying pan.

Q.—A riddle, a riddle, a farmer's fiddle,
Alive at both ends, and dead in the middle.

A.—A man ploughing.

Bobby Poole, aged seven who lives at 3331 Windsor St., Vancouver, sends us his love. Thank you, Bobby, we like that. Bobby would like to hear from other boys or girls his own age.

Jean F. Pielou of East Braintree, Man., thanks us for her prize. Jean Henderson of 8888 Cartier St., Marpole, B.C., writes on her Christmas present letter-paper and very pretty it is.

Richard Dockrill of Hamilton, Ont., whose letter paper is very fine indeed thanks us for his gold button and says he likes our Corner, too. Barrick Wright of Spencer St., Hepworth, Ont., sends us a story we shall print, but don't any of you boys try what he tells of in his story because the bear would probably get you first.

Marion G. MacRae of Chipman, N.B., sends in some verses written about her kitten:

My Kitty

I have a little kitty,
Not quite a year old;
When I rub and pat her
She's just as good as gold.

But when I tease her,
She doesn't think it's nice.
She bites and bites and bites me,
Just like she does the mice.

Now listen dear readers,
Never tease your cats;
Don't make them cross by uttering
Very loud "seats."

A Day's Travel in the Woods

WE started about half-past seven. We reached the woods about eight o'clock. We saw a path and followed it, which took us about a mile into the woods. We came to a cabin. We went in and found an old musket which was loaded. We took it with us. We went and looked around the inside. We went up to the attic and found two blankets which we took with us. We came down and went into the other room and found an old revolver. We went outside, as we thought the cabin might be haunted. It was twelve o'clock and we sat down and ate our dinner.

Jack said, "Let's pick some berries." So we went out and started to pick. But presently we came upon a bear who was sleeping and it woke up and raised its nose to the air and it turned and saw us. It came straight at us. Jack, who carried the musket, fired at it, but he hit it in the shoulder. I fired and hit it in the heart. It died about a minute after. Then we left it there, hoping to go to town and get a wagon and take it home. So we decided to take it to a cabin and leave it till we got a wagon. It was about 4 o'clock. We went home and arrived at 5 o'clock. Dad got his wagon and went to the cabin and got the bear. We got a surprise when Dad told us that that was where he used to live when he was young.
—Barrick Wright.

Dear Bobby Burke:

May I join your page? I am sending some riddles. 1. What goes upstairs on its head? A tack in your shoe. 2. What has four legs and only one foot? A bed. 3. What goes all round the fields and through the woods and up to the door step yet never comes in? A path. 4. Can you read this? 2XUR2XUB, ICUR2X4me. Too cross you are, too cross you be, I see you are too cross for me. 5. Y YUR, Y YUB, ICUR Y Y 4 me. Two wise you are, etc.—Marion Gouchey, Sexsmith, Alta.

Here's another riddle for you too. If two Fords passed each other in Ireland, what time would it be? Tin after tin.

Daphne's Desperado

Continued from page 77

"I'm going to keep you here like this till somebody comes, then 'phone for the mounted police."

"If you knew how many times I've got the better of that bunch!" he said, boastfully. "You can't scare me that way, young lady. Try again!"

"Yes, smile—sneer—as much as you like, Mr. Weimer, or whatever you call yourself, but you know well that if Sergeant Fairway had been on the job—" She saw him start. His eyes had narrowed and into them a crafty gleam had crept as she spoke the name of the human bloodhound. "Very clever of you, Mr. Weimer, timing your jail-break when you knew the sergeant was on his holidays! But we've got you!"

Daphne seated herself opposite her captive, still training the weapon on him, this time at a point level with where his top vest-button would have been had he been wearing such a garment. She eyed him steadily and coolly. She was surprised to find that her hand wasn't even trembling.

He gave a twisted smile.

"Yep, you've got me right enough," he admitted. "At least for the time. May I bring down my hands, please? You have my solemn promise that I won't try to make a getaway. You might lay that ugly weapon down too—you make me nervous aiming straight at my wishbone like that. Thanks, that's better." He began to roll some tobacco in his palms.

Daphne stole a side-glance up the road and was immensely relieved to see the welcome cloud of dust that heralded the approach of her father and mother. She had merely lowered the revolver, keeping its nose pointed forward.

"You may smoke," she said as he drew forth an old pipe and looked inquiringly at her.

"Much obliged." He leaned back and began to puff comfortably. The hardened wretch didn't betray the slightest uneasiness. "Before I go to the gallows—" he began at length and stopped to cough out some smoke that had got into his throat.

"The—the gallows!" she echoed in horror.

"Don't interrupt, please. Before I hang—for of course it's a hanging matter—I shall recall the little episode of this afternoon and remember all your kindness. You have treated me far beyond my deserts—"

"Will—will they actually condemn you to that?" she interjected, a world of pity in her soft eyes.

"Not a doubt of it. Think of the record I have—but no *don't* think of it," he added quickly. "And of course you can't know *all*." He shook his head and averted his gaze.

"But why—oh, *why* do you do such dreadful deeds?"

She leaned forward, a sudden mist in her eyes and a funny lumpy feeling in her throat. After all he was hardly more than a boy and he had such nice eyes and teeth!

Another glance up the road showed that her father had stopped to speak to a passing neighbor. Perhaps, if the poor desperado were given just one more chance—

"Such a pity as yours," he now said, huskily, "would transform the worst blackguard into a decent citizen. Why did I not meet you sooner!"

Daphne thoroughly appreciated this homage. This polished tramp knew his cue. (Perhaps he too was addicted to the movies.) Our young heroine, however, accepted the words in good faith and her heart softened to the consistency of a three-minute egg.

"It isn't yet too late," she said hurriedly. "Haven't you got a pretty fair start? And tonight there won't be any moon! Quick!" she sprang up and seized his shabby sleeve. "I'll hide you till dark. It's your only chance. That's Daddy coming and he'll be suspicious—anyone would. Quick! Into the milk-cellar! Oh hurry, hurry!"

He got to his feet and she pushed him ahead of her into the kitchen. It was the work of a moment to pull aside the empty churn and lift the square of rag-carpet under it that covered a trap-door. She pointed.

"But my dear girl—" he began.

"Nobody'll go down there until milking-time tomorrow morning. You're perfectly safe so long as you don't make any noise!" she said. "I'll fetch you a candle and leave the kitchen door unfastened so you can get away. Hurry, for goodness sake!"

The tramp lifted the trap-door and descended into the cool, dark depths of the milk-cellar.

Scarcely had she replaced the carpet when her parents drove into the yard and a moment later Okoko came yawning in from his siesta in the garden.

"Velly klet day. Nothing doing," he observed to his mistress.

"HERE'S your light," said Daphne, as she set a candle down on an upturned milk-pail. She then took a seat halfway up the cellar steps and, her small rounded chin cupped in her hands, regarded the desperado earnestly across the gloom. He sat on a milking-stool and looked a trifle less villainous in the gentle glow of the candlelight.

"Where are you going from here?" she inquired.

He shrugged.

"Why ask me? I've made no plans. I There was a pause.

"I wish," she said earnestly, "that you'd promise me to go straight."

"I'll promise you I'll go straight all right—straight from here to the border," he answered lightly. "Wait! Don't go! I really don't mean to be flippant you know. Sit down again please—That's right. You see, I'm naturally so hard-boiled that it's rather too much to expect me to turn over the proverbial new leaf at this late date."

"Will *nothing* influence you for good?" She spoke in accents of despair.

"If anything or anyone could it would be you."

She shook her head uncertainly.

"I don't know why I stay here talking to a—a—"

"A desperado? I know why—it's because you've got a heart of gold! Don't be afraid—I'm not going to make love to you. I've had so little experience along that line that my technique is bad. But unregenerate cuss that I am I can appreciate the noble instincts that have prompted you to offer me one more chance. I shan't ever forget how you opened your heart—and your nice dark milk-cellar—to the poor fugitive."

"I don't know that I've opened my heart to you, Mr. Weimer!"

"You have, but unwittingly. Tell me, were you ever at a petting-party?" he asked, anxiously.

"Wh-why do you ask that?"

"Because, somehow I can't associate such things with you!"

She dimpled but immediately became serious again.

"Now Mr. Weimer," she commenced in a business-like way, "Dad and mother and three friends of mother's are out on the front porch and we're to have supper out there, so, you see, you'll have this part of the house to yourself. I suggest that you wait until I signal you by rapping on the floor and then you must come up and go away directly—"

"Your kindness fills me with—"

"If you should happen to be seen," she hurried on, "I stand ready to perjure myself to the limit—goodness only knows why—to screen you." (This was the gist of a sub-title she had seen in "Her Purple Past—A Drama of Fate.") "I'll say—"

"Say I'm a lightning-rod agent, a pedlar, a census-taker, a trouble-shooter from the telephone company—oh, lots of things will suggest themselves."

"I know that I'm doing very very wrong!"

"No, no!"

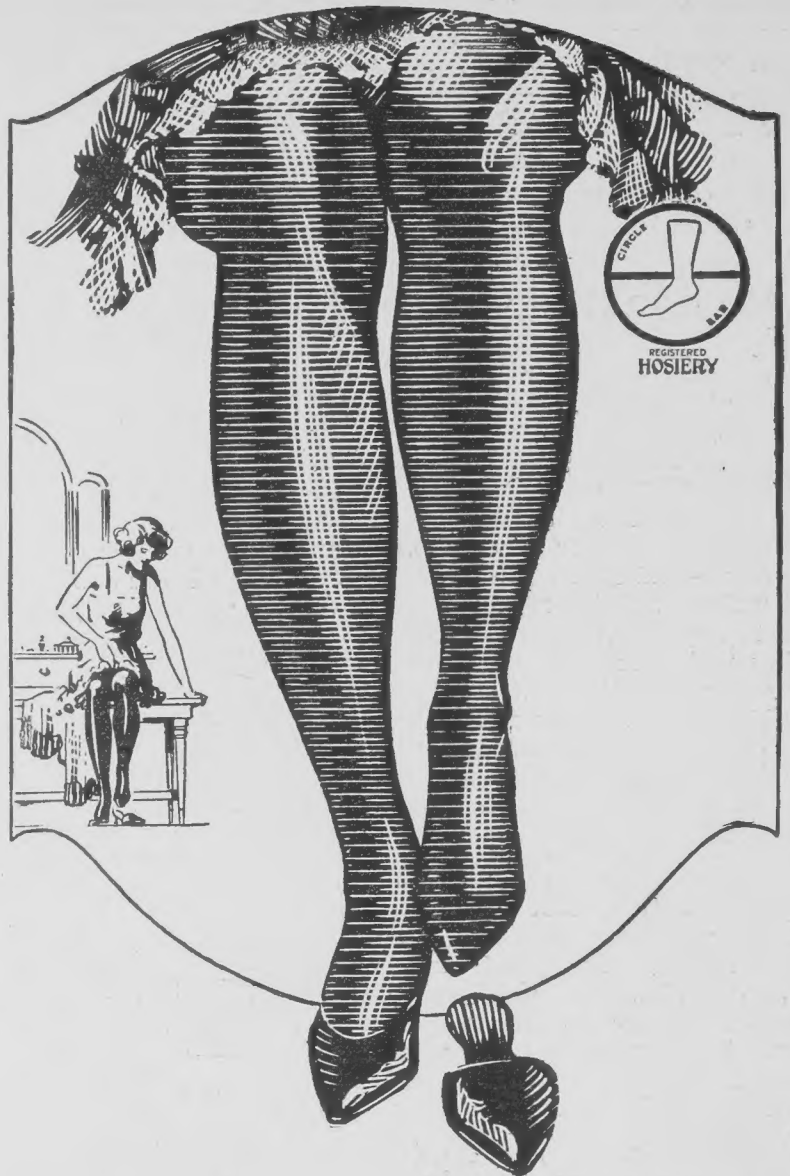
"I—I shouldn't like Sergeant Fairway to know of this."

The desperado frowned.

"That name again!" he muttered.

"If ever you run up against him, as you certainly will unless you toe the chalk-mark, please don't give me away! Not that he'd know who I was, of course—"

Continued on page 80



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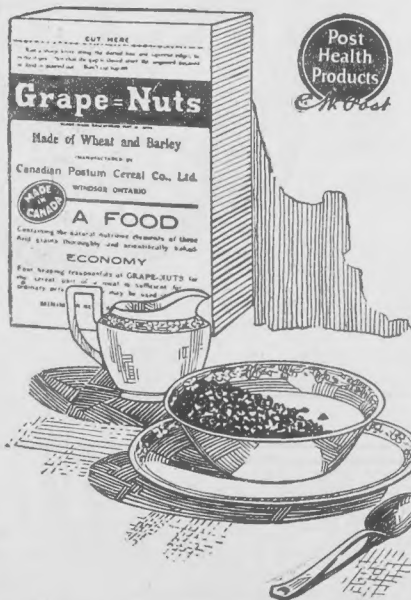
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Daphne's Desperado

Continued from page 79

"Fairway or any other man couldn't possibly hold a grudge against you no matter what you might do—take it from me," he assured her in a tone that was vibrant with feeling. "You seem to be rather an enthusiastic champion of this mounted marvel," he added.

"I love him," she said, simply.

The desperado leaned forward.

"You—what was that again?" he asked.

"I love him," she repeated, a very beautiful glow in her eyes. "He's been my hero—one of my heroes—ever since I was a kid."

The desperado was very silent.

Daphne, her eyes still soft with dreams was silent too. Presently the tramp stirred and moved his milking-stool a little further into the gloom.

"Where do your stable hands sleep?" he asked, suddenly.

"In the bunkhouse near the corral. Why?"

"Oh—nothing."

"You—you can't hang round here, you know. You've got to be on your way."

"Never fear. I'm not figuring on staying—long."

"One of the hands—Smith, the new one—sleeps armed." She volunteered this bit of information in the hope that it would prove a deterrent to what was evidently his intention of slumbering the night on the Bar Q. "So he mightn't take kindly to the idea of a bedfellow."

"Why does he sleep with a gun parked alongside?" the tramp inquired with idle curiosity.

"That's what Daddy asked him but he couldn't or wouldn't tell. Daddy thinks he's got hallucinations."

"Shouldn't be surprised. No sense of humor, I judge. A man who goes armed (like a man who goes about escorted by a bulldog) never does have a sense of humor."

"Some people," Daphne remarked crisply, "have too much! It ill becomes those who have as much to answer for—"

"A well-merited reproof," he said quickly and with apparently genuine

humility. "From now on I'll try to conduct myself like an undertaker's assistant. Er—is that door over there an exit?"

"Yes, but it's locked from the outside and Okoko has the key. I'll try and get it from him."

She rose. He rose too and ventured forward a step.

"Remember you're to wait for my signal," she said. "Three quick taps. That'll mean the coasts clear. It's getting dark now but you'll have to wait a while yet—"

"Are the stable hands about?"

"They go to bunk early, so you won't encounter anybody."

He nodded.

He nodded.

"What should I have done without you—"

"I must go now."

"Just a moment! The fact that you neglected to bring your blunderbuss—I mean revolver—with you this time has given me courage to ask a very special favor."

He paused. She waited inquiringly.

"Won't you shake the hand, unworthy though it be, of the poor desperado?" he pleaded in a low voice.

Daphne hesitated, then with an impulsive little movement extended her hand. He held it for a moment, closely, firmly, and then relinquished it gently. The simple act affected her strangely. How long since he had had the privilege of touching the hand of a good woman! He too was palpably moved.

But when she looked back just before she disappeared through the trap-door—he was smiling broadly.

She went through the house to the front piazza but stopped short at the sound of men's voices. Tip-toeing softly forward, she peered round the partly open door and saw that her mother and three neighbors were having supper at the west end, while nearer at hand sat her father and a stranger engaged in earnest conversation. The stranger's back was turned. It was a broad back. She looked again.

The back was clothed in a scarlet tunic!

Continued in May Issue

